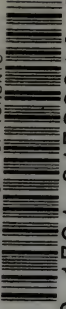


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Yours Truly
Julia A. George

Testimonial Edition.

THE

EXTRAVAGANZAS

OF

J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.,

(SOMERSET HERALD)

1825—1871.

EDITED BY

T. F. DILLON CROKER

AND

STEPHEN TUCKER (ROUGE CROIX).

VOL. IV.

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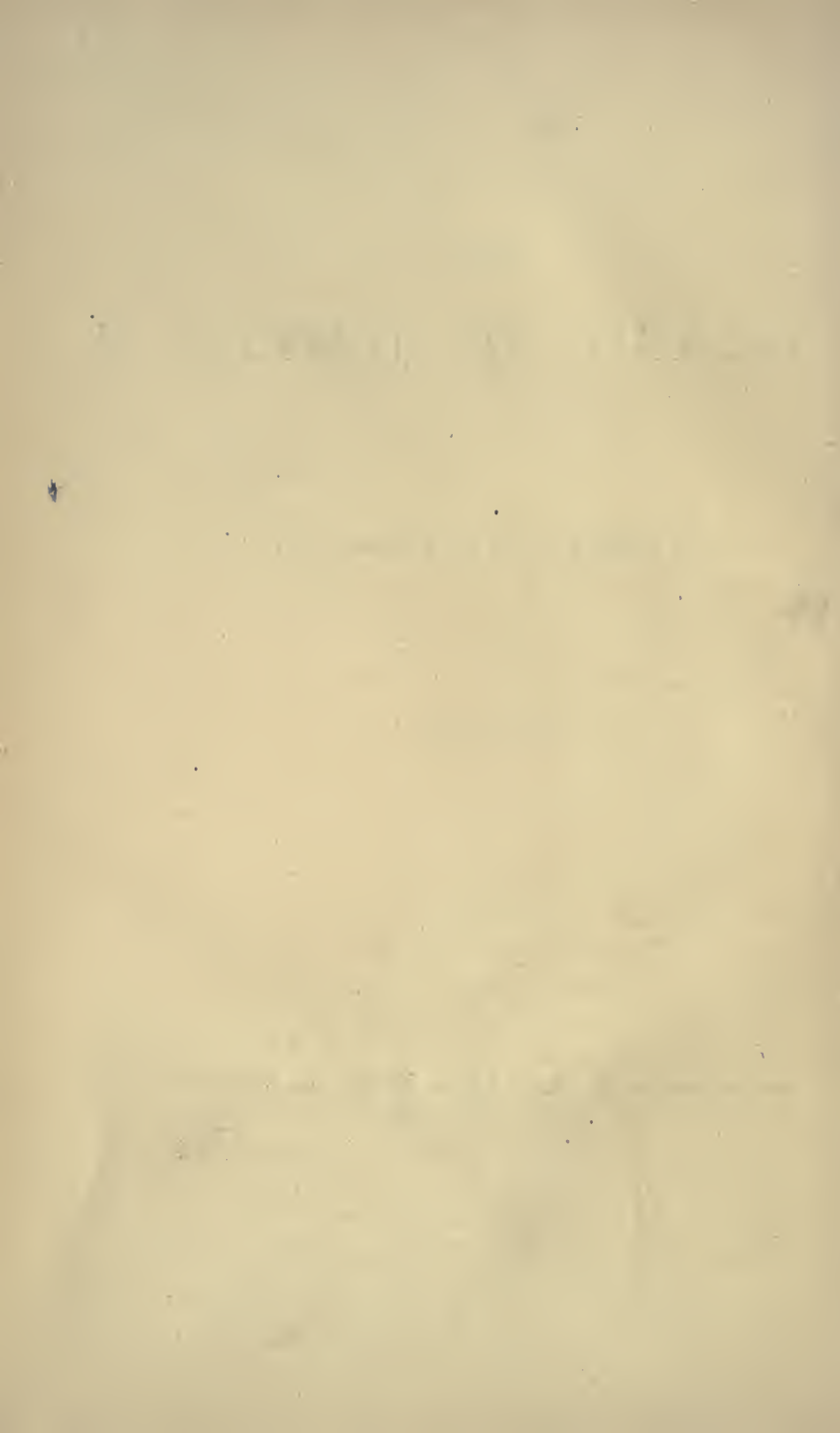
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THE
ISLAND OF JEWELS;

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday,
December 26th, 1849.



THE ISLAND OF JEWELS.

The cast of this Extravaganza shews that several important changes occurred in the Lyceum company at the close of the season 1848-49. Kathleen Fitzwilliam left the stage to be married. Louisa Howard followed her example. In the place of the former the Mathews's engaged Miss Julia St. George, whose performance of Ariel, in "The Tempest," they had witnessed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, then under the joint management of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps; and a young lady, a Miss Kenworthy, a novice, I think, to the boards, was, at least so far as appearance went, a *fair* substitute for the latter. An extremely handsome addition was also made to the company in the person of a Miss Dickinson, and its vocal strength reinforced by Miss Martindale. A still more important accession was that of Mr. Frank Matthews, already a great favourite with the public; and Mr. Charles, who played King Emerald under the disguised name of Karl Von Vox, et proeterea nihil, a young actor with a very agreeable tenor voice, was a most acceptable recruit, as we had no male vocalist to whom we could entrust a song of any consequence.

Madame D'Aulnoy's charming story of "Serpentin Vert" was one which had never been translated and mutilated for the nursery, and had therefore escaped being pressed into the service of pantomime or spectacle, though for the

latter it presented the finest opportunities. I need not say that they were made the most of by Mr. Beverley, and one of the results was little anticipated at the moment. No special *tableau* for the termination of the piece being suggested in the story, it was left to that gentleman's taste and ingenuity to design one, and the novel yet exceedingly simple falling of the leaves of a palm tree, discovering six fairies supporting a coronet of jewels, produced such an effect as I scarcely remember having witnessed on any similar occasion up to that period. But, alas! valuable to the management and the author as I fully admit it proved on that occasion, it has been the cause of serious injury to the Drama subsequently. Year after year Mr. Beverley's powers were taxed to outdo his former out-doings. The epidemic spread in all directions. The *last* scene became the *first* in the estimation of the management of every theatre, where harlequinades were indispensable at Christmas. The ingenious method was hit upon of dove-tailing extravaganza and pantomime. A long burlesque, the characters in which have nothing to do with the harlequinade, terminates with one of those elaborate and gorgeous displays which have acquired the name of "Transformation Scenes." *They* are the objects of attraction, all the rest is "inexplicable dumb show and noise." I have commented on this fatal folly to a considerable length in my "Recollections." I shall, therefore, only observe here, in support of my assertion, that it has seriously injured the true interests of the Drama; that managers, blindly relying on these costly displays for the pecuniary success of their pieces, are perfectly indifferent to the character of the dramas which precede them; while, on the other hand, authors of well-deserved reputation, finding nothing is con-

sidered brilliant but the last scene, naturally become careless in the construction and dialogue of their pieces, and are unfortunately contented to profit by "unprecedented triumphs," as each production is invariably declared to be, obtained by no merit of their own beyond, it may be, the suggestion of a taking title or subject affording opportunities for the ballet master and the scene painter. Let those who doubt me take the trouble to *read* the early works of our most popular writers of burlesque and extravaganza, and compare them with those they favour the town with at present. However, "the whirligig of Time brings its revenges." The game is evidently nearly played out. Managers are beginning to discover that the "jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle." The occasional failure of a drama on which they have expended a fabulous sum, has had ruinous consequences to them and to their unfortunate companies, and the public, palled by unmeaning spectacle, are gradually discovering that "the play! the play's the thing."

"The Island of Jewels" ran 135 nights.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GILTGINGERBREAD THE GREAT (King of Pharitale)	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS
TINSELLINA (Queen of Pharitale)	MRS. MACNAMARA
PRINCESS BELLOTTA (about whose beauty there is no mistake)... ..	MISS KENWORTHY
PRINCESS LAIDRONETTA, afterwards	} MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE
QUEEN DIAMOND, elect	
(Twin-sister of Bellotta, and about whose ugliness there is a great mistake)	
(Her First Appearance at this Theatre)	
LADY FIDELIA (in waiting on the Princess, and Mistress of the Robes to her when Queen)... ..	MADAME VESTRIS
PRINCE PRETTIPHELLO	MISS ISABEL DICKINSON
COUNT MERECHO... ..	MR. HONNER
USHER	MR. KERRIDGE
ATTENDANT	MR. DE COURCY
FAIRY BENEVOLENTIA	MISS MARTINDALE
FAIRY MAGOTINE... ..	MISS E. HONNER
Noblemen, Ladies, State Pages, &c.	

The Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Dances and Action by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Costumes by Mrs. Baily, Miss Nowland, Mr. Glover, and Assistants.

The Appointments by Mr. Brogden. The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.

The Scenery by Mr. W. Beverley, Mr. Meadows, and Assistants.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

ACT FIRST.

Ball Room in the Royal Pavilion of the King of Pharitale

GRAND STATE BALL

In honour of the Nuptials of the Princess Bellotta & Prince Prettiphello.

LONELY TOWER.

The Sea-side Residence of the Princess Laidronetta.

A MOVING SCENE of a Boat and Two Females in Distress, and a STRIKING ONE on a Reef of Rocks off the Gold Coast.

PALACE OF KING EMERALD IN THE ISLAND OF JEWELS.

KING EMERALD (an Invisible-Green Prince) ... HERR KARL
VON VOXETPRETERIANIHIL.

NOBLE JEWELS.

VISCOUNT CARBUNCLE (Grand Chamberlain) ... MR. F. COOKE

EARL TOPAZ }
LORD RUBY } (Lords in Waiting)

LORD ONYX (Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Lord High Treasurer)

LADY PEARL (First Lady of the Bedchamber)

HONOURABLE MISS SAPPHIRE }
HONOURABLE MISS TURQUOISE } MAIDS OF HONOUR

HONOURABLE MISS AMETHYST }
HONOURABLE MISS GARNET } LADIES IN WAITING

Cat's-Eye Guards, Black Diamond Porters, &c.

COURT THEATRICALS.

THE BALLET OF

CUPID AND PYSCHE; OR, THE VENGEANCE OF VENUS.

As Performed before Her Majesty Queen Diamond elect, and the
whole Court of Jewels.

Cupid.
Zephyr.

Psyche.
Psyche's Sisters.

Venus.
Nymphs.

ACT SECOND.

Aqua-Marine Gate of the Palace Gardens.

Arrival of the Diamond Cutter with the Royal Family of Pharitale.

BASALTIC CAVERNS.

The abode of Fairy Magotine on the Dutch (Metal) Coast.

FOOT OF THE STEEL MOUNTAIN IN THE VALLEY
OF VAPOURS.

Clearing up of a Cloudy Prospect and Brilliant Discovery of the
CROWN JEWELS IN THE PALM OF SUCCESS,

Prepared for the Coronation of

KING EMERALD AND QUEEN DIAMOND.

THE ISLAND OF JEWELS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Grand Ball-room in the Palace of the KING and QUEEN OF PHARITALE—Enter the KING, QUEEN PRINCESS BELLOTTA, PRINCE PRETTIPHELLO, COUNT MERECHO, and COURT—After dance, grand flourish.*

KING. Was ever king so full of joy as we ?

QUEEN. Was ever queen so blest as happy me ?

PRINCE. Had ever prince a bride so wondrous fair ?

BEL. Had ever princess spouse so *debonair* ?

COUNT. Your loyal subjects being asked if ever,
Unanimously answer—no, they never !

KING. Such unanimity is quite enchanting !

QUEEN. What to complete our happiness is wanting ?

Enter USHER (announcing).

USH. The Princess Laidronetta !

KING. How !

QUEEN. Who ?

BEL. What ?

KING. Ye Gods ! our other daughter, is she not ?

QUEEN. Too true, of sweet Bellotta the twin-sister !

PRINCE. How was it that till now you never missed her ?

KING. Absent so long—residing at a distance,
I'd really quite forgotten her existence.

QUEEN. And so had I !

BEL. And I !

COUNT. And I completely !

KING. She's heard about the wedding, and discreetly
Sends, as befits her, to congratulate.

USH. Her Royal Highness, sire, is at the gate.

KING. At the gate !

- QUEEN. What gate ?
 BEL. Our gate ?
 COUNT. That gate ?
 KING. Zounds !
 QUEEN. Shall we admit her ?
 KING. Not for fifty pounds !
 Was she not packed off, ere she was thirteen,
 Because she was too ugly to be seen ?
 PRINCE. She mayn't be now, although she was before so,
 KING. (*to USHER*) Humph ! What say you ?
 USHER. My liege, she's rather more so.
 KING. You hear ! she'd scare us all out of our senses.
 BEL. I wouldn't answer for the consequences !
 QUEEN. She's very amiable, or used to be.
 KING. Well, let her shew her amiability
 By taking herself off, without delay !
 QUEEN. Give her our love, and beg she'll go away.
 BEL. I couldn't bear to see her, that I couldn't !
 KING. I'd see her further first, and then I wouldn't.
 (*Exit USHER*)
 PRINCE. And I should be inclined to 'doubt *my* sight,
 For how could child of yours be such a fright ?
 (*to QUEEN*)
 QUEEN. She was so like her father !
 KING. Madam !
 QUEEN. Ere
 The Fairy changed her !
 KING. That's another affair !
 PRINCE. My curiosity your language stirs,
 I doat on fairy stories—tell me hers.
 KING. The task is painful, as you may suppose,
 But at your Highness's request, here goes !
 Once on a time—
 PRINCE. Of course it so begins.
 KING. Our royal spouse presented us with twins ;
 Two beauteous girls. Their mother, quite delighted,
 A dozen fairies instantly invited,
 To give the little darlings all the graces.
 PRINCE. According to the custom, in such cases.
 KING. But when the day arrived—

- QUEEN. Alack the day !
 PRINCE. I know exactly what you're going to say—
 You had forgotten one.
- KING. The most cantankerous !
 QUEEN. The Fairy, Magotne, with malice rancorous,
 KING. Came down the chimney—
 QUEEN. At the fatal minute.
 KING. Flew to the cradle—
 QUEEN. One sweet babe was in it !
 KING. And shrieked out, overturning nurse and flunkey,
 "To mortal eyes seem uglier than a monkey !"
 QUEEN. The other fairies all cried "Shame, perfidious !"
 KING. But all in vain, the child appeared quite hideous.
 While Magotine whisked laughing through the case-
 ment,
 Leaving us dumb with horror and amazement !
 PRINCE. And could your fairy friends no gifts bestow,
 On the poor victim, to console you ?
 KING. No !
 They did their best, kind creatures, I admit,
 One gave her common sense, another wit ;
 Good-nature—love of truth—respect for duty—
 But nothing to atone for want of beauty !
 BEL. To give a princess only *common* sense !
 PRINCE. Wit's well enough.
 BEL. At other folks' expense
 KING. But then, good nature robs it of its sting,
 BEL. And love of truth's a very dangerous thing !
 QUEEN. Duty is not so bad, you will agree.

Re-enter USHER.

- KING. Particularly when 'tis paid to me !
 And *apropos* of duty, what reply
 Made Laidronetta ?
 USHER. But a heavy sigh,
 And turned her from the palace gate with speed
 QUEEN. Alas ! poor wench !
 PRINCE. That's dutiful indeed !
 KING. Send her a slice of cake, with wedding cards,
 And of white penny-ribbon twenty yards,
 For wedding favours.

BEL. Well, papa, I vow
It's her fault if she's not *well favoured* now.
KING. Plague on the wench, she's given us all the vapours.
Let's dance them off! Play up, you cat-gut scrapers!

Solo and Chorus—KING and COURT—Air, "*Drin, Drin,*"
the Row Polka.

Come dance and sing—
Play up, you cat-gut scrapers!
Sound wind and string,
It don't much matter how,
Strike everything to which we can cut capers!
Let the walls ring
With the glorious row!
Din! din! a thund'ring din,
Dancing the new Row Polka in!
Din! din! a thund'ring din,
Is "stunning," you'll allow!

*At the finish of Solo and Chorus, KING, QUEEN, and COURT
polk off, when is performed a grand "Row Polka," by the
Corps de Ballet—The Ball-room changing to*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Lonely Tower on the Sea-shore—On one
side a large Tree—A Bank on the other.*

Enter PRINCESS LAIDRONETTA, FIDELIA, and ATTENDANTS
in travelling dresses.

FID. At home once more, and thank the stars, I say.

(ATTENDANTS *exeunt*)

How fares your Highness? Speak, dear madam, pray!
You haven't said a word the whole way back,
But sighed as though your heart was fit to crack.

LAI. Fidelia, am I really such a fright
That my own mother cannot bear my sight?

FID. Oh! I've no patience, madam, with them all;
How can they have the impudence to call
Your Highness ugly!

LAI. Nay, I don't pretend
To be a beauty,—I will not defend

The colour of my hair, which, though to me
It looks like brown——

- FID. Is red as red can be !
But what of that? I think red hair quite charming.
- LAI. Then, I am told, I have a squint—a alarming !
- FID. Alarming ! Stuff ! I don't see the objection
To having eyes which look in each direction
At the same time,—such power of observation
Is requisite to persons in your station.
Princesses who would know of things the facts,
Should have an eye to see behind their backs.
- LAI. Have I a mouth so wide, and teeth so black ?
A bottle nose—a hump upon my back ?
Ears like an elephant's? It seems absurd !
But I cannot perceive them on my word !
- FID. Madam, to speak the truth, I see them all,
But still your Highness cannot ugly call ;
There's such a sweet expression in your features.
To me you seem the loveliest of creatures !
- LAI. Ah ! dear Fidelia, it is your affection,
That makes you tolerate each imperfection ;
And I admit, ourselves we're prone to see
Not as we are, but as we wish to be.
Therefore, no doubt I'm hideous—every other
Creature might fly from me, but my own mother !
- FID. It's infamous—she ought to be ashamed !
- LAI. Alas ! she's to be pitied more than blamed.
It was a spiteful fairy, I've been told,
Cast this spell on me, scarcely a month old.

AIR—“ *My Mother Dear.*”

I heard it in my childhood,
That I remember well,
For often in the nursery
They fairy tales would tell.
As how the wicked Magotine
Had cast a spell on me,
When I was in my cradle,
Or on my nurse's knee.
My nurse dear it turned quite queer,
My good old nurse dear !

The fairy was offended,
 I think I heard it said,
 Because my mother asked some other
 Fairy friend instead.
 Some magic words she mumbled,
 That made me plain to see,
 In other's eyes, although I own
 It's not so plain to me !
 My nurse dear it turned quite queer,
 My good old nurse dear !

Your mother, my good nurse, it quite upset her,
 Of that sad shock she never got the better ;
 And but for you, my foster-sister kind,
 No friend on earth should I have left behind.
 No one to love me !

(a large SERPENT is seen coiled about a tree)

SER. Yes, dear Princess, me !

LAI. Who spoke? *(turns)* Oh ! horrible ! round yonder
 tree

A serpent !

FID. Fly !

LAI. Fear roots me to the spot !

SER. Sweet, gentle Laidronetta, tremble not,
 Nor fancy yours a solitary case.
 Time was when I possessed a handsome face ;
 And may again, if you compassion take,
 On your devoted, but unhappy snake.

FID. Help ! murder !

Enter ATTENDANTS—SERPENT disappears.

ATT. What's the matter ?

FID. Oh ! look there !

A serpent !

ATT. I can't see one anywhere !

FID. Coiled round that tree !

ATT. I hear the coil you make,
 But cannot see the coil of any snake !

FID. As I stand here I saw him !

ATT. Fancy surely !

FID. My lady's fainted, and I'm very poorly.

Hunt for the serpent, near us there must be one ;
See it you must, unless it be the sea one !

(Exeunt ATTENDANTS separately)

Madam, come to yourself, and with your friend.

LAI. *(reviving)* Oh, my Fidelia, what may this portend !
I never knew that serpents talked like men !

FID. Men talk like serpents, madam, now and then,
With double tongues, to match their double faces,
More venomous than serpents in some cases.

LAI. What did the horrid creature say ? My fears
Closer than cotton filled up both my ears.

FID. So mine did mine ; like mistress, ma'am, like maid.
I never heard a syllable it said.

LAI. Why then perhaps it never spoke at all !
And yet methinks on me I heard it call.

FID. Whether it did or not I can't refrain
From hoping it may never call again !

(a fairy boat appears)

LAI. Ah ! What gay bark is this that heaves in sight ?

FID. A bark ! Ugh, lud ! I thought it was a bite !

LAI. With gold and colours all bedizen'd o'er.
Fidelia ! See, it's running right ashore !

(the boat approaches landing-place)

And nobody on board it !

FID. Not a soul,
Not e'en a hand to bear a hand !

LAI. How droll !

FID. So droll it must be what they call a Funny.

LAI. Let's get into it !

FID. Not for any money !

LAI. Why not ? The sea is calm, quite clear the sky !

FID. It's not quite clear 'twill be so by-and-bye.

Suppose a storm springs up all in a minute.

LAI. We can spring out as quick as we spring in it !

FID. What ! in the water ?

LAI. No, upon the land !

FID. You can't suppose I wish to quit the strand !

LAI. I'll not put off to sea in any weather !

FID. Put off your purpose, madam, altogether ;
In that craft there is witchcraft, I suspect.

- LAI. Of which I'm reckless, so I can't be wrecked.
 If you're afraid, the boat you needn't nigh go!
 FID. No, madam! wheresoever you go, I go.
 LAI. Come, then, we go to see the boat you know,
 Not in the boat to go to sea—ah! no!

*Duo—LAIDRONETTA and FIDELIA—“Love Launched a
 Fairy Boat.”*

Give me a pleasure boat,
 On a fine day up the river;
 But on the sea to float,
 I the pleasure can't *discover*.
 Though glorious gales,
 Might fill the sails,
 And speed our transit merrily,
 I know with me
 The song would be,
 “*Sic transit gloria*,” verily.

Then, if the sea grew dark,
 And the waves all in a lather,
 I beg leave to remark
 That on shore I would be—rather.
 When stormy gales,
 Rend all the sails,
 And pumps are working wearily,
 I've always found,
 To be on ground,
 Was more agreeable, verily.

Give me a pleasure boat, &c.

*They enter the boat, the sails instantly fill, and carry the boat
 out to sea—The stage darkens—violent storm—the
 scene begins to move and gradually changes to a wild
 rocky coast—The boat is seen in the distance tossed by
 the waves—it is driven on a rock, strikes, and goes to
 pieces—Presently the SERPENT appears approaching the
 rocks, and returns bearing the insensible form of
 LAIDRONETTA, with whom he reaches the shore, and
 enters a cavern.*

FIDELIA *appears among rocks.*

FID. (*advancing*) Hung be the heavens with black of
 deepest dye,
 And one great mourning warehouse make the sky !
 Comets, at whom the bumpkin trembling gazes,
 Pluck from your fiery tails a bunch of blazes,
 And whip the naughty little stars like winking,
 Who, in the briny ocean, caused our sinking !
 My mistress ! my poor mistress ! drown'd no
 doubt,
 I saw her by the billows tossed about—
 Whilst on a reef of barren rock hard by,
 They left me, literally, high and dry !
 No one, to see my clothes, would have a notion,
 That I've been twenty minutes in the ocean !
 I scarcely can persuade myself it's true.
 But what the dickens am I now to do ?
 A female Alexander Selkirk, thrown
 Out of a situation—left alone ;
 Where, of a family, there's not a trace,
 In which a lady's maid could get a place.
 Servant of all work, to myself I'm bound,
 Where there's no tea and sugar to be found,
 No wages to receive, however small,
 No followers, no Sunday out at all.

AIR—" *In Questo Semplice.*"

O ! cruel destiny, how could you do so ?
 In single blessedness here I'm doomed to stay,
 Worse off, a great deal, than Robinson Crusoe.
 He'd a man Friday, to whom he could say,
 Ri, tol, fol, lol de rol, &c.

Bad Mr. Boreas, how could you blow so,
 Putting the pipe out of Neptune and Co. so ?
 Sending our smack ashore,
 Where not a blackamoor
 On his own bones can a serenade play,
 Ri, tol, fol, lol de rol, &c.

LAI. *appears at the entrance of the cavern.*

LAI. Fidelia !

FID. Ah ! my mistress, safe and sound !
Oh ! madam, are you certain you're not drowned ?

LAI. By no means certain, in a maze am I !
And if not drown'd can only wonder why !

FID. Believe you are not, gentle mistress mine.
And I'll believe so too.

LAI. Well, I incline,
To that opinion. But suppose we say
We are alive, how shall we keep so, eh ?
There's nothing grows upon this rocky shelf,
And we can't live upon the rock itself.

FID. 'Twould be hard living, that I must confess.

LAI. And hardly worth our living for, I guess.
Better at once the cruel sea had swallowed us,
Or the Green Serpent which has hither followed us.

FID. Hither ! you don't say so !

LAI. Into yon cave.
Washed by some friendly or unfriendly wave !
When to myself I came, before me lay,
The same Green Serpent we beheld to-day !
Coiled in a corner with its fiery eyes,
Fixed upon me, as on its lawful prize !

FID. Oh ! horrible ! and you ?

LAI. I scream'd a scream !

FID. Like Molly Brown, and found 'twas all a dream
As she did.

LAI. No, but off the horrid snake
Glided, with all the speed that it could make.

FID. All fancy, dearest madam, I maintain,
Proceeding from the heat oppress'd brain.
I doubt our having been upon the deep,
Or in it,—only walking in our sleep ;
And wouldn't undertake to swear, I vow,
That these are rocks which frown around us now.

*(the scene changes to a magnificent Palace, composed entirely
of the precious stones and metals)*

Why, there ! even as I am speaking, ma'am,
behold

They change to walls of silver and of gold !
Gardens and fountains all with jewels bright.

LAI. They must belong to some Arabian *Knight* !

FID. Have we been wrecked upon Tom Tittler's Ground ?

LAI. Or have we some new California found ?

Or are we still asleep, as sure you would be ?

FID. At all events don't scream, in case we should be.

I wouldn't wake from such a pleasant nap !

LAI. We must have fallen asleep in Fortune's lap !

My fears are gone, my heart may here at ease be !

FID. There's something moving. Mercy ! what can
these be ?

*Enter a company of GUARDS, all composed of jewels, and
followed by a train of COURTIERS, &c., of similar
materials, led by LORD CARBUNCLE.*

LORD C. Hail ! to the lovely Princess, whom kind fate
Has brought at length into this precious state !

LAI. Lovely ! Your speech is meant, sure, in derision,
Or you enjoy but an imperfect vision.

I'm thought a scarecrow in my father's Court.

LORD C. Nay, madam, now you make of us your sport,
Or, in your land they are no judge of beauty,

To whose fair Queen we come to pay our duty.

LAI. Pray drop of flattery this fulsome tone !

LORD C. Upon the honour of a precious stone !

FID. That should be honour bright !

LORD C. I do not flatter !

Be witness for me all !

LAI. Well, well, no matter.

Venus or Gorgon I would fain be told

Who owns the gorgeous palace we behold ?

LORD C. King Emerald.

LAI. And the isle beneath his sway ?

LORD C. We call the Isle of Jewels.

FID. Well you may !

LAI. I would be to his Majesty presented.

LORD C. Alas ! At present we're the bliss prevented
Of seeing our belovèd Sovereign's face.

FID. Is he a jewel kept then in a case
'Neath lock and key ?

- LAI. As sovereign, I presume,
He now and then must hold a drawing-room!
- FID. At least a levée?
- LAI. Don't he take the air?
- FID. Or go in state to dine with the Lord Mayor?
- LAI. Or open Parliament in person?
- LORD C. No!
Not now, but very soon we hope that——
- LAI. Oh!
He's absent on some secret expedition?
- FID. Or sick, or sulky?
- LORD C. Ladies, with permission,
We'll change the conversation. I'm commanded
To thank you on our coast for having landed.
- LAI. No thanks on that account can be our due.
- FID. It was the waves obliged *us*, not *we you*.
- LORD C. Next to request you'll condescend to make
This house your home, for its poor master's sake.
- FID. Poor master! Oh, then, now I see the thing!
This monarch, madam, is some railway king,
With other people's gold who ran these walls up,
And left whoever pleased to pay the calls up!
- LAI. Could such a company as this deceive me?
- FID. They'll let you in for all they can, believe me!
- LAI. You should be all rich jewels that I view!
If you are false?
- LORD C. Then never gem was true!
Allow me to present the Lady Pearl—
Lord Ruby—Lord Chief Baron Onyx—Earl
Topaz—Miss Turquoise—and Miss Sapphire—two
Ladies who pride themselves on being blue—
Miss Amethyst—Miss Garnet—ladies both
In waiting.
- FID. (*aside*) For some time I'll take my oath?
- LAI. Ladies in waiting! You've a Queen then here?
- LORD C. Only since your arrival, madam.
- LAI. Dear!
You don't insinuate——
- LORD C. Mere fact I'm stating,
I leave my King to be insinuating.
- (*flourish*)
- That flourish speaks him nigh!

LAI. I thought you said

He was not to be seen, alive or dead?

LORD C. Nor is he, but unseen, he'll gaze on you,

And enter into conversation too.

LAI. With me! Where? When?

Enter SLAVES carrying a closed litter, which they place in centre of stage.

LORD C. Now, from this throne of amber

He has an audience, but no presence chamber.

In private he your Highness would receive,

And so respectfully we take our leave.

LAI. Fidelia may remain?

FID. She means to do so,

Whether she may or not!

LORD C. If it please *you* so.

(Exeunt all but LAIDRONETTA and FIDELIA)

LAI. Fidelia, I'm getting rather nervous!

To think the King is there and can observe us.

I suppose he'll speak first?

FID. He ought, no doubt.

LAI. What think you will the King's speech be about?

FID. About the same, ma'am, that kings' speeches are

In general—nothing in particular. *(music)*

LAI. Hark! from that symphony, I guess the King

Has had it set to music, and will sing

His speech!

FID. Ingenious that I call,

For then the words can't signify at all.

Air—KING EMERALD *(unseen)*—"Will you love me then as now?"

Do you think that you could love me,

Without knowing what I'm like?

Will you undertake to wed me,

And a bargain blindly strike?

May I hope that you will pardon,

This proposal blunt and strange?

That you'll not refuse a sovereign,

Nor that sovereign wish to change?

Will you marry me to-morrow,
 And if not, why not? And when?
 Will you love then as now, or,
 Will you love me now and then?

LAI. As I'm alive a downright declaration.

FID. He's popped the question, without hesitation!

LAI. How can I him address?

FID. Reporters teach

The address is but the echo of the speech.

LAI. But in this case he pays me his addresses.

KING EM. Excuse me, sweetest Princess, but time presses,

And I can on no ceremony stand

Except the one which gives to me your hand.

If that rare gift on me you will bestow,

The power of Magotine, our mutual foe,

Expires; but if I sue in vain, to-morrow

I shall be doomed to seven more years of sorrow,

And you will lose the only chance remaining,

Of all your charms in the world's eyes regaining.

LAI. Good gracious! I don't know, sir, what to say.

FID. She really can't be hurried in this way!

LAI. Fancy I'll marry one I've never seen!

FID. Although an Emerald, you can't be so green.

LAI. Prudence commands me look before I leap.

FID. Permit us but to have the slightest peep!

KING EM. Impossible! To break the spell, I must

Be taken for a husband upon trust.

If you've a heart to lead, you win a double,

If not, you lose your King, and mark but trouble!

LAI. I have a heart—you touch it to the quick—

And when in doubt, Hoyle tells us win the trick.

So I am yours, but mind, on one condition,

That you obtain my pa and ma's permission.

Without their sanction, I will never marry.

KING EM. My Diamond cutter the dispatch shall carry,

And bring them hither both, without delay!

To-morrow, sweet, shall be our wedding-day!

*Re-enter LORD CARBUNCLE and Four SLAVES, who exeunt
 with litter, leaving FIDELIA and LAIDRONETTA.*

LAI. Engaged! I'm actually engaged, I vow!

FID. Well! you have been and gone and done it now.

LAI. He flung himself upon my generosity,
To have refused would have been an atrocity!

FID. Before you're generous though, you should be just.

LAI. The proverb's musty, and what must be must.

(shouts without)

Re-enter LORD CARBUNCLE, ATTENDANTS, GUARDS, &c.

What caused that shout?

LORD C. The news of your election.
They're all enraptured with their King's selection.
Each jewel sparkles with excess of joy,
In our gold's happiness there's no alloy.
Balls, banquets, and all sorts of festal doings,
Are to commemorate these happy wooings;
And, in the first place, if it wouldn't bore you,
There is a ballet to be played before you,
By some rare gems of art, slaves of the King.

LAI. The ballet by all means!

FID. "The play's the thing!"

LAI. What is the argument—there's no offence in't?

LORD C. I hope you'll find a great deal of good sense in't.

LAI. Sense in a ballet!

LORD C. Aye! and moral too!

FID. A moral ballet will be something new!

LORD C. It is the tale of Cupid and of Psyche,
And how she paid for peeping.

LAI. *(starting)* Eh!

FID. *(aside)* Oh! crikey!

I take the hint—as Queen, engaged this morning,
How not to lose her place he gives her warning.

They take their seats.

BALLET OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Venus appears upon her neglected altar, and invokes the vengeance of Cupid upon Psyche, to whom the Nymphs have transferred the homage due to the Queen of Beauty. Cupid promises to destroy Psyche, and prepares his most deadly shaft for her destruction. Psyche enters, surrounded by the Nymphs, who place her on the pedestal

of Venus, and pay her the same adoration they formerly paid to the Goddess. Cupid advances to avenge his mother, but is struck by the beauty of Psyche, becomes enamoured of her, and breaks his arrow. The Nymphs depart with Psyche in triumph. Cupid summons Zephyr, and commands him to bear off Psyche from her companions. He then hastens the approach of Night—Zephyr returns, bearing Psyche, asleep. She wakes, and wonders whither she has been transported. Starts at the whispered words of Cupid—listens timidly to the declarations of his passion, and gradually acknowledges the influence of Love. *Tableau—The well-known group of Cupid and Psyche.* Psyche expresses a wish to behold her lover, but Cupid intimates that it would cause her destruction, and warns her not to attempt it. He departs, and it becomes light. Psyche deploras the absence of her lover. Her sisters enter, to whom she narrates her adventure. They question her as to the person who has obtained her affection. She declares her ignorance of his name or features. They insinuate that he is a monster, who will devour her; one brings her a lamp, the other a dagger, and counsel her to watch till he sleeps, and then kill him. Night returns, and with it Cupid. Awaiting Psyche, he reclines on a couch of roses, and slumber steals upon him. Psyche enters cautiously, shading the lamp with her hand; she approaches the couch, and draws her dagger to strike the monster. The vessel reveals to her the God of Love. Astonished and enraptured, she holds the lamp over him, gazing on his features, when a drop of oil is supposed to fall on the shoulder of Cupid, and he awakes and discovers Psyche with a dagger in her grasp. He upbraids her with the neglect of his warning. She implores his forgiveness. He is obdurate and flies from her. Thunder and lightning. Psyche, abandoned by Cupid, falls prostrate in despair. Venus enters with her repentant votaries, and ascends her pedestal. The Nymphs kneel awe-stricken around her. Cupid appears deprecating the anger of Venus, who triumphantly points to the insensible form of Psyche.

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Aqua-Marine, or Sea-water Gate of the Palace Gardens in the Island of Fewels.*

Enter LAIDRONETTA, attended.

AIR—“ *Where the bee sucks.*”

Worth a Jew's eye now am I.
 On a couch of pearls I lie,—
 Served by Gems. Oh, Gemini!
 Won't I make the gold-dust fly
 'Mongst the whole set, merrily!
 Merrily, merrily shall I reign now
 Over the Jewels around me that bow.

The Diamond Cutter arrives, with the KING and QUEEN of PHARITALE, PRINCE PRETTIPHELLO, PRINCESS BELLOTTA, COUNT MERECHO, and Suite—They are received on landing by the PRINCESS LAIDRONETTA and the OFFICERS OF STATE.

LAI. My royal parents, thus, on duteous knee——

KING. Rise, daughter—for you're on the rise we see!
 And as I view this world of wealth and splendour,
 I feel my heart is growing vastly tender!
 And all the father in my soul awaking
 Tells me too much of you I can't be making.

QUEEN. I never saw a girl improved so greatly!

COUNT. Her Highness has acquired an air so stately!

BEL. That slight cast in her eye is rather pleasing!

PRINCE. At such a nose there needn't be much sneezing.

COUNT. Her hair, though red, has got that touch of
 gold

Which in the works of Titian we behold.

QUEEN. And though, perhaps, high shouldered rather,
 there

Is no hump'd back!

- KING. Hump'd back ! and if there were,
 With all those dazzling diamonds hung about,
 I should just like to know who'd find it out ?
- LAI. (*aside*) Love's blind, but love of gain must
 blinder be
 For none so blind as those who will not see.
- KING. Daughter, forget our strange neglect of yore,
 We never knew what you were worth before.

AIR—"Thy father away !"

Thy father I am !—I admit the fond claim,
 I feel, 'pon my honour, I've been much to blame ;
 Injustice I've done you—but pardon the sin—
 Your father you found ! (*aside*) when he heard of
 your tin.

- LAI. Obedience now, sir, is indeed a pleasure !
- QUEEN. Henceforth, we shall account you quite a
 treasure.
- LAI. And to my marriage, then, you give consent ?
- KING. Who could object to such a settlement ?
- QUEEN. But where's my son-in-law, that is to be ?
- BEL. I'm all impatience such a Prince to see !
- LAI. Alas ! until we're married, Fate denies,
 That he should shew himself to mortal eyes.
- PRINCE. Until you're married ! you don't mean that *you*
 Have never seen him ?
- LAI. Sir, indeed I do !
- KING. Of course, then, from his portrait you decided,
 As usual "in such case, made and provided ?"
- LAI. I've seen no portrait of him !
- QUEEN. Goodness me !
 Upon his coin his head at least must be !
- LAI. There is no coinage in this island.
- KING. No ?
 No money going ? That's a precious go !
- PRINCE. Can it be possible, a golden nation,
 And not one sovereign seen in circulation.
- KING. Is't all a trick, you make this mighty splash on,
 Or is the tally system here in fashion ?

PRINCE. Or do these noble rubies and carbuncles
Visit alternately each others' uncles ?

LAI. The currency is gold dust and seed pearl !

KING. (*aside*) Aha ! egad ! there's gumption in the girl.
She cares not for her husband's physiognomy—
She looks to the " political economy !"
He flings his gold-dust in her eyes, and she,
Having *see'd* pearl enough, nought else would see.
(*aloud*) It matters not; when folks are rich as Jews,
They may indulge in any whim they choose.
And after all, they ask you in the City,
" Is a man good ?" they don't say, " Is he pretty ?"
When Desdemona made her bargain blind,
She " saw Othello's visage in his mind."
But the young lady can't be in the wrong box,
Who sees her husband's image in his strong box.

(*retires up*)

BEL. (*aside*) Her set of diamonds make my fingers itch,
My husband's handsome, but by no means rich.
(*to PRINCE*) to think that fright should get so great a
catch,

I cannot bear it ; let us spoil the match ?

(*to LAIDRONETTA*) Sister, a word with you.

LAI. Ten, if you please !

BEL. I marvel you can be so much at ease
About this marriage. I don't like this mystery,
And would know more of this King Emerald's history.
With all his wealth, I wonder you don't wince
At wedding an invisible strange Prince,
Who may turn out a monster !

LAI. Sure you joke !

PRINCE. You're buying here a green pig in a poke !

LAI. A green pig ! what a sight my eyes to set afore !

PRINCE. Nay, I but used that phrase by way of metaphor.

LAI. A green pig, sir, I never met afore,
Although I started once from the " Blue Boar."

And now I start to think I may, *incog.*,

Go rashly the entire verdant hog !

PRINCE. Aye, think of that, although at random said,

I may have hit the right nail on the head.
 And only fancy, should it prove that this King
 Stood in his shoes but four feet of pork griskin.
 That you, when through his gammon, made a
 fair rib,

Should find yourself sold for a bacon spare-rib !

LAI. Horrible thought ! my jaw with terror drops !

BEL. Fancy his cheeks a huge pair of Bath chops !

PRINCE. A spouse with tusks, pigs' trotters for his toes,

BEL. And who can wear a ring but through his nose !

LAI. No more—no more—the die is cast, and I

Must stand, and will, the hazard of—

PRINCE.

The stye !

(retires up)

LAI. (*aside*) Their every word a dagger in me digs !

BEL. To a fine market you have brought your pigs.

But I have done ; upon this match absurd,

“ From this time forth, I never will speak word.”

COUNT. Her Highness seems much moved.

LAI.

Not much—not much.

KING. (*to BELLOTTA*) What have you said, your sister thus
 to touch ?

BEL. I gave her some advice, sir, nothing more.

KING. Advice, nine times in ten's a horrid bore !

PRINCE. A horrid boar ! you touch her now more nearly.

KING. Upon my honour, she looks very queerly !

QUEEN. What is the matter with you, Laidronetta ?

LAI. I felt a little faint, but now I'm better.

KING. You must have frightened her, she turned so pale ;
 About her husband is there any tale ?

BEL. I fear there is.

KING. (*to BELLOTTA*) Unfold it, if you know !

BEL. Pardon me, sir, I do but fancy so.

KING. Fancy a fiddlestick ! In such a nation,
 Why waste your time in dangerous speculation ?
 With banks all made of bullion, if you're wise,
 Don't speculate—but promptly realise !

BEL. My very counsel, sir ; wed I would not,

If I were she, 'till I knew who and what.

KING. What signifies “ Who's who ? ” She gets a lot
 Of gold, and that proves she does know what's
 what.

BEL. Why shirk, in proper form, his bride to meet ?

PRINCE. Is the gem false ?—The Sovereign counterfeit ?

BEL. What's his estate, both personal and real ?

PRINCE. Is he a beau, or but a beau ideal !

KING. Make a mere nobody of such a King !

It's treason to imagine such a thing !

His conduct, in this case, quite orthodox is,

Monarchs are married frequently by proxies.

A question of the hand, and not the heart, is

Such jobs, between the high contracting parties.

(to LAIDRONETTA) Daughter, until the nuptial hour
arrive,

About this grand metropolis we'll drive,

And see the lions, whilst we take the air,

Up Silver Street, and all round Golden Square.

(*Exeunt all but LAIDRONETTA.*)

LAI. Farewell, who knows if we shall meet again ?

I feel a faint cold fear thrill through each vein,

That almost freezes up the heat of life !

Of a green pig must I become the wife ?

I'll call them back again to comfort me—

Pa, pa ! Pooh ! pooh ! small comfort that would be.

Must I perforce be married to this monster ?

No, no, this shall forbid the banss !

(*draws a dagger.*)

Enter FIDELIA.

FID. With conster-

—Nation I see my Princess in a pucker !

LAI. Where shall I fly, for safety or for succour ?

FID. Won't they consent, then ? Is your father flint,
Your mother marble ?

LAI. No, I've had a hint

So horrible it shakes my very soul !

My husband, girl—

FID. In riches don't he roll ?

I might say wallow !

LAI. Ah ! I fear you might !

(*aside*) Wallow, indeed ; she harps my fears aright.

FID. Then for reports why need you care two figs ?

You'll have no end of money, please the pigs.

LAI. The pigs ! ah, me !

FID. Her tears still faster trickle !
What is the matter ? Is King Emerald fickle ?

LAI. Alas ! good wench, the danger is much greater.

FID. You don't say so—Oh ! then I guess !—the traitor,
Whilst you accepted him, without misgiving,
Has got a wife, and seven brats all living.

LAI. No, no, you'll never guess—therefore be mute,
Whilst I disclose to you—he is a brute,
I fear, but not of that peculiar kind.

FID. Oh ! madam, such reports you mustn't mind.
The man has got a temper, I dare say,
Is rather fond of having his own way ;
To his opinions obstinately wedded ;
Some husbands are remarkably pig-headed.

LAI. That's it, Fidelia ! should I by ill-luck,
Marry a pig !

FID. I stare like one that's stuck.

LAI. A green pig, that would make a showman's
fortune,

At half a hog a head, shewn at Hogsnorton !

FID. You cannot this believe in sober sadness ?

LAI. I do !

FID. Oh ! this is very moonstruck madness.
But to dispel your fear no time is fitter,
Behold ! this way they bear the royal litter.

LAI. Litter ! each word goes to my very heart !

FID. Let you and me a moment stand apart,
And when to be unseen we're safe and certain,
Steal out, and take one peep behind the curtain.

LAI. But you forget the warning and the fate
Of Psyche !

FID. Ma'am, the difference is great.
Her curiosity was very stupid,
E'en in the dark, she ought to have known Cupid.
Besides, she for a monster first mistook him,
And therefore had no right to overlook him !
But with a gentleman you thought you treated ;
If he's four footed your hand is forfeited ;
And you possess a right, as daylight clear,
To prove you've got the wrong pig by the ear !

(they retire)

Enter SLAVES, bearing the litter, closely curtained, as before, attended by LORD CARBUNCLE—He makes a sign to the SLAVES, who set down the litter under the trees and exeunt.

FID. (*advancing*) Hail, great Carbuncle!

LORD C. Pray don't make a din.

FID. What, is his precious Majesty within?

LORD C. He is, and dozing.

FID. Dozing at this hour?

LORD C. Yes, every day we bear him to this bower,
After his lunch, to take a short siesta,
Fanned by the gentle gale, a soft sou'-wester.

FID. (*aside*) Sow-wester! Humph! the quarter is suspicious
For what is in the wind—but most propitious
The royal nap. (*makes sign to LAIDRONETTA*)

LAI. (*aside*) The wink to me she's tipping!

FID. (*to LORD CARBUNCLE*) Would you oblige me with a
golden pippin?

LORD C. With pleasure. (*Exit*)

FID. (*to LAIDRONETTA*) Now one peep, whate'er it cost.
(*they withdraw the curtain, and discover the
GREEN SERPENT*)

LAI. (*shrieking*) Ah! the Green Serpent.

FID. Murder! (*Exit*)

LORD C. (*re-entering*) Treason! (*Exit*)

SER. Lost!

Rash Laidronetta! Ah, what hast thou done?

By Magotine again the game is won.

Farewell, perhaps for ever!

(*disappears—Thunder—Lightning*)

The FAIRY MAGOTINE appears.

MAG. Ha! ha! ha!

Well done, Princess, brava! bravissima!

I scarcely hoped to triumph so completely,

Now I can satisfy my vengeance sweetly.

Enter KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, BELLOTTA, and COUNT.

KING. Who's kicked this precious row up in the sky,
And put their finger in the world's great eye?

PRINCE. What, is the bride ready to go to church?

MAG. No, for the bridegroom's left her in the lurch.

QUEEN. The Fairy Magotine!

MAG. Aye, madam, me.

An uninvited guest again, you see.

Sweep, ye wild hurricanes, these gimcrack shores,
And turn these fortune-hunters out of doors.

(*Storm—The KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, BELLOTTA,
and COUNT fly in terror*)

I, with my captive, to my caves basaltic,
Girt by the stormy billows of the Baltic.

The scene changes to

SCENE SECOND.—*Basaltic Caverns.*

MAG. For seven long years, at least, here must you be
My captive and my slave.

LAI. Ah, woe is me!

What have I done to merit such a fate?

MAG. You are the daughter of a queen I hate!

LAI. Of vengeance have you not had "quantum suff?"
Made me a scarecrow to all mortals.

MAG. Stuff!

The other fairies with such virtues decked you,
My spell was scarcely able to affect you.
Men's eyes alone obeyed my magic arts,
Your goodness gave you power o'er their hearts;
E'en on a serpent it could make impression,
And but for this most lucky indiscretion,
You and that vile, insinuating viper
Had danced for joy, whilst I had paid the piper.

LAI. How was your happiness by ours affected?

MAG. King Emerald with scorn my hand rejected;
And I in you a favoured rival see.

LAI. I'm sure you're welcome to him quite for me.
He's frightened me almost out of my senses.

MAG. But he loves you, and that the worst offence is.
I've got you now though, both, beneath my thumb,
And I will work you for seven years to come.

Here, spin this tangled spider's web, and make
A net of it, that's strong enough to take
A salmon with—I want some fish for dinner.

LAI. Madam, although a spinster, I'm no spinner,
But I will do the best that's in my power.
When will you want it, ma'am ?

MAG. In half an hour.

Air—LAIDRONETTA—"Pray Goody."

Pray, madam, please to calculate, unless the clock be
wrong,

But thirty minutes half an hour supplies,
Remember spiders' webs are weak and fishing nets are
strong,

And salmons much larger than flies.
Slimy, grimy work, I can't bear nigh me.
Fun you're making—sure you're taking out of
me a rise.

Pray, madam, please to calculate, &c.

MAG. No matter ; for each thread you break, a day
Longer within this cave you'll have to stay.

(Exit).

LAI. In half an hour ? impossible !

The FAIRY BENEVOLENTIA appears.

BEN. Nay, try ;

To love there's no impossibility !

LAI. My goodness gracious, who is this fair dame ?

BEN. One of your dozen godmothers—my name
Benevolentia. To my gift you owe
The kindly heart that melts at others' woe.
And as to pity love is near akin,
Pity this wretched snake, and fearless spin.

The GREEN SERPENT is seen.

LAI. The snake again. Thou guileful monster, hence !

(SERPENT retires)

BEN. Guileful ! How so ? His love was no pretence.

Each syllable he spoke you've found too true,
 For breach of promise he might well sue you.
 Your word was pledged to take him upon trust,
 For better or for worse.

LAI. Own that I must.
 But he is so much worse than I believed him.

BEN. He'd have been better had you not deceived him.
 Prove by compassion you've your fault repented,
 And Magotine may yet be circumvented.

LAI. If I have wrong'd him, I apologise,
 I wouldn't hurt a worm of any size!

BEN. Enough! Spin web, weave net, in half a minute,
 And Magotine herself we may catch in it!

*(the web disappears from spindle, and the net is seen
 hanging on the wall)*

Adieu! Remember, love should love be won by,
 And the best rule is, "do as you'd be done by."

(disappears)

LAI. Well, when the poet wrote "*nil admirari*,"
 He certainly had never known a fairy.
 Or else, as but too frequently the fact is,
 He preached to others what he couldn't practise.
 The web is spun, and a strong net made of it,
 And I am to receive the whole net profit!
 Such liberality what can surpass?
 The poor snake, too, was no snake in the grass.
 But though of fearful aspect and dimensions,
 A serpent of most praiseworthy intentions!
 Under a great mistake he oft may labour
 Who from appearances condemns his neighbour.

Enter FAIRY MAGOTINE.

MAG. So, how gets on the work? The time is nigh,
 How often have you snapped the thread? reply!

LAI. Not once—the whole web I found nothing frail in,
 And there's a net that you may catch a whale in!

MAG. A whale! That's very like a whale, forsooth!

(seeing net)

(aside) Furies and fire! I vow she speaks the truth!

Can she have made these meshes single-fisted,
Or has she been by some sly elf assisted?

(*aloud*) Upon my word, you are so vastly clever,
To find some job for you I must endeavour,
Worthy your ingenuity. What ho!

Cast me those iron shoes up from below.

(*an ELF rises holding a pair of iron shoes*)

Screw her feet into them.

(*the ELF obeys—LAIDRONETTA screams*)

Oh fie! don't squall!

Pride must be pinched; a shoe can't be too small.
Now bring a mill-stone, from the ruins nigh,
And round her neck the pretty bauble tie!

(*a mill-stone is brought, and fastened round her neck*)

There! for your journey now you are equipped
So take this pitcher by you to be dipped
In the pure water of the silver fountain,
Which plays upon the top of the steel mountain,
Fill with a quart of it this broken jug,
And bring it here, with your own ugly *mug*.
Hence!

LAI. But the road?

MAG. Your iron shoes will shew—
The cunning soles no other way will go!

DUETTINO—"Macbeth."

MAG. So right about, obey the spell.
And bear the pitcher to the well.

LAI. (*looking at the hole in it*)
If truth be in proverbial lore,
It must have been there oft before.

MAG. 'Tis idle at your shoes to flinch,
You'll find them useful at a pinch.

LAI. I know 'tis bootless to entreat,
And they put on their metal, both my feet.

(*Exit LAIDRONETTA*)

MAG. Now ! either like the rest, her crown she'll crack,
 Or bring the water I so long for, back !
 A few drops only o'er my person sprinkled,
 I shall no more with age be bent and wrinkled,
 But the possessor of a face and form
 Which must the stony heart of Emerald warm.
 How I shall laugh if my spell prove strongest.

(Exit)

*The FAIRY BENEVOLENTIA appears, and takes down
 the net.*

BEN. The proverb says, "Those who laugh last, laugh
 longest !"

SONG—*Air*—"Farewell to the Mountain."

The well on yon mountain
 Of steel in the vale,
 Is fed by a fountain
 Which never can fail !
 The Water of Truth,
 With its magical spell,
 Is the pure draught you draw
 From the depths of that well.
 A well by whose virtue
 The truth is made known
 Is one which by some folks
 Is well let alone.
 The step must be firm,
 And the heart nobly swell,
 Of the mortal who travels,
 The path to that well !
 The well on yon mountain
 Of steel in the vale,
 Is fed by a fountain
 Which never can fail.
 False Magotine's malice
 Its pure draught shall quell,
 And kindness shall conquer,
 And true love fare well !

(Exit with net)

SCENE THIRD.—*Rocky Pass, and Foot of the Steel Mountain—
Storm raging.*

Enter PRINCE PRETTIPHELLO *and* BELLOTTA.

PRINCE. O Fortune ! well may mortals call you fickle !
Your Prettiphello's in a pretty pickle.

BEL. Papa and ma are in the same sweet mess.

PRINCE. The same ejection, and the same distress,
Have thrown us on this parish, quite unknown,
Too poor to have a Union of its own.

BEL. It serves us right, my sister would declare,
For having broken up her union there.
Not that we even overcharged the picture,
The green boar turned out a green boa constrictor ;
I'd rather, were I forced a choice to make,
Pig with a pig, than go snacks with a snake !

PRINCE. As to the King, who thought such wealth to sack,
The blow has given his cranium quite a crack ;
His talk is all of money, but so queer,
I really think he must have seen King Lear.

Enter KING, QUEEN, *and* COUNT.

KING. Blow winds and crack your cheeks, the clouds go
spout !

To raise the wind, and get a good blow out.
Rain cats and dogs, or pitchforks perpendicular,
The sky's not mine, and needn't be particular.
I tax not you, ye elements, you pay
No duty under schedules D or A,
You owe me no subscription. Funds may fall,
It makes no difference to you at all.

BEL. Gracious, papa ! don't stand here, if you please.

QUEEN. " Things that love night, love not such nights as
these."

Persuade him to move on, Prince Prettiphello.

PRINCE. Are you aware, sir, you have no umbrella ? (*rain*)

KING. A thought has struck me, rather entertaining,
I am a King more rained upon than reigning.
My wits are going fast !

QUEEN. I fear 'tis so.

PRINCE. Take comfort, ma'am, there are so few to go.
Would that our loss was nothing more, alas !

KING. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?

COUNT. He has no daughters, sir.

KING. 'Sdeath! don't tell fibs!

He must have one who won't down with the dibs,
Although she's made of money! Nothing I know
Bothers your gig so much as want of *rhino*.

PRINCE. His head's quite turned with losing all that pelf.

KING. For coining they can't touch the King himself.

QUEEN. Here's a dry cavern, if he would but cross over.

KING. I'd talk a word or two with this philosopher!

What is the price of stocks?

PRINCE. Mine are but low.

Suppose you just walk in, some here may know.

KING. A famous dodge! For ninety millions draw

A bill at sight upon my son-in-law,

And then—bolt—bolt—bolt—bolt.

(*Exeunt KING into cavern, followed by QUEEN, &c.*)

Enter FIDELIA.

FID. After my mistress all night I've been jogging,
Though it's a night you'd not turn out a dog in;
And I begin to fear I've missed my way,
Though where I want to go to I can't say—
But I suppose my lady is somewhere,
And I am quite determined to go there.

AIR—"Trab, Trab."

To find my mistress dear, I
Put forward my best foot,
Till both have grown so weary
I've no best first to put!
But whether best or not,
While any foot I've got
I'll tramp, tramp, tramp, like Jetty Treffz,
And trot, trot, trot, trot!

Of legs I've not the worst pair,
Perhaps that e'er were seen,
Besides they are the first pair
On which, as yet, I've been.
But give in I would not,
Though on my *last* I'd got.
I'd tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

Here's some one coming, who perchance may
 guide me.
 I thought no mortal could be out beside me.

Enter LAIDRONETTA.

LAI. Well, I can't say I'd take this walk by choice !

FID. Out and alas, it is my lady's voice !

LAI. Fidelia ?

FID. Oh ! what words my joy can measure

LAI. This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure !

FID. But what's this stone about your neck I see ?

LAI. About a hundred weight, it seems to me.

FID. And on your feet, what horrid clogs to use !

LAI. You wouldn't much like standing in my shoes.

FID. Off with both shoes and stone.

LAI. I can't, they're spell bound,
 And so am I, to seek a magic well, bound,
 Upon the summit of a steep Steel Hill,
 And with its water this old pitcher fill.

FID. This pitcher ! Why 'tis cracked, and so must he
 Who sent you on this crazy errand be.

LAI. Not he—the person's feminine in gender,
 For the vindictive Magotine's the sender !
 The Serpent's tale was true ; I now my folly see,
 And feel that honesty's the safest policy.

FID. I was your counsel,—I will share your sentence.

Enter FAIRY BENEVOLENTIA, with the net.

BEN. Nay, for too late can never come repentance,
 When 'tis sincere.

FID. A fairy, for a shilling !

BEN. To hold the Serpent harmless are you willing ?

LAI. Too happy !

*(the moon appears, and by her light the Steel Mountain
 seen at the back of the stage)*

BEN. Then behold the steep Steel Hill,
 Up which no human Jack or mortal Jill
 Ever yet went to fetch a pail of water
 But Jack fell down, and Jill came tumbling a'ter.

But upon this occasion I will shew
To what length snakes, who are in love, can go.

(waves her wand—the SERPENT appears)

Stand and unfold thyself, and never stop,
Till made a winding staircase to the top.

*(the SERPENT glides up the centre of the mountain,
forming a succession of coils like steps to the summit)*

FID. Is there alive a more obliging adder,
To make his scaly back a scaling ladder.

LAI. For the Sea Serpent he might well be shown!

FID. The greatest stretch of kindness ever known.

LAI. To such extent when friendship is displayed,
Lawyers would call it "an extent in aid!"

BEN. Now boldly up, and in the well dip thrice
The broken jug—but take a friend's advice;
Don't drink or touch a drop of water till
You've got in safety once more down the hill.

*(music—LAIDRONETTA ascends the coils of the SERPENT,
and disappears at the top of the mountain)*

Air—FIDELIA—"Such a getting up stairs."

Such a getting up stairs, and a playing on the serpent,
Such a getting up stairs I never did see!
The course is clear, the ruck must yield,
She backs her favourite 'gainst the field.
She'll win the cup, full to the brim!
I must own—"all along of him!"

Such a getting upstairs, &c.

*(LAIDRONETTA descends, divested of the mill-stone
and iron shoes, and bearing a golden vase in
her hand, full of water)*

LAI. *(to SNAKE)* A thousand thanks; I hope I didn't hurt
you.

Oh! madam, *(to FAIRY)* of this spring behold the
virtue—

The first dip that I took into the well,
Down with a splash the heavy mill-stone fell;
The second dip, off went my iron shoes!
And, at the third, the broken earthen cruse

Changed in an instant to this vase of gold,
And down I've brought it, full as it will hold !

BEN. The water in it has a wond'rous charm,
And as you use it works for good or harm.
Apply it outwardly, and all will see
That you're as handsome as you need to be ;
But taken inwardly, with all your heart,
'Twill to yon Serpent happiness impart.
Choose—you can do whichever you like best,
Seem yourself beautiful, or make him blest.

FID. Upon my word a puzzling situation !

LAI. No, I decide, ma'am, without hesitation,
(to SNAKE) Since I can serve you, here's my service to
you ;

Your health, poor Snake, and much good may it do
you. *(drinks)*

BEN. Well done ! such actions beautiful must make you
In all men's eyes, and none will hence mistake you.

*The SERPENT disappears—The scene changes to a magnificent
Fairy Garden, and KING EMERALD appears, surrounded by
his COURT.*

Behold your spouse ; love him perhaps you can.

FID. Oh, Gemini ! a jewel of a man !

Enter FAIRY MAGOTINE, with her ELVES.

MAG. My patience is exhausted ! Where's this jade ?
How now ? What's here to do ? False stars ! betrayed !
The charm dissolved ! the Serpent cast his skin !

FID. He has jumped out, and you may now jump in.

BEN. Malicious hag, who snares for others set.
Be as you should be, caught in your own net !

(puts the net over MAGOTINE)

And by your own bad spirits live tormented !

(MAGOTINE and her ELVES sink)

(to LAIDRONETTA) By Hymen now your bliss shall be
cemented.

Share with King Emerald his island throne,
A richer jewel it could never own.

Your selfish kin for your sake, I forgive.

Approach !

Enter KING, QUEEN, BELLOTTA, PRINCE, *and* COUNT.

And mark this maxim while you live—
If mortals would be happy here below,
The surest way is making others so !

FINALE—“ *Crown Diamonds.*”

- LAI. As jewels once they'd hearts of stone,
But now restored to flesh and bone—
They tremble lest from wrath or whim,
Your breath should all their lustre dim.
- BEN. We tried to make them precious fine,
Don't from them all take out the shine,
Our poor stage diamonds don't disdain,
And if you cut them, come again !
- FID. Paste though they may appear,
To some great Pit-diamond here—
Let them your pretty dear
Children entertain !
- LAI. The purest gem may have a flaw ;
Perfection none yet ever saw,
Though all that glitters isn't gold,
To pass for such the mass is bold.
- FID. Then let the candour gain applause,
Of Jewels who confess their flaws,
I own my *guilt*, nay, more, admit
I mean your gold to pay for it.
- ALL. Paste though they may appear, &c.

*Brilliant Discovery of the Crown Jewels in the PALM OF
SUCCESS—Tableau.*

CURTAIN.

CYMON & IPHIGENIA;

A Lyrical, Comical Pastoral,

IN ONE ACT,

Considerably altered from the Text of David Garrick, Esq., and particularly adapted to the Lyceum Stage, and the occasion.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Easter Monday,
April 1st, 1850.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

At Easter this year I made another attempt to vary the usual holiday entertainment by producing an adaptation of Garrick's "Cymon and Iphigenia," which had been resuscitated at Covent Garden as an opera, with new music by Bishop. It occurred to me that by giving a *rococo* style to the whole drama, including the *mise en scène*, in perfect keeping with the time in which it was originally produced, restoring the most effective of the old music by Dr. Arne, flinging the prose dialogue into irregular verse, and introducing Charles Mathews, as April, to act as the Chorus in like manner as in "The Golden Fleece," and Dædalus in "Theseus and Ariadne," explaining the story and commenting on the various incidents in the piece in his inimitable style, it might hit the taste of the public who had so highly relished the whim of it in the two previous instances. An additional inducement was the recent addition to the company of Mrs. Humby, the best representative of the waiting maids in the old comedies that has ever been seen by the existing generation of play-goers. In burlesque or modern extravaganza she would have been completely out of her element; but as the attendant of

Urganda, in the dress of an abigail of the eighteenth century, I felt she would be perfect, and as I knew I should not get Madame Vestris into an Easter piece, Mrs. Humby was a treasure to me. For the last time I had the advantage of the services of my old friend Harley, who migrated at the end of the season to the Princess's, (of which theatre Charles Kean had become the lessee,) where he died "in harness" eight years afterwards.*

The trifling part of the deaf old woman, with the song of "I tremble at seventy-two," having been always played in the original opera by a principal actor, it was accepted without hesitation by Frank Matthews, and Cymon of course was assigned to Miss Julia St. George, who sang and acted with a spirit that surprised and delighted us all. An old-fashioned dance of shepherdesses in hoops and powder, characteristically arranged by Oscar Byrne, was very effective, and the whole affair went off most satisfactorily.

The name of Miss M. Oliver appears, for the first time, in the cast. She soon became a popular actress, and was at one time the lessee and manageress of the Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho.

* 22nd of August, 1858, aged 72.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Characters out of the Piece.

SPRING (a delicacy, just in season, drawn
ethereally mild) MISS MARTINDALE
MARCH (going out like a Lamb) MR. GALE
APRIL THE FIRST (King of Tomfoolery) ... MR. CHAS. MATHEWS

Characters in the Piece—Supernaturals.

MERLIN (an ancient British Conjuror, pressed
into the service of Cymon by Garrick, and
retained in it by the Adapter, for want of a
better) MR. F. COOKE
URGANDA (an Enchantress of the Old School of
Garrick—Queen of Arcadia) ... MISS ISABEL DICKINSON
REVENGE }
JEALOUSY } (four Passions, unfortunately too } MR. RUSSEL
HATRED } common to need description) } MR. FRANKS
DESPAIR } } MR. FRITH
LOVE (as he appeared to our Grandmothers) ... MISS RANOE
NYMPHS (who “come with a hoop and come at
a call”) Mesdames Burbidge, Clare, Mars, Hunt,
J. Hunt, Honey, Wadham, Cushnie,
A. Cushnie, Maile, Forde, &c.

Naturals.

CYMON (the “Fool of Nature,” according to
Dryden) MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE
DORUS (a Justice of the Piece written by Garrick) MR. HARLEY
LINCO (a *Neat-herd*) MR. ROBERT ROXBY
DAMON }
ALEXIS } (Simple Arcadians) } MR. CHARLES
STREPHON } } MR. BURT
DORILAS } } MR. DE COURCY
IPHIGENIA, *alias* SYLVIA (a noble Maiden of
Cyprus, according to Boccaccio and Dryden,
but brought up as an Arcadian Shepherdess,
according to Garrick)... .. MISS MANNERS
(Her First Appearance here)
DORCAS (the Old Woman who did her that
favour)... .. MR. FRANK MATTHEWS
FATIMA (so called by Garrick, in the confusion
of the moment—Urganda’s *Femme de*
Chambre) MRS. HUMBY
(Her First Appearance here)
DAPHNE }
PHEBE } (innocent Maidens) } MISS KENWORTHY
} } MISS M. OLIVER
Gentle Shepherds and Shepherdesses, with “as many Sheep as can be
put in for the money,” by the rest of the Company.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

The Scenery, by Mr. W. Beverley, Painter Extraordinary to the Woods and Forests, will exhibit

Part of the Zodiac with a Sign of the Times.

THE GARDEN FRONT OF URGANDA'S PALACE.

Entré of Cupid and Nymphs, in the Stage Costume of the XVIIIth Century.

A SEQUESTERED SPOT—TABLEAU VIVANT
(*After Dryden.*)

“The ‘Fool of Nature’ stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.”

SYLVAN LANDSCAPE.

THE BEECHEN SHADE.

ARCADIAN FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

Chamber in Urganda's Palace.

PAPHOS, THE ABODE OF LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

The Original Music by Michael Arne, Mus. Doc.

The Overture and Introductory Music composed and arranged by
Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Dances and Action composed by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Male Costumes by Mrs. Baily. The Female Costumes by
Miss Nowland.

The Appointments by Mr. J. Brogden. The Machinery by Mr. H.
Sloman.

N.B.—Where the name of the Air, or of the Composer, is not mentioned, the words are (except in two instances) the original, by Garrick; and the Music by Dr. Arne.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Segment of the Zodiac, exhibiting the Sign of Aries*—MARCH discovered—*Enter* SPRING.

Air—SPRING—“*March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale.*”

March, March, April is at the wing,
 March away, March, in quick time and good order,
 March, March, April's about to spring
 On to the stage, just beneath this sky border ;
 Ramble off with your Ram.
 Lead him out like a Lamb,
 Room for the revels of mad-bully Taurus—
 April, on frolic bent,
 Comes, by gay Easter sent,
 Here, for a few merry days to reign o'er us.

March, March, &c.

(*Exit* MARCH)

(*The Sign Aries gradually gives place to Taurus—Exit*
 SPRING—*End of* MARCH. *Flourish*)

Enter APRIL THE FIRST.

APR. “*End of March—enter April.*”—A fact, I protest,
 A plain stage direction—not meant for a jest ;
 A cue for my entrance, to act as a chorus,
 And not for the entrance of Sol into Taurus.
 And, now to be brief, which you know is my forte,
 For my reign and my showers are equally short,
 I am April the First, and, according to rule,
 Have a right, for one day, all the world to be-fool.
 Imagine this right, Cupid's jealousy waking !
 He'd have no fools on earth, that were not of his
 making ;

Not content with possessing unlimited powers,
 He begrudges me mine, for these twenty-four hours ;
 But he can't deprive me of a laugh or a whim,
 And a subject for sport I'll this day form of him ;
 Love once, it is said, made a simpleton wise—
 Only once—for what reason I cannot surmise,
 In a fit of caprice, or from pure contradiction.
 Some vow it's a fact—I suspect it's a fiction ;
 But be that as it may, of the story Love's vain,
 And the poets have sung it again and again.
 On the stage it's been put too, by Garrick, Arne,
 Bishop,

And now, in my own way, I've ventured to dish up
 The young gudgeon, Cymon, in hope that he will
 Prove, as the French say, a fine "*Poison d'Avril*."
 If not, more fool I, and the laugh's against me,
 So now to begin, and see what you shall see.

(*clouds open, and discover MERLIN*)

Air—APRIL—"*Barring all pother.*"

First, Merlin, the Wizard of Wales, behold,
 To bring him to Greece, Mr. Garrick made bold ;
 With the story he'd nothing on earth to do,
 But the greater the nonsense, the better for you.

For barring all pother,
 With one and the other,
 We'll make them all fools in their turn.

(*at the end of the first verse exit MERLIN and
 URGANDA is seen in his place*)

The next is Urganda, a fairy high-flown,
 By neither Boccaccio, nor Dryden known ;
 Her charms are so potent that none can withstand
 her—

But love, you will find, makes a goose of Urganda.
 So barring all pother, &c.

(*at the end of the second verse exit URGANDA, and
 CYMON is seen*)

Here's Cymon, who, till he by love was taught,
Knew nothing, and "whistled for want of thought;"
If all were to whistle who think they think,
What a saving there would be in printer's ink.

For barring all pother, &c.

*(at the end of the third verse exit CYMON and enter
IPHIGENIA)*

There's Iphigenia, called Sylvia—why?
'Twould puzzle a conjuror to reply;
For whichever you please you may give your voice,
For "you pays your money, and takes your choice."

And barring all pother, &c.

The rest I've no time to particularise,
There are shepherds with hooks, shepherdesses with eyes;
A judge, of whose judgment we can't well boast,
And another old woman as deaf as a post.

So barring all pother, &c.

So I'll leave them now for themselves to speak,
In the language of Garrick, supposed to be Greek;
But run into rhyme on the pastoral plan, sir,
For it's not a burlesque, nor an extravaganza,
But a something or other
Which pleased your grandmother,
And we hope will please you in your turn.

(at the end of the song, exit APRIL)

*The clouds, which have closed upon each Tableau, now clear
off altogether, and discover*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Garden in front of Urganda's Palace.*

Enter MERLIN, followed by URGANDA.

URG. Yet hear me, Merlin——

MER. Madam, I have heard—
And seldom anything much more absurd.

As I'm a conjuror, I can't conceive
 How I so long could in your truth believe,
 And blush to think I have been so betrayed,
 And made a fool, for a fool ready made.
 A dolt!—an idiot!—oh! I shall go wild.

URG. Great Merlin, jealous of a simple child!
 How can you think so meanly of my taste?

MER. Upon the idle air your words you waste;
 If you would prove my dark suspicions vain,
 Send silly Cymon to his friends again!

URG. 'Tis out of pity I retain him here—

MER. Your pity is to love akin too near.

With him or me make up your mind to part—

URG. Dear Merlin! you alone possess my heart!

MER. 'Tis false! and mine, you've managed so to rend it,
 No stitch that you can take in time will mend it!
 But consolation in one thought alone is—
 You shall smart under the *lex talionis*!
 Of hopeless passion feel in turn the pain,
 Love is dethroned, and here revenge shall reign.
 Still shall my power your vile arts confound,
 And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound.

(Exit)

URG. "And Cymon's cure shall be Urganda's wound!"
 What can he mean?

Enter FATIMA.

FAT. No good, ma'am, I'll be bound.

URG. Ah! then you heard his dire denunciation!

FAT. It's put me all into a twitteration!

URG. Fear nothing.

FAT. I can't help it—something frightful

He's sure to do—he's so uncommon spiteful!

URG. My power is great as his; and as to spite,
 Match him at that I rather think I might.

FAT. Match him! why don't you match him?—be his
 wife!

And make him miserable all his life!

URG. Alas! I am in love.

FAT. In love, forsooth,
 With a poor, pitiful, half-witted youth.

A gosling, who can't say "Bo" to a goose!
 Of all your witchery is that the use?
 Charms such as yours should make men fools, not cure
 'em;

Into a fine fool's Paradise still lure 'em!
 Why, you might turn the brains of a whole college
 Ere you could give that lout a grain of knowledge.

(CYMON is heard whistling)

URG. Silence!—he comes!—his whistle sweet I hear.

FAT. Ah! for his whistle you pay much too dear.

Enter CYMON.

URG. How sad he looks!

FAT. Stupid, I say.

CYM. Heigho!

URG. What is the matter, Cymon?

CYM. I don't know.

FAT. Are you not well?

CYM. Oh!—yes—I'm very well.

URG. What do you sigh for, then?

CYM. How can I tell?

URG. Is there a wish Urganda cannot grant?

What do you want?

CYM. I don't know what I want—

Oh—yes—I do—I want—

URG. What, dearest? say,

And it *is* yours!

CYM. I want to go away.

URG. Away from me! Alack! where would you go?

CYM. I can't tell.

URG. For what reason?

CYM. I don't know.

FAT. Let him go anywhere—he's good for naught—

For he knows nothing, and he won't be taught.

URG. To me his sweet simplicity is charming!

If but his heart I could succeed in warming!

Come, all ye loves and graces, to my aid!

And through his eyes his slumbering soul invade.

(waves her wand)

Music—Entrée of LOVES and GRACES, in the costume of the Eighteenth Century.

BALLET

(during which CYMON gradually falls asleep)

URG. Look, Fatima ! I vow he's gone to sleep !

FAT. You'd better turn him out among the sheep.

URG. Cupid, all arm'd and powder'd, moved him not !

FAT. It was a waste of powder and of shot,

Leave him to sleep, nor useless trouble take

With one who never will be wide-awake.

URG. As a reproach, these flowers I'll on him lay,

(places her bouquet on his bosom)

FAT. You'll find they're on him merely thrown away.

(Exeunt URGANDA and FATIMA)

Enter MERLIN.

MER. My art shall now to Cymon's eyes display,

A damsel lovelier than dawning day—

Her charms shall wrest his mind from folly's sway.

Enter APRIL.

APR. And make a fool of him another way.

Music—MERLIN waves his wand, and changes to

SCENE THIRD.—*A Sequestered Spot—In a bower opposite to where CYMON lies asleep IPHIGENIA is discovered in a magic slumber—She has a bouquet in her hand.*

MER. *(touching IPHIGENIA's nosegay with his wand)*

That magic touch would to those flowers impart,

A charm, to make like touchwood Cymon's heart ;

Now to some sort of sense awake he may.

(Exit)

APR. Some other sort of nonsense, he would say.

Music—CYMON awakes, rubs his eyes, gets up, and stares about him vacantly—then taking up his staff, walks away whistling, till he comes close to IPHIGENIA—he starts, rubs his eyes again, and stands gazing in astonishment at her, leaning on his staff.

APR. "The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
 "And gaping mouth, that testified surprise."
 Hem! Dryden! There's the very situation—
 Of glorious John, a lively illustration.
 The youth, completely posed, beholds the fair,
 Reposing sweetly, 'mid the poses there.
 Composing altogether, so to speak,
 Really a most imposing *pose plastique*.

CYM. What's here? 'tis something fallen from the skies,
 Or am I dreaming' still with open eyes?
 'Tis like a woman—but so wondrous fair—
 'Tis something like a woman, I declare!
 What in my breast is bobbing so about?
 It must be what they call my heart, no doubt!

APR. He never knew he had one till this minute,
 And now, he can't think what the plague is in it.

CYM. Oh! dear! how it is thumping just at present!

APR. He finds it odd, but not at all unpleasant.

IPH. (*waking*) Ah!

CYM. (*retreating*) Oh! it is alive—and speaks! Oh! my,
 What eyes!

IPH. Who's there?

CYM. (*timidly*) Me.

IPH. Who may "me" be?

CYM.

I!

IPH. Have you no name?

CYM. They call me Cymon.

IPH. Oh!

May be you're simple Cymon, then?

APR. Just so. (*Exit APRIL*)

IPH. And to our great Queen you belong.

CYM. I do.

But I much rather would belong to you.

Nobody'd call me "simple Cymon" then!

IPH. (*aside*) He's not more simple than are most young
 men—

And better looking than I yet saw any!

(*aloud*) I've heard of you, young gentleman, from
 many.

What are you staring at?

CYM. You——

- IPH. But you shouldn't !
 CYM. But I can't help it—could you if you couldn't ?
 I never saw your like ! are you a fairy ?
 IPH. Oh ! dear, sir, no, indeed—quite the contrary.
 CYM. Quite the contrary—what's that ? I can't guess.
 IPH. Only a poor Arcadian shepherdess.
 CYM. I'm not so sure of that—Urganda's charms
 Ne'er caused within my breast such fond alarms:
 You have bewitched me—I'm transformed—
 enchanted!
 In short, I'm quite another creature.
 IPH. Granted.
 For you are one beside yourself, I vow !
 You've lost your wits.
 CYM. I'd none to lose till now.
 Tell me your name ?
 IPH. Sylvia.
 CYM. Sylvia ! how sweet !
 Sylvia my tongue for ever could repeat !
 IPH. Farewell !
 CYM. Nay, do not go !
 IPH. I must, indeed !
 Bless you, I've got a flock of sheep to feed.
 CYM. When shall we meet again ?
 IPH. This afternoon.
 CYM. In half-an-hour ?
 IPH. Nay, that will be too soon—
 Say, in three quarters of an hour, at least.
 CYM. I will be there, before the chimes have ceased.
 IPH. But where is *there* ?
 CYM. Oh ! anywhere you please.
 IPH. Down by the river, then, beneath yon trees.
 CYM. In the meanwhile, that nosegay let me treasure.
 IPH. In change for yours ?
 CYM. Oh ! with the greatest pleasure !

Duet—IPHIGENIA and CYMON—Bishop.

- IPH. Take this nosegay, gentle youth !
 CYM. And you, sweet maid, take mine ;
 IPH. Unlike these flowers, be thy fair truth ;
 CYM. Unlike these flowers, be thine.

Together {
 These changing soon,
 Will soon decay ;
 Be sweet till noon,
 Then pass away.
 Fair, for a time, their transient charms appear ;
 But truth, unchang'd, shall bloom for ever here.
 (*Exeunt CYMON and IPHIGENIA*)

Enter APRIL.

APR. Now this is what bards have thought worthy their
 strains,
 And how Cymon's supposed to have come by his
 brains ;
 When, really, I think that one needn't be clever
 To prove he's a much greater fool now than ever.
 Here's a wench, till this morning, a sight he'd ne'er
 got of,
 That he'd rush into church with, not knowing a jot of
 Her family tree, or her family acres,
 Or who is to pay even butchers and bakers !
 By-the-bye—you mayn't know much about her
 yourselves,
 Unless you have lately been dusting your shelves ;
 For who, upon earth, into Dryden now looks ?
 Or any such old musty poetry books ;
 So as Chorus my duty I'll do *con amore*,
 And briefly run over the heads of the story.

Song—APRIL—“ The Hunting of the Hare.”

“Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,
 Formed in fancy and whistled on reeds,
 Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays ;”
 You'll have lots as the drama proceeds.
 But there's some history,
 Magic and mystery,
 Mix'd up in this story,
 So if you'd be
 Charm'd, enlightened,
 Your intellects brightened,
 And interest heighten'd,
 Just listen to me.

Once in Cyprus ; it happen'd a time on, there
 Dwelt a nobleman, wealthy to boot ;
 He'd a son, whom the people called Cymon, there,
 Which, in plain English, was calling him " Brute."
 And 'twasn't a wonder,
 For so did he blunder,
 No schoolmaster under
 The Cyprian sun,
 So clever could be as
 To teach young ideas
 To shoot in this stupid young son of a gun.

Queen Urganda, for some magic jugglery,
 Culling of simples one morning hard by,
 Thought, whilst making of simples a smugglery,
 She might as well smuggle our friend, simple Cy.
 A husband she wanted,
 And took it for granted
 He'd be quite enchanted
 To make her his bride ;
 But for fear of refusal,
 She tried to bamboozle
 A famous old fozzle,
 Called Merlin, beside.

Now, you're aware, 'twas that same Mr. Merlin here,
 (Whom for the simples Urganda had cut,)
 Hooked, with a magical bouquet, a girl in here,
 Out of joint the Queen's nosegay to put ;
 But, what you might never guess,
 She is no shepherdess ;
 Though by her rustic dress
 Taken for such.
 Though Dorcas here brought her,
 She's no more her daughter,
 Than you, sir, in short are,
 And that isn't much.

Don't you imagine, though, she an impostor is,
 Like so many you elsewhere have seen ;
 Prince, her father, of famed Famagosta is,
 She's, of course, the Princess Iphigene.

But, though you have heard of it,
 Don't say a word of it,
 There mayn't be a third of it,
 True, by the way.

(*spoken*)—(For really authorities do so differ respecting
 historical facts that)
 From Sir Walter Raleigh
 To Mr. Macaulay,
 One can't swallow all a
 Chap chooses to say. (*Exit*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Palace (as before).*

Enter URGANDA and FATIMA.

URG. Whither, my love—oh ! whither art thou gone ?
 I left him fast asleep here—and alone.
 What may this mean ?

FAT. 'Tis difficult to guess,
 And scarce can be accounted for unless
 We could imagine——

URG. What ? in mercy, say !
 FAT. That when he woke—he rose and walked away.

URG. It must be so—oh, fate ! it is too clear !
 For had he not been gone, he'd still been here !
 And though to own it seems an impropriety,
 His absence causes me extreme anxiety.

FAT. His absence causes me no thought unpleasant,
 He is so very absent when he's present.
 But, pardon me, one trifling observation—
 Will not your art afford you information ?
 I thought a great enchantress, ma'am, like you,
 Knew everything that any one could do.

URG. A vulgar error—chase it from your mind ;
 Consult the Fairy Library—you'll find,
 Like common mortals, we oft see but queerly,
 In matters which concern ourselves most nearly ;
 And something, lately, has so dimm'd my sight,
 I cannot even read the stars aright.

FAT. 'Tis love, no doubt—the envious little elf,
Would blind the world, because he's blind himself.
But here is Cymon coming, madam.

URG. Oh!
The darling! what is it he's doing, though?
He seems transported! how he laughs and skips!
And what is it he presses to his lips?
My nosegay! oh! at last my spells have caught him,
And positively to his senses brought him.

FAT. Or else he's gone out of them still more sadly.

URG. Let's be invisible, and listen!

FAT.

Gladly!

(*URGANDA touches FATIMA with her wand*)

Enter CYMON with IPHIGENIA'S bouquet.

CYM. Oh! thou dear nosegay—gazing thus on thee,
The lovely giver still, methinks, I see!

URG. "The lovely giver!"—Fatima, dost hear?
That must be I!

FAT. To me, that's not so clear.

URG. Ha!—

FAT. No offence!—but are those flowers the same
You gave him, madam?

URG. Fatima!—for shame!
How can you doubt?

FAT. I really don't know how—
But I do doubt, and very much, I vow!

CYM. Never—oh! never with it will I part!
Where shall I hide it?—here—yes, next my heart!
For its divine enchantress wildly panting!

URG. "Divine enchantress!"—what more proof is wanting?

FAT. Nothing—but of the nosegay, just one view—
Something's changed *him*!—I think, the nosegay, too.

URG. Absurd!—but not a doubt shall long remain—
(*advancing*) Cymon!

CYM. (*starting, and aside*) Urganda! (*aloud*) How d'ye do
again?

URG. Pray, who were you conversing with, just now?

CYM. Nobody!

URG. Nay, I'm sure you will allow
That you were talking!

CYM. Talking! oh—yes, true—

'Twas to myself, you know; I often do.

FAT. (*aside*) Evasion! oh! 'tis plain enough then, he
Is not the innocent he used to be.

URG. But what was that you hid within your vest?

CYM. Nothing!

FAT. (*aside*) A downright fib, I do protest.

Cymon no longer is the simple youth,

Who could speak nothing but the simple truth!

URG. Was't nothing—that recalled to you the donor?

CYM. Nothing, indeed.

URG. Oh! Cymon!

CYM. 'Pon my honour!

FAT. (*aside*) Upon his honour!—he improves a-pace!

Impossible to lie with better grace!

URG. Come, don't be bashful, Cymon, there's a dear!

It is a nosegay, which you treasure here.

CYM. A nosegay! well—and what then if it be!

URG. Why, it is mine, I fancy—shew it me.

CYM. What, give a thing, and take a thing—you
couldn't!

URG. Take it from you? oh! no—for worlds I
wouldn't!

If it be mine.

CYM. Nor would I yeld the prize,

For countless worlds!

URG. What fire is in his eyes!

What fervour in his language—he's in love!

FAT. With somebody, no doubt, his ears above.

URG. With somebody!—why thus my soul alarm?

Who but Urganda, here, his heart could warm?

FAT. (*aside*) Hem! I have heard a question more
polite,

But to reply might not become me quite.

URG. Shew me those flowers!

CYM. No!

URG. Ha! boy, beware!

CYM. Pshaw! what a fuss you make about it—there!

Now, are you satisfied?

URG. It is not mine!

FAT. I told you so! The enchantress so divine,
Is not Urganda!

- URG. Fiends and tortures ! say,
Ungrateful youth ! who gave you that bouquet ?
- CYM. A person !
- URG. Male or female ?
- CYM. I can't tell—
How should I know ?
- FAT. Oh, come ! that's mighty well,
But won't do now.
- URG. (*aside*) From head to foot I tremble
With rage and jealousy ! but I'll dissemble,
Until I learn at whom the blow to strike.
(*aloud*) Well, Cymon, I'm not angry ! If you like
This nosegay better than mine, keep it, pray.
- FAT. Only you needn't have thrown her's away
On such an ugly creature !
- CYM. Ugly creature !
She is perfection, both in form and feature !
- FAT. Oh ! *she* is, is *she* ? but you do not know !
If *she's* a male or female ! so ! so ! so !
Good Master Simpleton, in what direction
Chanced you to meet this pattern of perfection ?
- CYM. I'll tell you nothing more about her, though
I die for it !
- URG. Leave him alone ! Heigho !
This is the work of Merlin, or of fate—
Howe'er it be, I cannot Cymon hate !
But let my rival of my wrath beware !
- FAT. First, you must find her out——
- URG. Be that your care.
- FAT. (*aside*) So, I must find out everything, I see !
In that case I'm the witch, I think—not she !
(*to URGANDA*) To set about it, then, without delay,
Suppose you give him a half-holiday ;
He's certain to go seek his fair enslaver,
And I will watch him.
- URG. You'll do me a favour !
(*aloud to CYMON*) Cymon, this morn, you said you
wished to go
Somewhere—though where, you didn't seem to
know.
Are you desirous still abroad to range ?
- CYM. I must say I should like a little change.

Air—CYMON.

You gave me, last week, a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage,
 Yet, how sad the poor thing was within it,
 Oh, how it did flutter and rage!
 Then he mop'd and he pin'd
 That his wings were confin'd,
 'Till I opened the door of his den!
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

FAT. Make verses, too! and sings 'em! oh! in short,
 The fever's of the most malignant sort!

URG. And would you fly back, if I let you out?

CYM. Of that how can you entertain a doubt?

FAT. (*aside*) That's what I call a questionable answer.

URG. Well, from this moment, you are a free man, sir—

Go where you please—return to, or desert me,
 And break my heart!

CYM. No! don't! you really hurt me!

URG. (*to CYMON*) *Au revoir!* (*aside to FATIMA*) Now,
 wench, prove yourself a clever one.

(*Exit*)

FAT. This is a wild goose chase, if there was ever one!

Air—CYMON.

Oh, liberty! liberty! liberty!
 Dear happy liberty!
 Nothing like thee,
 So merry and free.
 My linnet and I,
 Away we will fly,
 To liberty! liberty! liberty!

(*Exit, followed by FATIMA*)

Enter APRIL.

APR. Urganda's move is rather artful-dodgical
 Though seeming simple and ornithological;

Cymon lets out a linnet, you'll remark,
 And then she lets out Cymon for a lark ;
 There is a little bird that tells me, though,
 Urganda will, with some one, pluck a crow ;
 And here she comes to call her fiends together.
 You know the proverb, " Birds of the same
 feather ;"
 But don't be frightened—matters right to bring,
 I shall be always on—or *at* the wing.

(Exit)

Enter URGANDA.

URG. Oh ! now the truth of Merlin's words I've found,
 For Cymon's cure *is* poor Urganda's wound !
 But though I feel my power o'er Cymon flown,
 And Merlin's mightier spell am forced to own,
 Am I in magic art a bankrupt quite ?
 Is this the mere stick that it seems to sight ?
 Must I alone be doom'd to love in vain ?
 No ! all Arcadia shall partake my pain.
 If yet one fiend this wand of mine obeys,
 Arise, and set each bosom in a blaze.

(*music*—REVENGE rises)

Let all who see my hated rival burn
 With passion ; and be each despised in turn—
 Until to madness stung, they seize and tear
 Piecemeal the common cause of our despair.

Music—the stage darkens—thunder and lightning—
 JEALOUSY, HATRED, and DESPAIR arise, and exeunt,
led by REVENGE—*Exit* URGANDA.

Re-enter APRIL.

APR. Thunder and lightning ! well, the kettle of her wrath
 has completely over-boiled !
 I forget who remarked that there was " no fury like a
 woman foiled !"
 But I haven't the slightest doubt of the truth of the
 observation,
 And I think we're about to receive of it a remarkable
 corroboration.

She's evidently going to play up old gooseberry in
Arcadia, and set this peaceable nation
Quarrelling in a way that was never seen, even in the
Hall of Conciliation.

Air—APRIL—“*Bow, wow, wow.*”

Arcadia's known full-well, of course, to every ignoramus,
For mountains and for mutton, it was always reckon'd
famous,
Not Verdigris is greener than this verdant spot of Greece,
sir.
Whose people worship Pan and piping, poetry and peace,
sir,
Row, Row, Row, never was there heard in it a Row, Row,
Row.

A little while they yet will smile and dance to pipes and
tabors,
But soon they'll be for blowing up and banging all their
neighbours;
Free trade in sheep's eyes ruin will all true home-made
affection,
And unprotected females clamour loudly for protection.
Row, Row, Row, won't they make about it a fine Row, Row,
Row.

Now after pretty Sylvia we shall running every fellow see,
Each shepherd will be mad with love, each shepherdess
with jealousy;
For in her nosegay vengeance popped a magical anemone
Which will turn into a bear garden this model Agapemone.
Row, Row, Row, what a shame to make in it a Row, Row,
Row.

That spirits should be in the world so very bad and frantic,
To rise and revolutionise a region so romantic,
And drive the Sovereign Lady of this land of love and lamb,
sir,
To say for all her loyal flock, she doesn't care a—Ram, sir.
Row, Row, Row, what a sin to make herein a Row, Row,
Row. *(Exit)*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Sylvan Landscape.**Enter PHCEBE and DAPHNE.*

PHCE. What, to be thus deserted by all the village beaux,
 And see them flirting with another, just beneath my
 nose ;
 I can't bear it, and I won't—so it don't signify
 talking,
 Out of Arcadia, somehow, soon the gipsy I'll be
 walking.

DAPH. Yet, in justice to poor Sylvia, the rival you
 complain of,
 You'll own she never yet returned the love a single
 swain of.
 She cannot help their loving her.

PHCE. No more than I can hating
 A wench whom all the shepherds find so vastly
 captivating !

DAPH. Not all—my Damon's true to me as ever !

PHCE. Or you'd be just as savage.

DAPH. Dear—no—never !

LINCO. *sings without.* Care flies from the lad that is merry,
 Whose heart is as sound,
 And cheeks are as round,
 As round and as red as a cherry.

DAPH. But here comes Linco, who makes game of everything
 romantic,
 And pokes his fun at love-sick souls, until he drives
 them frantic.
 On you, in such a mood, he's sure his mockery to vent
 all—
 So do, my dear, just try and sink the sentimental.

Enter LINCO.

LIN. What, my girls of ten thousand ! I was, but this
 moment, Cupid defying,
 And here are you two, sent in the nick, my courage to
 be trying ;
 But I'm above temptation—or, if you please, below it.
 When the boy in the buff jerkin aims at me, I just say,
 " go it !"

And down I duck, and over me the harmless arrow goes
fleeting,

And you never saw an archer look so ridiculous, even
at an archery meeting. *(sings)*

Air—LINCO.

I laugh and I sing,
I am blithsome and free,
The rogue's little sting,
It can never reach me.

With a fal la la la.

My skin is so tough,
Or so blinking is he,
He can't pierce my buff,
Or he misses poor me.

With a fal la la la.

PHŒ. Ever thus, Linco, flaunting at love as few do.

LIN. Why, gad-a-mercy, girls, would you have me do as you
do?

Walk with my arms across, amongst the willows
heighoing,

You'll never catch a shepherd so—I thought you much
more knowing.

(sings)

Oh! never be dull,
By the sad willow tree;
Of mirth be brimful,
And run over like me.

With a fal la la la.

Why don't you copy Sylvia, who cares a pin for none
of 'em,

And, as a matter of course, is followed by every one of
them.

DAPH. Nay, don't imagine, I beg, that *I* sigh the hours
away so;

I am as happy as Phœbe is wretched.

LIN. You don't say so!

Good lack, I'm sorry for it.

- DAPH. Sorry that I am happy ?
- LIN. Oh ! no ! prodigious glad !
- PHŒ. That I am wretched, Sappy !
- LIN. No ! no ! prodigious sorry for that, and prodigious
glad of the other !
- DAPH. Out on thee ! scoffer, away !
- PHŒ. With vexation I shall smother !
- DAPH. Nay, for my part I care not ! for no man's loss
would I cry,
- LIN. Well said ! Then Sylvia may take your shepherd
without a sigh !
- DAPH. My shepherd ! what means the fool ?
- PHŒ. Her shepherd ! oh ! prithee tell us !
- LIN. Nay, nothing which could make so sage a damsel
jealous,
But some one I saw with Sylvia this morning, and
betwixt you and me and the post,
I heartily hope it was Damon ! for, if not, it must have
been his ghost.
- DAPH. My Damon ?
- LIN. Your Damon that was, and Sylvia's Damon that would
be
If she had no objection.
- DAPH. Oh ! the wretch ! if it should be !
- PHŒ. Her Damon, as false as the rest ! I declare it's
delightful !
- DAPH. Oh ! you can laugh now, can you ? I hate folks
who are so spiteful !
- PHŒ. Yet, in justice to poor Sylvia, as you observed so
lately,
She cannot help *his* loving *her*.
- DAPH. The case is altered greatly,
Couldn't she be content to carry her vile game on
With every other swain, except my Damon !
I'll have vengeance on the minx—to justice I'll
denounce her,
My old lover, Squire Dorus, he shall quickly trounce
her. *(Exit)*
- PHŒ. Well, really, when one's heart is breaking with
vexation,
To see one's friend in the same distress, is a wond'rous
consolation ! *(Exit)*

LIN. Ha ! ha ! ha ! upon Miss Daphne I turned the tables rarely,
 I never throw a chance away of paying the sex off fairly ;
 Oh ! that sensible men should be led by the nose, in downright donkey fashion,
 By what the poets have been pleased to call "the tender passion !"
 Why "tender" I could never guess—except it be that oft folks
 Who tumble into it turn out particularly *soft* folks ;
 Here comes the girl who's set the shepherds all a-madding.
 What can they see that after her they should be ever gadding ?

Enter IPHIGENIA, with CYMON's bouquet.

IPH. The more I look upon this sweet bouquet,
 The more I feel love's power.
 LIN. Holloa ! heyday !
 What's happened to me, in the name of wonder ?
 I never felt so odd before—some spell I'm surely under.
 I long to speak to her, yet scarcely dare.
 IPH. I wander pensive, without knowing where ;
 I speak—not knowing what—to whom—or why !
 And see but Cymon—but for Cymon sigh !

Air—IPHIGENIA.

Oh ! why should we sorrow, if Love be no sin ?
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture within :
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air !
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !
 Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain ;
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from heaven to lighten my care !

LIN. (*advancing*) Sylvia ! sweet Sylvia !

IPH. (*aside*) Linco ! and so near me !

Oh ! lud ! I hope he didn't overhear me !

LIN. Pity me, most enchanting shepherdess.

IPH. What is the matter ?

LIN. I'm afraid to guess !
But I've a sort of horrible suspicion,
That I shall die, if you're not my physician.

IPH. Die ? of what, shepherd ?

LIN. Love !

IPH. For whom ?

LIN. For you !

IPH. Love !—nonsense, Linco !

LIN. Once I thought so too—
But now—I don't know whether it's the weather—
Or you—or what—but I feel altogether
Transformed !—oh ! give me hope !

IPH. (*aside*) Like all the rest !
And Linco, who at love so used to jest !

LIN. You will—you do—say not that you're engaged !

IPH. (*aside*) If I do say so he'll be quite enraged !
Ah ! by good luck, here comes my poor old mother !
She's deaf with one ear, and can't hear with t'other.
(*aloud*) Linco, for answer I can but refer
You to my mother.

LIN. May I speak to her ?

IPH. You may.

LIN. And if my suit she kindly hear——

IPH. (*aside*) 'Twill be what she's not done for many a year.

LIN. You will consent ?

IPH. I cannot answer flat—
But nothing would surprise me after that.

Enter DORCAS.

Trio—DORCAS, LINCO, and IPHIGENIA—*Bishop*.

DORC. Full of doubt and full of fear,
Sylvia, I have hobbled here ;
Tell me, dearest daughter, pray,
Where have you been all the day ?

IPH. Dearest mother, lend an ear.
(*aside*) Linco cannot make her hear.

LIN. Calm my doubts, and ease my fear—
I love her—Goody, do you hear ?
Sylvia—Goody—do you hear ?

- DORC. Eh?
- IPH. Dearest mother——
- DORC. Eh?
I have been half dead with fright,
I thought you'd not come home to-night.
- LIN. Goody!
- DORC. Eh?
- LIN. Fair Sylvia——
- DORC. Eh?
- LIN. Oh! I give it up, 'tis clear,
Thunder couldn't make her hear!
- IPH. (*aside*) He will give it up, 'tis clear,
Linco cannot make her hear. (*Exit* IPHIGENIA)
- LIN. I give it up—Let's try what signs will do,
- DORC. Sylvia—yes, she's gone home, and so will you.
No! oh, you're going to dance—well, as you please.
Good lad! he asks my blessing on his knees.
Thou hast it, Linco.
- LIN. Oh! it's of no use!
- DORC. Thou art an honest lad,
- LIN. Go to the deuce! (*Exit*)
- DORC. And so respectful; would all were like you;
I shouldn't tremble then at seventy-two.

Air—DORCAS.

When I was young, though now I'm old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two.

When I was fair, though now so so,
No hearts were given to rove;
Our pulses beat nor fast nor slow,
But all was faith and love.
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two. (*Exit*)

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Beechen Shade—Pastoral Procession and Ballet, at the end of which*

ALL. Room for his worship!

Enter DORUS, meeting DAPHNE.

DAPH. Justice, mighty Dorus!
 DORUS. What's the offence? who brings the case before us?
 DAPH. An' please your worship, I'm the plaintiff.
 DORUS. Thou! *(coming forward)*
(aside) My worship is pleased very much, I vow!
 So, so, Miss Daphne—now you need my favour,
 You'll mend, I hope, towards me, your behaviour.
(aloud) Clear the Court, rascals;—Back, you hussies
 too—
 It is for me to hear this case—not you!
(Crowd retire)
 Now—we're alone—thy grievance, fair one, say,—
 And I'll redress it, be it what it may—
 Provided, always—Ugh! you rose!—you jewel!
 I am too kind to one who's been so cruel.
 DAPH. Sir, I've no tongue to thank you.
 DORUS. But you've lips,
 Sweeter than any flower the wild bee sips!
 One kiss, you rogue—the law must have its fee!
 DAPH. Oh! la! your honour—should somebody see!
 DORUS. *(kissing her)* Rapture! a perfect cordial! speak—
 command—
 And I obey—I swear, on this white hand.

Song—DORUS.

I'm a judge, it is true, and remarkably wise,
 And great and important my trust is,
 But I'm also a judge of a pair of fine eyes,
 And to Beauty delight to do justice.
 The sword has no edge for the fair who is kind,
 To her foes alone fatal its thrust is;
 To glances like those, where's the judge could be blind?
 They burn holes through the bandage of Justice.
 DAPH. Banish a shepherdess from out this clime,
 Who has—

- DORUS. Enough! no matter what's her crime,
If she's offended thee, none can be blacker!
Her name?
- DAPH. 'Tis Sylvia!
- DORUS. Off at once I'll pack her;
Odd's life! the minx may thank thy moderation,
That is content with simple transportation.
I would have hanged her for thee!
- DAPH. You're too kind!
- DORUS. I'll hang her now if thou hast changed thy mind!
- DAPH. No! only rid me of the creature's sight.
- DORUS. She sails for Botany Bay this very night!
For her arrest, I'll go make out the warrant.
- DAPH. Behold! where yonder trips the wench abhorrent!
- DORUS. What ho! you scoundrels (*to SERVANTS*), seize that
girl there,—stop her! (*Exeunt SERVANTS*)
To make all safe, in jail at once I'll pop her.
(*DAPHNE retires, as SYLVIA is brought on by the*
JUSTICE'S SERVANTS)
Stand forward, prisoner!
- SYL. Prisoner! Mercy!—me!
What have I done?
- DORUS. Done—you've done—let me see—
Ahem! ahem! by Jove, she's wondrous pretty!
- SYL. I have done nothing wrong, sir.
- DORUS. More's the pity—
For you stand charged with—Zooks, I melt apace!
If innocent, just look me in the face!
- SYL. I am, I'm sure——
- DORUS. She takes away my breath.
Guilty!—of murder!
- SYL. Murder!
- DORUS. Yes! there's death
In every glance—thy crime's at least manslaughter!
Hang *her*! Sooner myself I'd hang, draw, quarter.
No, not myself! of course I wouldn't swing go,
But any other rascal should, by Jingo!
Fairer than Daphne, fifty times is she!
Transport *her*! Zooks! she has transported me!
- SYL. Indeed, I know not how I have offended.
- DORUS. Thou art too handsome—thy fault can't be
mended.

Air—IPHIGENIA.

From duty if the shepherd stray,
 And leave his flocks to feed,
 The wolf will seize the harmless prey,
 And innocence will bleed.

In me a harmless lamb behold,
 Oppress'd with every fear,
 Then guard, good shepherd, guard the fold,
 For wicked, wicked wolves are near.

DORUS. I'll guard and fold thee, lambkin, never fear!
 The arms of justice shall defend thee, dear!

(embracing her)

Re-enter DAPHNE.

DAPH. So! so! your worship taking such a tender
 Farewell before to Botany Bay you send her?

DORUS. How now!—this insolence!

SYL. *(to DORUS)* In you my trust is.

DORUS. *(to DAPHNE)* How dare you interrupt the course of
 justice!

DAPH. Justice, forsooth!

DORUS. Don't make at me your mocks!
 Another word, I'll clap thee in the stocks!
 Get thee gone, hussy.

(Exit DAPHNE)

(to IPHIGENIA) Dry thy darling eyes,
 There's not a drop but as a pearl I prize!
 Where dost thou dwell?

SYL. With Dorcas, in the wood—
 She is my mother!

DORUS. Old deaf Dorcas—good!
 I'll call and see thee, sweet one, soon—to-morrow—
 Perhaps to-night. Away with fear and sorrow!
 The Court shall take thee under its protection.
 Who shall accuse the judge of mis-direction?
 Daphne's non-suited—she to feed a grudge meant;
 None who behold thee can dispute my judgment.

Song—DORUS.

What exquisite pleasure !
 This sweet treasure
 From me they shall never,
 Never sever.
 My lambkin ! my poppet !
 With thee I could hop it,
 And frisk it for ever and ever !

(Exeunt DORUS and SYLVIA separately)

Enter FATIMA.

FAT. A mighty pretty errand, this, that I'm on !
 I had almost lost sight of Master Cymon.
 But there he runs ; what is it that he sees ?
 A shepherdess, of course, beneath those trees !
 As I suspected—closer let me creep,
 'Till at the wench's face, I get a peep.

MERLIN *appears.*

MER. *(aside)* For peeping, I'll take care that you shall pay.

FAT. To save me trouble, they have turned this way.

Upon my word, his choice is not so bad !
 I must confess there's some taste in the lad.
 She'll strike a panic to my lady's heart !

MER. *(aside)* I'll make yours quake a little ere we part !

FAT. My tablets—that I may no trait omit,
 A lovely figure—like my own—a bit ; *(writes)*
 Beautiful eyes—amazingly like mine, *(writes)*
 A smile !—that's positively quite divine !
 Who can she be ? Would I could conjure now !

MER. *(aside)* I'll conjure for you !

(waves his wand over the tablets)

FAT. Ugh ! what's this ? I vow

The letters have all turned as red as blood !

And not my writing, either ! oh ! oh ! lud !

(reads) "Merlin, the wizard, here from Cyprus brought
 her—

"She is the Prince of Famagosta's daughter ;

"Her name—Iphigenia !"—Merlin ! murder !

A princess, too !—I can't read any furdur !

- The writing fades—I'm sinking in my shoes !
 Oh ! for my mistress here is precious news !
- MER. (*advancing*) For which to my politeness you're indebted !
- FAT. (*aside*) The old Welsh goat himself ! I could have betted A crown of it !—I'm dead as a Welsh rabbit !
- MER. Listen !
- FAT. I will, great sir, it is my habit—
 I may indeed say it is my vocation,
 In chambermaids a chief qualification.
- MER. Peace ! A great service I'm about to do you.
- FAT. 'Twill be the first, I'm sure then, since I knew you.
- MER. You talk too much,
- FAT. Good gracious me !—talk ! I——
- MER. Silence ! hear me !—I do not need reply.
 You're at this moment dying to go chatter
 To your false mistress all about this matter.
- FAT. I won't indeed—if you don't think it proper.
- MER. You shan't—upon your tongue, I'll put a stopper.
- FAT. A stopper on my tongue ! Oh ! I conjure ye—
 Will nothing else appease your awful fury ?
- MER. Nothing !
- FAT. Of comfort leave me but a crumb !
 Make me lame, deaf, blind—anything but dumb !
- MER. You won't be dumb—you'll have two words to say.
- FAT. Two ! only two !—oh ! mercy, which be they ?
- MER. Two of the shortest—very useful though—
 You'll have the power of saying "yes," or "no !"
 'Tis done !—in vain you even try to stutter !
 (*touches her with his wand*)
 But "yes," or "no," those wicked lips can utter !
 But "yes," or "no," those wicked fingers write,
 Until Urganda's power ceases quite !
 Thou'rt now a woman at a fair to show—
 Dost mark me ?
- FAT. Yes.
- MER. And art thou grateful ?
- FAT. No.
- MER. Beware ! thy power of speech may still be less !
 Shall I reduce it ? (*threatening her*)
- FAT. No ! (*frightened*)
- MER. Begone, then !

FAT. Yes! (*runs off*)

MER. A fitting punishment for her offence,
Who'd play the spy on love and innocence—
To such a woman 'tis the worst of woes,
Not to be able to tell all she knows. (*Exit*)

Enter CYMON and IPHIGENIA.

CYM. My transformation I can scarce believe,
And know not whether to rejoice or grieve!
At the vast change my raptur'd soul expanding.
Thou'st given me eyes, and ears, and understanding;
Whilst I possess them, I must be all thine,

IPH. It is love's work—as great a change is mine!

Enter DORUS, DAPHNE, DAMON, DORILAS, PHCEBE, and
SHEPHERDS.

DAPH. (*to* DORUS) What say you now, sir, to your nymph
immaculate?

DORUS. I'm choked with rage! no more can I ejaculate!

DAM. So, Mistress Icicle, your humble servant!

DORI. Was't for this clown you scorn'd our passion fervent?

PHCE. Fine doings here, indeed!

DAPH. Past all endurance!

I'm quite astounded at the slut's assurance!

PHCE. Why don't you speak?

DAPH. Does shame your vile tongue fetter?

CYM. We feel but shame for those who should know better.

DORUS. Who art thou? speak, this instant! I command, sir.

CYM. Cymon.

DAM. The greatest fool in all the land, sir!

CYM. The greatest fool! good manners, pink of peasants,
You surely have forgot—his worship's presence!

DORUS. The rascal knows me!

CYM. Well—by reputation—

As you perceive——

DORUS. The fact's an aggravation!

I'll make thee know me better!

CYM. A good movement—

There's room enough, I'm certain, for improvement.

You are placed here to make the law respected,

And see the innocent from harm protected;

But, slave of passion which your age should smother,

Disgrace the one, and persecute the other!

DORUS. He can't be the young fool of whom they told one.

CYM. I am—as sure as you're the wicked old one!

DORUS. 'Slife! I'll no longer stand this sort of fun!

Seize him!

CYM. Perhaps that's sooner said than done!

(places himself before SYLVIA)

DORUS. Fall on him—but don't kill him! mark our dread will!

We'll have him work his life out on the treadmill!

CYM. Love gives me courage! nerved by Sylvia's charms,
I feel a man, and not a child in arms!

Air—CYMON.

Come on, come on,

A thousand to one;

I dare you to come on.

Though unpractis'd and young,

Love has made me stout and strong,

Has given me a charm,

Will not suffer me to fall;

Has steel'd my heart, and nerv'd my arm,

To guard my precious all,

Come on, come on, &c.

*(SHEPHERDS attack CYMON—he defends himself with his staff,
and beats them off)*

DORUS. Now, wenches, now! whilst him they tackle, we can
Seize on the baggage—she can't fight, if he can!

(DORUS and SHEPHERDESSES seize IPHIGENIA)

DAPH. Drag her before our mighty Queen Urganda!

PHŒ. Yes, to her mercies over we will hand her.

IPH. Help! Cymon! help!

DORUS. Nay, it's no use your squalling!

I'll teach you both to come here caterwauling!

(Exeunt with IPHIGENIA)

Enter DAMON, DORILAS, and SHEPHERDS, running.

DAM. Confound the chap! he lays about him purely!

DORI. He's cracked my crown!

SHEP.

The deuce is in him surely!

DAM. Your head or shins you can't tell which to mind most!

SHEP. He's coming.

DORI. Then the devil take the hindmost !
(they run off)

Enter CYMON.

CYM. I've conquered ! Sylvia ! answer to my call !
 My love ! my life ! my valour ! and my all !
 Where art thou ? gone ! break, heart, of joy so late full !
 For victory is vain, and life is hateful !

Air—CYMON.

Torn from me, torn from me ; which way did they take her ?
 To death they shall bear me,
 To pieces shall tear me,
 Before I'll forsake her !
 Though fast bound in a spell,
 By Urganda so fell,
 I'll burst through their charms,
 Seize my fair in my arms ;
 Then my valour shall prove,
 No magic like virtue, like virtue and love !

Enter APRIL *and meets* CYMON.

APR. Stop !

CYM. Never !

APR. Not of Sylvia to hear news ?

CYM. Ah !

APR. You find that's another pair of shoes.

CYM. Where is she ?

APR. Gone !

CYM. I know that, fool ! but whither ?

APR. To Paphos !

CYM. Where's that ? How shall I go thither ?

APR. Paphos is in the Isle of Cyprus, where

Love has a flower show, and fancy fair !

CYM. Shew me the way to Love, I do implore !

APR. Come. Folly's often shewn the way before. *(Exeunt)*

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Chamber in* URGANDA'S *Palace.*

Enter URGANDA *and* FATIMA.

URG. Yes !—no !—forbear to answer in this fashion !
 I cannot brook such trifling with my passion !
 Why don't you speak ? can you not answer ?

FAT. Yes!

URG. Go on then,

FAT. No!

URG. What does the girl possess?

In one word, trait'ress, hast thou seen my foe?

FAT. Yes!

URG. Ha! her name, this instant, woman!

FAT. No!

URG. No! dost not fear my rage?

FAT. Yes!

URG. Quickly tell

Her name, then!

FAT. No!

URG. Art thou beneath some spell?

FAT. Yes! yes!

URG. 'Tis Merlin!

FAT. Yes!

URG. Too true my guess!

My rival—is she very handsome?

FAT. Yes.

URG. How handsome? handsomer than I or you?

FAT. Yes! no!

URG. Away! you torture me—you do!

Since so imperfectly you can but speak,

Be dumb completely!

(FATIMA makes a movement of horror and rage, but cannot utter a sound)

Oh! where shall I seek

For consolation this vile earth above,

Foiled as I am in vengeance and in love!

Enter DORUS.

How now! who breaks in thus, on my despair?

By all the fiends, my misery thou shalt share!

DORUS. Mercy! most mighty and malignant Queen!

No!—mighty and magnanimous, I mean!

Ascribe it not, I pray, to my audacity,

I come in my official capacity,

My duty as a loyal magistrate—

We've seized a traitor to your royal state.

URG. Cymon!

DORUS. Not Cymon—for a cogent reason—
But an accomplice in the act of treason.
A girl, named Sylvia.

URG. Sylvia! Ha! is she
The Creature!—(to FATIMA, *who makes signs, she
cannot speak at all*)

Pshaw—no matter—let me see!

This Sylvia.

DORUS. Forward with the culprit there!

Enter DAPHNE and PHEBE with SYLVIA.

URG. Yes, yes! I feel it is the fatal fair!
The cause of all my woe! Confess thou art
The wretched girl who stole my Cymon's heart?

SYL. I am the happy maid beloved by Cymon.

DORUS. The hardened hussy doats her horrid crime on!

What punishment is such offence awaiting?

Something exceedingly excruciating!

The rack—or, perhaps, breaking on the wheel!

URG. No! she shall live worse tortures still to feel,

Such as Urganda's heart e'en now devour!

Come, Demon of Despair! in thy black tower—

APRIL appears.

APR. Black tower!—Pooh, pooh! I hate all dismal scenes.

URG. Thou'rt not Despair!

APR. I don't know what it means.

Thro' storm and shine I gaily drive my tandem,

My motto ever was, "Nil Desperandum!"

However dull before—when I appear,

I usually see smiles through every *tier*.

D'ye think I'd stand Despair's eternal drizzle?

No! let mirth reign, and melancholy mizzle,

April the First is now Lord of Misrule.

URG. Then I am nothing!

APR. Yes, an April Fool;

Don't be offended—peep fool at your brothers;

Would in the world we ne'er saw any others.

But while poor April Fools one day appear,

More solemn blockheads lord it through the year.

If any such be here—for mercy's sake,

From a poor fool a word of wisdom take!

Never look grave when honest hearts are gay,
And keep for Folly only All-fools'-day.

The scene changes to the Bower of Paphos, the Abode of Love among the Roses—CYMON discovered in centre—Enter MERLIN, with all the SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

Song—APRIL—Tully.

When a dame will hunting go
With two strings to her bow,
She finds them very often like two stools ;
And if one fine morning seen
Flopped upon the ground between,
Gets laughed at worse than simple April Fools.

The Justice, who looks big,
With his wisdom, in his wig,
And is ever by his passions made a tool ;
If any such there be,
Let me ask you, isn't he
A great deal worse than any April Fool ?

Would that ev'ry meddling jade,
Who of mischief makes a trade,
And whose tongue no mortal power could ever rule—
Could, when all agog to chatter,
And her betters to bespatter,
Be dumb-founded, like this busy April Fool.

The boy, at the first blush,
Who would into wedlock rush,
With a girl, perhaps, but yesterday at school ;
Never heeding that to " Matrimony "
Prudence would rhyme " Patrimony,"
May wish he'd only been an April Fool.

So, now, we'll ask young Hymen,
To splice Iphigene and Cymon,
According to the good old-fashioned rules ;
And trust our calculation,
On your usual approbation,
Will not prove us *all-together* April Fools.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.



Yrs.

Frank Matthews

KING CHARMING ;

OR,

THE BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE,

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Thursday,
December 26th, 1850.

KING CHARMING ;

OR,

THE BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE.

There is little for me to say about the production of this piece, (founded on the Countess D'Aulnoy's story of "L'Oiseau Bleu,") and there is not an allusion in it which requires explanation from me in the present day. It might be acted to-morrow without the change of a word in the dialogue that would be unfamiliar to a modern audience. And *telling*, as I admit, are jokes upon passing events and what are called "topical songs," they render it necessary for the author to almost re-write his piece if it ever be worth revival. In a *Revue* they are, of course, indispensable. It would not be a *Revue* without them; but such pieces are for that very reason never revived. Whereas a pretty fairy drama with a regular plot, good situations, and opportunities for acting, will be available as long as a stage exists. A similar observation may be made respecting the lyrical portions of extravaganzas. Managers and occasionally performers are anxious to have new songs substituted for the old in every case of revival. Where more appropriate ones can be found, or when the original air has been selected to suit the voice, or in compliance with the desire of some particular vocalist, and not within the limits of ordinary capabilities; such changes are of course desirable; but as a principle I consider it a mistake.

An extravaganza, like a vaudeville, should depend upon its language and not on its music, and that music should be, however good and classical, of a style that is easy of execution, and above all things that enables the audience to catch the words—which I am weak enough to consider of consequence, if they mean anything or are to be sung at all. I always regretted being obliged to introduce grand Italian arias to which it was impossible to write anything readable, and which reduced one to the poor fun of stringing together English words that sounded something like the Italian, a melancholy instance of which I have apologised for in “The Deep Deep Sea.” Enough, however, on this subject; and I have nothing further to remark respecting “King Charming,” beyond the fact that the last scene of the first act—a view of “The Fan-sea Islands”—was a simple “drop;” but like that in “The Seven Champions,” so exquisitely painted that the most elaborate “set” could not have awakened greater enthusiasm; and that in consequence of the severe indisposition of Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews played the King for a period of two months during its run of eighty-four nights. It was revived later on in the season, making in all 193 nights, in those days a remarkable longevity. Madame Vestris resumed her character, but was rather erratic in her appearances, since Mathews constantly took the part and Miss Oliver also performed it. Clever Mrs. F. Matthews appeared as Queen Tyrana, and gave additional strength to the cast.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARMING THE FIRST (King of the Fan-sea Isles, an immortal personage)	MADAME VESTRIS
HENPECKT THE HUNDREDTH (King of Cockayne)	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS
TYRANA (his Queen and Second Wife) ...	MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS
PRINCESS FLORINA (Daughter of King Henpeckt, by his First Wife) ...	MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE
PRINCESS TROUTINA (Daughter of Queen Tyrana, by her First Husband)	* MISS MARTINDALE
TINSEL (Ambassador from King Charming) ..	MR. HARCOURT
PRETTY (King Charming's Page)	MISS HUNT
NATTY (his Valet)... ..	MR. SUTER
KNOBBY (his Porter)	MR. BELLINGHAM
CHAMBERLAIN TO KING HENPECKT	MR. BURT
USHER	MR. DE COURCY
HOCUS POCUS (a Magician, Friend and Physician Extraordinary to King Charming)	MR. H. HORNCastle
Sal Volatile, Spirit of Nitre, Spirit of Hartshorn, Spirit of Ether, his Assistant Bottle Imps.	
AZURINE (Godmother to Charming) { Two Powerful Fairies }	MRS. C. HORN
SOUSSIO (Godmother to Troutina) { }	MISS ELLIS
Nobles, Ladies of the Court, Guards, Servants, &c.	

The Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Dances and Action by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Gentlemen's Costumes by Mr. Smythes. The Ladies' Costumes by Miss Nowland and Assistants.

The Appointments by Mr. E. Bradwell.

The Machinery by Mr. Sloman.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

By Mr. W. Beverley, Mr. Meadows, and Assistants.

ACT FIRST.

Hall of Audience in the Castle of King Henpeckt.

GARDEN OF THE CASTLE.

ABODE OF THE FAIRY SOUSSIO.

FLORINA'S CHAMBER.

THE CYPRESS GROVE

With a Nec-romantic Excursion to the Fan-sea Islands!

ACT SECOND.

HAUNT OF THE FAIRIES.

GRAND FAIRY QUADRILLE, GALOP, AND EVERY COUNTRY DANCE,

Being an Industrious Exhibition of

THE STEPS OF ALL NATIONS,

By Miss ROSINA WRIGHT,

Assisted by Mesdames Burbidge, Mars, Maile, Maurice, Wadham,
Bodmin, Hunt, C. Hunt, Edwards, Ford, Webber, Clarkson,
Gale, Martineuz, Dring.

Gates of King Charming's Palace.

WHISPERING GALLERY & HALL OF ECHOES IN THE PALACE.

KING CHARMING'S CABINET.

A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION,

Succeeded by the

*Glorious Restoration of King Charming to the
Throne of Fan-sea.*

KING CHARMING;

OR,

THE BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Palace of King Henpeckt*—KING HENPECKT
discovered on his throne—CHAMBERLAIN, LORDS, OFFICERS,
GUARDS, LORD TINSEL, *Ambassador from King Charm-*
ing, and Suite.

KING. Now say, my lord, what you have got to say.

TIN. May it please your Majesty——

KING. We hope it may !

TIN. From great King Charming to your Court I come——

KING. Who may King Charming be, when he's at home ?

TIN. A monarch who has long been famed in story—
No child but must have heard tell of his glory.

KING. Well, now you mention it, I think I do
Remember hearing something of him, too ;
But, zounds ! if he's still living, he must be
At least two hundred. Two ! More likely three !
He was two hundred when I was at nurse !

TIN. Sire, for his age, he's not a whit the worse
The fairy who presided at his birth
Endowed him with unfading youth on earth ;
Time adds but to his beauty and his power—
He is as charming now as in the hour
They crowned him full two centuries ago

KING. Gad. I wish some kind fay had served me so.
Two hundred years old, and as good as new !

CHAM. Like Count St. Germain, or the Wandering Jew !

KING. Is he rich ?

- TIN. Inexhaustible his treasure,
 And to help others with it all his pleasure.
 KING. Immortal such a king deserves to be.
 CHAM. King Charming must be quite a sight to see !
 TIN. Weary of reigning centuries alone,
 He now desires a partner for his throne !
 And having heard you have a daughter fair,
 In his great office offers her a share.
 KING. The very husband for my girl I wanted !
 My compliments, and I shall be enchanted.
 TIN. I hasten with these tidings to my master.
 KING. Tell him to come—fast as he can—and faster !

(*Exit TINSEL with his ATTENDANTS*)

Here's luck ! away—make every preparation,
 March down a guard of honour to the station !
 Set all the tailors in the kingdom stitching,
 Set all the cooks a cooking in the kitchen ;
 Set all the bells a-ringing in the steeple ;
 Fling sacks of sugar-plums amongst the people ;
 With gooseberry wine let all the fountains run,
 Hoist every flag, and fire off every gun !
 In short let every one do everything
 That can do honour to this Charming King !

(*Exeunt OFFICERS*)

Song — KING—*Air*—“ *With a bewitching mien, ah*”—
Rossini.

What a bewitching queen, ah !
 Will be my dear Florina !
 Just turned of sweet fifteen, ah !
 Enchant him well she may ;
 I can't refrain from dancing,
 With joy this happy day.

Now with this news Florina's ears to bless.

Enter USHER, announcing.

- USHER. The Queen !
 KING. (*starting*) My wife ! Zounds, here's a pretty mess !
 Away by my paternal feelings carried,
 I quite forgot that I again had married,

And had a better half—or rather more—
I may say full three quarters, if not four !
She comes !

Enter QUEEN, attended by LADIES.

- QUEEN. My love !
 KING. My angel ! (*aside*) Oh, the devil !
 There's mischief brewing when she is so civil.
 QUEEN. You've given an audience ?
 KING. Yes, my darling—no—
 That is—I just—saw somebody—who—
 QUEEN (*to ATTENDANTS*) Go.
 We would be private. (*Exeunt ATTENDANTS*)
 KING. (*aside*) Now the storm begins—
 I've scarcely strength to stand upon my pins.
 QUEEN. You are a lucky man.
 KING. I am, my life !
 In having such a woman for my wife !
 QUEEN. Of course ! but that is not what now I mean.
 KING. In what else am I fortunate, sweet queen ?
 QUEEN. In chancing from Dame Fortune's wheel to
 draw
 So great a prize as this rich son-in-law
 'That is to be—if all is true I hear.
 KING. Ah ! you *have* heard, my love.
 QUEEN. I have, my dear !
 KING. And you approve, I trust, or else—oh; never—
 QUEEN. Don't be alarmed, I do !
 KING. (*aside*) Well, if I ever !
 (*aloud*) You do ?
 QUEEN. Completely.
 KING. (*aside*) Can I trust my ears ?
 (*aloud*) Oh, rapture ! I confess I had some fears.
 QUEEN. And well you might. Act of your own accord !
 Decide without my sanction ! 'pon my word !
 KING. I only ventured—just to give permission !
 QUEEN. Just !
 KING. It was wrong, I own—let my contrition—
 QUEEN. Enough ! but don't let this occur again.
 KING. It shan't—it can't—and if you entertain
 The least objection to this match—

- QUEEN. Depend on't,
That if I did, there soon would be an end on't.
But you are also fortunate in this—
I should be sorry such a chance to miss.
Such kings of trumps don't turn up every day,
So win the trick with this one, whilst you may.
- KING. Florina, I am sure, will quite adore him !
- QUEEN. Florina ! no, I'll no Florinas for him.
- KING. No Flo—odso ! I don't quite understand——
- QUEEN. Charming proposes for your daughter's hand !
- KING. Exactly !
- QUEEN. Well, he has our joint consent.
- KING. Then why to wed Florina him prevent ?
- QUEEN. Have you no other daughter, sir, I pray ?
- KING. Not that I recollect, love, I must say.
- QUEEN. Had I no daughter when you married me ?
- KING. You ? Certainly—yes, you had—ah, I see—
You mean your daughter by your former spouse ?
- QUEEN. What's mine is yours—or what are marriage vows ?
And as our elder child, I mean Troutina
To be provided for before Florina.
- KING. (*aside*) Confound it ! here's of work a pretty spot !
Just as you please, of course, but——
- QUEEN. But—but what ?
- KING. Suppose King Charming should not quite agree
To this arrangement !
- QUEEN. You'll leave that to me.
- KING. Oh, with the greatest pleasure. (*aside*) There's no
doubt of it,
I shall be glad to see myself safe out of it.
(*aloud*) But is Princess Troutina now at Court ?
- QUEEN. I sent for her upon the first report.
The Fairy Soussio, her godmamma,
Will send her hither in her magic car ;
Dressed in such style, adorned with so much splendour,
King Charming's heart must instantly surrender !
- KING. Then we must keep Florina out of sight.
- QUEEN. I think 'twill be as well to do so—quite.
(*bells ring—guns fire*)
- KING. Hark ! by those sounds, King Charming must be
near !

QUEEN. Then where's my child? Troutina! Ah, she's here!

Enter TROUTINA.

Come to thy mother's arms!

TROUT. Oh don't, mamma—

You'll spoil my dress!

KING. (*aside*) Ye gods! to be papa,
Even step-papa, to such an ugly thing!

QUEEN. (*admiring TROUTINA'S dress*) Superb! magnificent!
what say you, King?

It puts one's eyes out, almost, to look at her!

KING. (*aside*) I almost wish it would do, for that
matter,

For then one shouldn't see her any more!

(*aside*) There never was seen such a (*aside*) fright
(*aloud*) before.

QUEEN. Charming, completely dazzled you will find!

KING. (*aside*) There's no chance, if he's not completely
blind. (*flourish*)

That flourish! he is entering the gates.

QUEEN. Come, my Troutina—let us take our states!

*March—The COURT re-enter—The KING, QUEEN, and
TROUTINA place themselves—Enter CHARMING, attended.*

KING. Welcome, King Charming, to our Court and arms!
(*they embrace*)

My Queen! (*presenting him to her*)

QUEEN. My daughter! (*presenting her to him*)

CHARM. (*starting*) Heavens! (*aside*) Are these the charms
I heard so vaunted?

QUEEN. (*aside*) Struck—just as I said!

KING. (*aside*) Struck! he looks knocked completely on the
head!

CHARM. Impossible!

QUEEN. That maid should be so fair!

CHARM. Madam, the lady's feelings I would spare;
But have you not another daughter?

QUEEN. Sir!

None that can be at all compared to her.

KING. Certainly not!

- CHARM. I'm a bad hand at riddles—
 But if I've not been told great tarradiddles
 There is another princess called Florina—
 And if I'm not mistaken, I have seen her.
- QUEEN. Seen her! when—where, sir?
- CHARM. Here—'tis scarce a minute,
 Passing yon tower, at a window in it,
 I caught a glimpse of a bewitching face,
 Exactly like the picture in this case. (*shews miniature*)
- KING. In this case! oh, in that case!
- QUEEN. Hold your tongue!
 (*to CHARMING*) Oh, a mere child—a simple-witted,
 young,
 Untutored thing—she won't be out for years.
- CHARM. (*aside*) Not if you can prevent it, it appears.
 (*aloud*) Mere child or not, her eyes my heart went
 through.
- QUEEN. 'Twas distance lent enchantment to the view.
- CHARM. Let then a nearer sight dissolve the spell,
 Or to your Majesties, at once, farewell.
- KING. (*to QUEEN*) My darling!
- QUEEN. Peace! (*aside*) We must not lose him so.
- TROUT. Oh, ma, the gentleman is going to go!
- QUEEN. Be not so hasty, Prince! if you desire
 To see the girl you think you should admire,
 See her you shall, with all my heart, I'm sure;
 Of your delusion it may work the cure.
 Run, one of you—bring hither the Princess
 Florina—say she needn't stop to dress!
 Let her come in her morning frock and pinafore.
 (*Exit PAGE*)
- A garb, no doubt, you've seen young ladies in afore.
- CHARM. It matters not how pretty girls are drest—
 "Beauty when unadorned"—you know the rest.

Re-enter PAGE with FLORINA.

PAGE. Princess Florina!

CHARM. Ah, that smile so sweet,
 Completes my conquest! Fairest, at thy feet,
 King Charming tenders thee his tender heart,
 If you have no objection to the part.

FLOR. None in the least, if it's well stuffed with love ;
I should prefer it, everything above.

CHARM. Delicious candour !

QUEEN. Oh, the shameless minx !
She says, I do believe, just what she thinks !

FLOR. I always do. I'm sorry, good stepmother,
But I can't think one thing and say another.

QUEEN. You hear, sir, she's not fit to come to Court.

KING. (*aside*) In some, at all events, she'd make rare sport!

CHARM. Oh, pardon me—to beauty and to youth,
She adds the priceless quality of truth !
Without more ceremony, I demand
In marriage this enchanting maiden's hand.

TROUT. Oh, ma !

KING. (*aside to QUEEN*) We can't refuse.

QUEEN. Silence ! (*to CHARMING*) Great sir,
This matter to our council we refer.
So grave a step demands some consultation.

CHARM. Nothing can alter my determination !
I'm fixed as fate—if you've objections state 'em,
But I'm her mate, and that's my ultimatum !

Air—MORCEAU D'ENSEMBLE—“ St. Petersburg Polka.”

QUEEN. We by our council must be guided,
Always by them we are decided.

KING. (*aside*) Always, that is to say, provided,
They to her own opinion bow.

CHARM. You can proceed to consultation,
I but consult my inclination ;
Love, I have in, to desperation,
Tumbled I scarce know how !

FLOR. and TROUT.
I've in his favour quite decided,
Into my heart at once love glided.
Prince so enchanting never I did,
E'en in a picture see till now !

QUEEN. We by our council, &c.

KING and } Always, that is to say, &c.
NOBLES. }

(*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, TROUTINA, FLORINA, and Suite*)

CHARM. My pretty page, look out, sharp as a needle,
 And try if that soft tongue of thine can wheedle
 Florina's lady's maid just to connive at,
 My saying two words to my love in private.

PAGE. Your Majesty shall have no cause for grief—
 Sure as I am your page, I'll get her *leaf*. (*Exit*)

CHARM. My heart's on fire—not all the Fire Brigade
 would
 Subdue the flames, though led by Mr. Braidwood!
 All opposition makes the blaze the greater,
 It would put out the Fire Annihilator.

AIR—" *Vaga Luna* " or " *Katty Darling* ."

O Florina, my dear, my duck, my darling,
 I for love could go swing upon a tree,
 And spite of your stepmother's cruel snarling,
 I'm a bride—"groom in waiting" for thee.
 The sun will soon be setting,
 And the stars wink at our flight.
 Then haste and bolt the moon, pretty darling,
 Ere morning with your own true knight.

Re-enter PAGE.

CHARM. Now, what success?

PAGE. You couldn't wish for better—
 I've made the lady's maid for life your debtor.
 As soon as ever it is dark to-night,
 She'll bring the Princess down, without a light,
 To a small window on the parlour floor.

CHARM. See, at a window, her whom I adore?
 Oh, I could dance like twenty Taglioni's!
 Gallop apace ye fiery-footed ponies,
 Towards the west end of the town, and pitch
 Bright Phœbus into night's profoundest ditch!
 Turn day as black as Day and Martin's jet,
 Whilst I play Romeo to this Juliet! (*Exeunt*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Garden of the Palace—Night—On one side a Tower, with a postern door, and practicable window on lower floor.*

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. So ! I am first at the appointed spot—
 Florina's maid has told me all the plot.
 A fortunate occurrence, which enables
 Me on King Charming just to turn the tables !
 He shall a lady at this window find,
 But not the one to whom he has a mind.
 At match making 'tis hard if I can't match him,
 And in his own trap cleverly I'll catch him.

AIR—" *When the heart of a man.*"

For the heart of the man
 Not a fig I care,
 But his crown I'm determined
 My girl shall share !
 By this trick we shall diddle him neatly, neatly,
 Catching him in his own charming snare.
 He to Florina must needs propose ;
 At my Troutina turns up his nose.
 Like to her I'll dress her,—
 He'll press her, caress her,
 And off to the parson with him she goes, &c.

The QUEEN *goes into tower.*

Enter KING CHARMING.

CHARM. He jests at scars who never felt a wound—
 I hope there's no spring gun set in this ground !

QUEEN. (*aside at the window*) Only a man-trap, to catch
 garden rakes !

(*places TROUTINA at window, muffled up in a veil,
 and then disappears*)

CHARM. But soft ! what light through yonder window
 breaks ?

Where there's no light. It is the eastern quarter,
 Florina is the sun, or rather, daughter !

Who takes the shine out of all suns and moons !
 It *is* the lady upon whom I'm spoons !

At least, I've every reason to suppose
'Tis she—though muffled to the very nose!
Fairest Florina!

TROUT. Hem!

CHARM. She "hems." 'Tis plain!
Signal of love—bright angel, "hem" again.

TROUT. Ahem!

CHARM. The family she fears alarming!

TROUT. Oh, Charming, Charming! why are you so charming?

CHARM. Shall I hear more—or shall I speak at this?

TROUT. Who's there?

CHARM. A man! Oh, think it not amiss,
That I have found you out by love's direction,
To give you this small proof of my affection.

TROUT. A ring!

CHARM. Oh, let me on your finger place it!
This opportunity, why not embrace it?
I have a magic brougham here hard by,
Will waft us anywhere you choose to fly.
It was a present from a necromancer,
A friend of mine. Oblige me with an answer;
Or let me take your silence for consent.

TROUT. Ahem! well, if to love me you are bent,
'Pon honour—and your purpose really marriage—
Suppose you do just order round the carriage.

CHARM. In half a minute I will drive it smack up,
So haste if you have anything to pack up!

TROUT. I have packed up! (*throws out a bundle*)

CHARM. Oh, flattering foresight! see!
Her bundle made to bundle off with me!
What, ho! my posters of the sky and land!

Music—A car appears drawn by FLYING FROGS.

Now in my lovely Princess let me hand!
(*assists TROUTINA out of the window into the car, and gets in himself*)

Home, to the Fan-sea Isles!

TROUT. Stop! I would call,
First on my godmother, at Silver Hall.

CHARM. Where'er you please, make but the least allusion,
My fairy frogs will leap to the conclusion.

(*music—Exeunt in car*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Abode of the FAIRY SOUSSIO—The FAIRY is discovered reclining on an ottoman.*

SOUS. (*rising*) I have been looking in the crystal ball
That hangs up yonder in my magic hall ;
And in it I can see—nothing at all !
So I suppose nothing will come to pass,
Unless some bottle imp has spoiled the glass.
(*bell rings*)

Heyday ! who rings so late the visitors' bell ?
My god-daughter, returned with some young swell !

Enter TROUTINA and KING CHARMING.

Why, child, what brings thee back to me so soon ?
Art wed, and come to spend the honeymoon ?

TROUT. Not married yet, but soon I hope to be ! (*unveils*)

CHARM. (*starting*) Murder in Irish ! what is this I see ?

TROUT. Troutina, your affianced wife.

CHARM. My wife !

TROUT. Haven't you sworn you loved me more than life ?

CHARM. Oh, horror ! I'm the victim of some treason !

TROUT. Didn't you go to me your bended knees on ;

And begged me not to let you hopeless linger,
And put this ring upon my wedding finger !

CHARM. I'm struck all of a heap, as if by thunder !

I've made a most abominable blunder.

A wife like this I could not live a day with !

She's one to run away *from*, not away *with* !

Hence let me fly !

SOUS. (*touching him with wand*) All in good time, young
master.

You seem a fast man, but I'll make you faster.

CHARM. (*immovable*) My two King's feet to two Queen's
heads are turned ;

And but to make adhesive stamps have learned !

My boots have surely gutta-percha soles !

My stockings feel as if they had fallen in holes.

My legs, for the first time on earth, are sticks !

SOUS. So slippery a swain 'tis hard to fix—

But in a fix I think we have you now ;

My gay Lothario, I'll teach you how,

To turn a poor girl's head with your base blarney,
 And then desert her, à la Don Giovanni !
 This is my god-child ; off you've dared to carry
 her,

And you shall keep your promise, sir, and marry her.

CHARM. I marry one who, not to mince the matter,
 Gives you the uglies even to look at her !
 Never !

SOUS. Refuse my pet in this rude fashion !
 Take care you do not put me in a passion—
 Or I may put you into such a pickle,
 That you'll be cured for life of being fickle !

CHARM. Fickle ! I scorn your words, imperious Fairy !
 I'm so far from it—I'm quite the contrary !
 Florina is my love ! with her alone

Will constant Charming share his heart and throne.

SOUS. If like a man you will not keep your word,
 For seven long years I'll change you to a bird.

CHARM. With all my heart !

TROUT. With jealousy I burst !

SOUS. Then tremble !

CHARM. I defy you—do your worst !

Trio—SOUSSIO, TROUTINA, CHARMING—“*Norma.*”

SOUS. O fie for shame, you naughty man !
 How could you so deceive her !
 Have sure the face you never can,
 Thus in the dumps to go and leave her.

TROUT. Did you not vow you'd marry me ?
 From my mamma me stealing !
 I by your double dealing
 Shuffled and cut must be !

CHARM. Nor ma nor pa would I distress,
 By stealing such as her there,
 So far I've seen her I confess,
 But e'er I wed I'll see her further.
 Hers is alone the fault and no
 Promise to her I'm breaking,
 I in the dark mistaking.
 Shot at a pigeon and killed a crow.

Sous. Thou shalt feel my power so mighty !
 Deeply rue thy broken word !
 Seven long years, since thou'rt so flighty,
 Shalt thou fly, indeed, a bird !
 Over mountain, over wave,
 A bird of Paradise all blue,
 Like a king till you behave
 All dickey it shall be with you !

(touches CHARMING with her wand—he falls senseless on the ottoman, which sinks, as a golden cage rises, and in the place of CHARMING, is seen a BLUE BIRD—Tableau—BIRD flies out of cage—Scene closes in)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Chamber in the Tower—Window in centre doors right and left—A curtain covering a recess on one side.*

Enter QUEEN with a paper.

QUEEN. “Elopement in High Life.” Yes, here's the article,
 Of which I have concocted every particle,
 And had inserted in a late edition,
 Of our “Court Journal.” This without suspicion.
 Florina will be sure to read—and then
 Burst out into abuse of all young men,
 Particularly Charming—tear her hair—
 Sing “Crazy Jane”—and rising in despair,
 Send for some poison to the 'potecary,
 Or fling herself headlong into the area !
 She comes ! I'll place the paper where she'll find it,
 And listen. Ah, this curtain—I'll behind it.

(places paper on table, and hides behind the curtain)

Enter FLORINA.

FLOR. My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne—
 King Charming soon will claim me for his own !
 And in Fan-sea we shall enjoy, no doubt,
 A life of linkèd sweetness, long drawn out !
 I wonder, though, I hear no news from Court.
 Ah, here's the Journal, which may some report.

"Latest Intelligence, Express Edition,
 Elopement in High Life." What meets my vision?
 "Last night, between the hours of seven and eight,
 Princess Troutina, near the garden gate,
 Was with King Charming in a carriage seen,
 Starting upon the road to Gretna Green;
 The pace they drove at, all pursuit defied,—
 And we've just heard the nuptial knot is tied."
 The nuptial knot! Oh, no! it cannot be!
 Marry Troutina—and engaged to me!
 Impossible! and yet the heading read—
 "From our own Correspondent." Then, indeed,
 It must be true! To doubt it none would dare!
 Time has no chloroform for my despair;
 I will not live to be of Cupid thought a butt,
 But fling myself at once into the water-butt!
 QUEEN. (*aside*) I'll haste and see there's enough water
 in it—
 I would not have thee linger half a minute. (*Exit*)

Air—FLORINA—"The Cavalier."

What a pitiful plight!
 It serves me right,—
 But a very base trick I've been play'd,
 That a cavalier
 Of his rank should e'er
 A lady have so betrayed!
 With softest sawder every chord
 Of my tender heart touched he,
 And o'er and o'er by Jingo swore,
 "Sweet maid, I'll wed but thee,"
 Sweet maid, &c.

He turned his eye
 On my rival sly—
 When his promise had raised my hopes!
 With amazement I see,
 Though he vowed to wed me,
 With somebody else he elopes.
 Off he has cut, and the water butt,
 Now my bridal bed must be!

There's an end of our loves,
 Wedding cake and white gloves,
 He's off and it isn't with me!
 White gloves! white gloves!
 Nobody will wear for me!

The BLUE BIRD appears at the window.

BIRD. Florina! (*this is spoken by CHARMING*)
 FLOR. Ah! who breathes that wretched name?
 Methought the sound in at the window came!
 BIRD. Florina!
 FLOR. There, again my name I heard!
 Who calls?
 BIRD. 'Tis I!
 FLOR. A beautiful blue bird!
 BIRD. I would I were thy bird!
 FLOR. Sweet, so would I!
 But it's no use, because I'm going to die.
 BIRD. To die! you wouldn't think of such a thing!
 FLOR. Oh, wouldn't you, if you'd lost such a king
 As I have?
 BIRD. Nay, take comfort, gentle maid!
 Your King's not lost—he only is mislaid;
 And if he hears himself thus sweetly cried,
 It won't be long before he's at your side.
 FLOR. Oh, comfortable bird, can this be so?
 BIRD. Does not my voice, then, fair Florina know?
 FLOR. Your voice!—good gracious! no, it never can!—
 BIRD. Yes, I'm that poor, unhappy little man!
 Condemned for seven long years, and in all weathers,
 To hop about in this blue suit of feathers.
 FLOR. By whom and why this metamorphose strange?
 BIRD. A fairy changed me, 'cause I wouldn't change.
 FLOR. But did you not elope, then, with Troutina?
 BIRD. I took her, by mistake, for you, Florina!
 And never from my love's own colours flew—
 As man or bird, you'll find me still “true blue.”

DUET—“*Over the hills and far away*”—“*Beggar's Opera.*”

CHARM. Were I perched on Greenland's coast,
 And blue with cold my talons' tips,

Warm my heart would be as toast,
If chirrup'd to by those sweet lips.

FLOR. Should some Indian juggler turn
Me into a bird as well ;
Not the least 'twould me concern.
If with my Charming I might dwell.

CHARM. And I your nest would feather, too,

FLOR. Every day we'd bill and coo !

CHARM. And I would fondly fly with you,
Over the hills till all was blue !

FLOR. Sweet bird, to thee I pledge my virgin troth.

BIRD. May I be made into blue chicken broth,
If ever I on other hand alight !

FLOR. But we must keep a look out very bright !
For should the Queen find out that such the trick is,
She'll wring your neck like any common dicky's !

BIRD. In the dark cypress grove, across the green,
Lodgings to let for single birds I've seen ;
I'll take apartments, furnished, in some tree,
From whence this dear old window I can see ;
And when the coast is clear of the community,
I'll hop to you at every hop-portunity.

FLOR. And what shall be the signal ?

BIRD. Just one verse
Of this old song—I learned it from my nurse.

Air—CHARMING—“*Lady bird, lady bird, fly away
home.*”

Pretty bird, pretty bird, blue as the sky,
The sun has gone down in the west,
Then hither to solace your lady-love fly,
And sing her the song she loves best.
Pretty bird, pretty bird, blue as the sky,
Here to thy lady-love, pretty bird, fly.

FLOR. Hark ! some one comes ! away—away, my
poppet !

BIRD. Fear nothing ! long ere they can twig, I'll hop it !

Enter QUEEN—BLUE BIRD *disappears*.

QUEEN. (*aside*) I haven't heard a tumble, or a squall,
I hope her heart's not failed her, after all.

FLOR. Who's there ?

QUEEN. The Queen !

FLOR. My royal step-mamma.

Madam, your most obedient !

QUEEN. (*aside*) Smiling—ah !

What may this mean ? has Fate cut some new caper

To foil my vengeance ? (*aloud*) I sent you the paper.

FLOR. Your Majesty's too kind !

QUEEN. Important news !

FLOR. Important, ma'am, if true—the doubt excuse.

QUEEN. Talk'st thou to me of "ifs ?" with proof in print !

FLOR. A printer's proof, that may have errors in't !

When 'tis revised, I'll read it, ma'am, again !

QUEEN. The tidings surely must have turned her brain,

Or else this impudence too far is carried.

Dare you deny my daughter's gone and married ?

FLOR. Gone, she may be—but married, I think not,

QUEEN. Wretch ! on her honour wouldst thou cast a blot ?

FLOR. No—on *my* honour, but I've heard——

QUEEN. You've heard

What ? who could tell you ?

FLOR. Oh, a little bird,

As people say !

QUEEN. (*aside*) So cool and so contented !

She something knows beyond what I've invented.

(*aloud*) What have you heard ? Speak, ere my patience fails.

FLOR. I won't tell stories, and I don't tell tales ;

I should regret your Majesty to grieve,

Therefore respectfully I take my leave.

(*curtseys to* QUEEN, *and exit*)

QUEEN. 'Tis well ! but for this conduct she shall smart !

I'll break her spirit, or I'll break her heart !

Oh, were she not the pet of all the people,

I'd have her hanged as high as the church steeple,

Or smothered, as King Richard did the babbies—

But heir presumptive to the throne the drab is !

And for high treason I should be attained !
 Is she with some disastrous fact acquainted ?
 Or does she only hope ? I must make certain,
 So by your leave again, convenient curtain !

(conceals herself behind curtain)

FLORINA *peeps in, and then re-enters.*

FLOR. She's gone ! now once again my heart rejoice,
 Bluest of birds ! Oh, for a falconer's voice
 To lure this tassel gentle back again—
 Quick let me warble forth the signal strain !

(sings) Pretty bird, pretty bird, blue as the sky,
 Here to thy lady-love, pretty bird, fly.

QUEEN. *(aside)* What's that about some bird the creature
 sings ?

FLOR. I hear the flutter of his pretty wings,
 He comes !

BLUE BIRD *appears at window, with a pair of diamond
 bracelets in his beak.*

BIRD. My love !

FLOR. My life—my dicky darling !

QUEEN. *(aside)* A talking bird ! a parrot or a starling ?
 No, 'tis a bird of Paradise I view,
 That somebody has shot with powder blue.

FLOR. Where hast thou been ?

BIRD. Home to my palace, where
 I picked out for my love this matchless pair
 Of bracelets—wear them for my sake !

FLOR. I will !

BIRD. They're a free gift, though brought in with a bill.

QUEEN. *(aside)* That bird's a thief ! Who'd make so bad
 a pun

Would pick a pocket, and that's what he's done ;
 He never came by those fine bracelets fairly.
 Oh, won't I have his toby tickled rarely !

FLOR. And have you settled where you mean to stop ?

BIRD. Yes, I have got a snug room at the top

Of an old cypress tree—it's rather high,
 A sort of first-floor parlour next the sky ;
 Up twenty pair of boughs—but very airy.
 The last who lived there was a wild canary !
 And from it I've the finest bird's-eye view
 Imaginable—for it is of you.

FLOR. Oh, I'm afraid my pretty dicky flatters !

QUEEN. (*aside*) Faster than forty magpies the fool chatters !
 From this tell-tale tom-tit she's gained her knowledge !
 I'll have him plucked worse than a goose at college,
 And roasted all alive for my own eating. (*Exit*)

BIRD. And now to roost I find I must be fleeting.

FLOR. Wilt thou begone ! It is not yet near day.

BIRD. I'm very sorry, but I cannot stay.

Such late hours do not suit my sort of fowl,
 I would, for thy sake, I had been an owl !
 But in five minutes, I'll lay you an egg,
 I shall be fast asleep upon one leg !

FLOR. Well, then, farewell, love, since it so must be ;
 To-morrow, early, I will call for thee !

Good-night, good-night—a thousand times good-night

BIRD. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

(*flies off*)

FLOR. Ah, me, I have an ill, divining soul !

Methinks I see him scratch a bleeding pole !
 Either my eyesight failed, or, as he flew,
 He looked, alas ! particularly blue.

Air—FLORINA—“ *My own Blue Bell.*”

My own Blue Bird, my pretty Blue Bird,
 I hope you will be as good as your word ;
 Your plumes I view of a fine true blue,
 And why should I doubt that your heart's so too.
 I fear I must own, now away that you've flown,
 The people about here won't let you alone ;
 They'll come with a gun, and shoot you for fun,
 Then out of my dicky-bird I shall be done ;
 My own Blue Bird—my pretty Blue Bird, &c.

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Cypress Grove.**Enter* QUEEN, TROUTINA, *and* PAGE.

QUEEN. Rejected, scorned! I can't believe my senses!

TROUT. And for Florina! that the worst offence is!

QUEEN. But what to all this said your fairy godmother?

TROUT. Oh, she in pickle had for him a rod, mother!

And for seven years, at least, his crime he'll rue.

She changed him to a bird!

QUEEN. A bird!—not blue?

TROUT. Yes—blue as Blue Beard's beard, with blue ink dyed,

Or the blue chamber his wife peeped inside!

QUEEN. Troutina, thou hast harped my fears aright,
And on this Blue Bird thrown a clear blue light!
But let me take advantage of the time.

Here, you young varlet—up that cypress climb;

And in the nest you'll find quite at the top,

This hundred-bladed penknife open pop; (*gives knife*)

So that upon the points the bird must fly

Who enters it! up, quickly, sirrah! hie!

(PAGE mounts tree with knife, and descends again quickly)

TROUT. What, is the traitor here, then, to be stuck?

QUEEN. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed—just quiet be

Till daybreak, and you'll see what you will see!

Thou marvel'st at my words, but hold thee still,

For this blue bird fate makes a blue steel pill!

(Exeunt QUEEN, TROUTINA, *and* PAGE)*Music—The BLUE BIRD flies in and enters the cypress tree.*BIRD. Oh, murder! (*falls on the stage*) Some kind friend a
surgeon run for!

I'm the new lodger taken in, and done for!

*Music—HOCUS-POCUS rises.*HOCUS. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man,
That was King Charming, ere he crazy ran

About a woman, and, like many a chap,
 Traced to a miss the cause of his mishap!
 Ah, here he lies, and wounded very badly,
 By cruel blades he has been cut up sadly;
 His wings are clipped, his legs are amputated,
 His merry thought by falling, dislocated!
 His gizzard stabbed in half-a-dozen places;
 This of *fowl* murder very near a case is;
 But I'm a doctor in the sable art,
 And with one black dose succour can impart.
 Ho, Sal Volatile, with all thy scents,
 Help me to bring him to, and take him hence.

SAL VOLATILE *and other* SPIRITS *appear.*

Soon we'll this silly bird again a man see!
 Hey, presto, pass! To his own realm of Fan-sea!

HOCUS POCUS *waves his wand, and the scene gradually changes to the Fan-sea Islands—A fairy boat appears, into which HOCUS POCUS enters, bearing BLUE BIRD—Dance of SPIRITS, and Tableau.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Sequestered Dell.*

Enter FLORINA, *in a peasant's dress.*

FLOR. (*singing as she enters*)

Pretty bird, pretty bird, blue as the sky,
 Here to thy lady-love, pretty bird, fly.

No Bird, no answer! all in vain I sing,
 My notes will not a single sovereign bring!

Oh, Charming! art thou false or art thou slain?
Some honourable gentleman explain;
Or gentlewoman—for I'm not particular.

The FAIRY AZURINE appears as an Old Woman, with a basket of eggs in her hand.

Ah, here's one, though she's not quite perpendicular
In form, she may be upright in intent.
And answer straight, what I to know am bent.
Good morning, Goody!

AZUR. Save you, royal fair——

FLOR. Royal! How came you of my rank aware?
I thought beneath this garb——

AZUR. Oh, though my eyes
Are old, they quickly saw through your disguise!
You're not accustomed to dissimulation.

FLOR. You seem a person of some penetration,
And may be, as your sight appears so keen,
A fine Blue Bird of Paradise you've seen,
Which I have lost? I'm anything but sordid;
The finder shall be handsomely rewarded.

AZUR. Yes, you would give a crown for him, no doubt,
Now you're a queen.

FLOR. A queen! you've found that out?

AZUR. Why, all the world knows of the revolution,
Occasioned by your stepdame's persecution;
How your weak father signed his abdication,
And how you were made queen by acclamation!
And how you generously saved from slaughter,
The base Tyrana and her ugly daughter;
The people would have torn them into pieces,
But for your presence.

FLOR. Every word increases
My wonder! Surely you must be a witch?

AZUR. You might on something more unlikely pitch,
But which, or whatsoever I am, depend,
Whilst you are good and true, I am your friend!

FLOR. Oh, prove it, then, by telling in a word,
Where I may find my sweet blue dicky-bird?

AZUR. Your bird's no more.

FLOR. Dead?

AZUR. No! Don't be alarmed—
They've made a man of him again.

FLOR. I'm charmed
To hear it!

AZUR. But upon a hard condition.
Great Hocus Pocus, a profound magician,
Rescued King Charming from assassination,
And through his well-intended mediation,
The Fairy Soussio her wrath abated,
And on his throne King Charming re-instated,
With this proviso—he Troutina wedded
In six months from this date.

FLOR. Just what I dreaded.
And he consented! Well, I cannot blame him!
He never thought his beak and claws became him.
Fine feathers make fine birds, but don't make happy
ones!

They who think otherwise are only sappy ones!
And so may joy be his, beyond all measure—
And I'll go back and break my heart with pleasure.

AZUR. Not so! a generous heart like yours shan't break.
King Charming labours under a mistake;
He made against the bargain a brave struggle,
But Hocus Pocus floored him by a juggle;
He told him you, in secret, loved another,
That you betrayed him to Troutina's mother,
And lent the very knife that struck the blow, too.

FLOR. Oh, where can such a person think he'll go to?
And Charming to believe that thus I'd use him.
Is there no way at once to disabuse him?

AZUR. Yes, but 'tis full of danger!

FLOR. Danger! Fiddle!
I'm not a girl my thumbs to sit and twiddle.
Dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted.

AZUR. (*appearing in her own form*)
You are the heroine for whom I've hunted.
My aid you have, Florina, ere you ask it.
Here, you will find three swan's eggs in this basket;
Break one of them whenever friends you lack,
And sure as eggs are eggs, you'll find them crack!

FLOR. May I not know to whom I am indebted?

AZUR. Yes, in this deed you're aided and abetted

By Charming's godmother, his name who gave him,
 Made him immortal, and, through you, may save him
 From ceaseless sorrow. Go! no ears nor eyes
 But his your voice or face shall recognise.
 Meanwhile, to Hocus Pocus I will ride,
 And strive to win him over to our side.

Air—FAIRY AZURINE—"Over the Water to Charley."

Over the water and over the lea,
 And over the water to Charming!
 Charming does but whine and wail—
 He loves you still, I can see;
 And Charming yet with joy may hail,
 Florina, Queen of Fan-sea.

(*Exit*)

FLOR. The first thing is to reach my love's abode,
 And I forgot to ask our friend the road.
 What must I do? There's nothing for't i'fegs!
 But sacrificing one of my three eggs!
 So let us see what this one will produce.

Music—Breaks egg, and a car drawn by DOVES, rises.

A handsome carriage, ready made for use!

(*she enters car, and sings*)

Over the water and over the lea,
 And over the water to Charming!

Music—DOVES draw off FLORINA in car.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Gates of CHARMING'S Palace.*

Enter FLORINA.

FLOR. Once more on *terra firma* safe and sound!
 So far I've quickly got over the ground,
 But now I've got to get over the porter,
 To make my way into the palace shorter;

I mustn't waste another egg about it,
 But trust to what my brain can hatch without it.
 He's there ! and thinks himself a mighty great man !
 A prouder porter never served Lord Bateman.

(rings gate bell)

Enter PORTER.

PORTER. How now ? how dare you at these portals ring ?

FLOR. If you please, sir, I wish to see the King.

PORTER. You wish to see the King ! a slut like you !

Go, get along with you, you hussy, do !

FLOR. Do let me in to see the King; sir, pray !

PORTER. The creature's crazy ! Troop, girl, while you may !

Or, whether you are mad, or only sham,
 You'll catch what here we call toco for yam !

FLOR. I don't know what you mean by yam or toco,
 But here's a bauble some may call rococo,

(takes jewel out of her pouch)

Which is worth pocketing, and yours to keep,
 If at the King you'll let me have one peep.

PORTER. *(aside)* Diamonds and rubies ! Who the deuce
 could think it !

How could she honestly come by that trinket ?
 That's not my business though. *(aloud)* Humph ! Well,
 suppose

I should permit you just to pop your nose
 Inside the gates—what will you say, if seen
 By the new regent, the great foreign Queen,
 Who rules the roast here ?

FLOR. There no harm can be,
 In a poor girl wishing the King to see.

PORTER. Oh, can't there ? No—you'd best not say the King.
 You wish to see the palace, that's the thing,
 The Whispering Gallery, which people do
 Obtain, occasionally, leave to view.

FLOR. The Whispering Gallery ! what, round the walls
 Does the voice run, as in that of St. Paul's ?

PORTER. Yes, only here its gambols you must curb,
 For fear his Majesty you might disturb ;
 Whilst at St. Paul's they care what's said by no man,
 Provided you pay twopence to the showman.

FLOR. What! would King Charming hear whate'er we said?

PORTER. His chamber is directly overhead,
And any secrets dropped there, it appears,
Run up directly to the royal ears.

FLOR. Oh, give me to that gallery admission!

PORTER. You must the Queen herself for that petition.

She keeps it locked—the people say, for fear
Some ugly truths of her the King should hear.

Zooks! here she comes—(*opens gates*) and with her the
old King,

As usual, fastened to her apron string.

FLOR. Disguise, befriend me—and be yours the task,
Good fairy egg, to gain me what I ask.

Music—She takes an egg out of her basket and cracks it—A large pie rises in its place, in a golden dish, adorned with jewels.

Enter QUEEN TYRANA, KING HENPECKT, and
ATTENDANTS.

QUEEN, Who comes between the wind and our nobility?

FLOR. So please your Majesty, with all humility,
A poor girl, who has got a toy to sell,
Entirely made out of an egg-shell.

(*showing the pie*)

KING. Out of an egg-shell! Why it looks like gold!

QUEEN. Will you be kind enough your tongue to hold?

KING. I only spoke because——

QUEEN. Because you shouldn't!

How often, sir, must I desire you wouldn't?

(*to FLORINA*) And what, pray, may you call this
trumpery thing?

FLOR. A pretty dish to set before the King.

A pie, with four-and-twenty blackbirds in it,
Which sing a song of sixpence!

(*takes top off, and discovers four-and-twenty Blackbirds, with jewelled eyes and beaks, on boughs of silver and precious stones*)

Come, begin it!

Blackbirds sing the Nursery Rhyme, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," &c.

KING. That well-known song makes me a child again !

QUEEN. (*aside to him*) You're in your second childhood, sir,
that's plain ;

If the girl sees she's raised our admiration,
She'll raise her price beyond all calculation.

KING. Of course, I never thought——

QUEEN. You never do !

'Tis fortunate you've me to think for you,
This wondrous pie King Charming may amuse.

KING. I see—the blacks may drive away the blues.

QUEEN. Suppose I was inclined this toy to buy,
What is the price you set upon your pie ?

FLO. I don't pretend to know what it is worth,
But I have wished, before all things on earth,
To see the Whispering Gallery, so famous
Throughout the Fan-sea Isles.

QUEEN. Poor ignoramus !

FLO. And I will gladly give one curiosity
To satisfy the other.

QUEEN. (*aside*) With velocity
I'll close this bargain. (*aloud*) Well, it may divert
My son-in-law, so——

KING. (*aside to her*) It's as cheap as dirt !
The jewels in it are beyond all price !

QUEEN. I'll ask you, sir, when I need your advicc.
Carry the trifle in— (*ATTENDANTS take pie up*)
And this young lass

Into the Whispering Gallery let pass !

FLO. Oh, thank you, madam.

(*Exit, following ATTENDANTS*)

KING. (*aside*) For it if I die,
I'll try to get a finger in that pie.

(*march—Exeunt KING, QUEEN, &c.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Whispering Gallery.*

Enter FLORINA.

FLO. I'm left alone the gallery to stray in—
Twould be a pleasant place to spend the day in ;

About as dark and dreary, I declare,
 As that I once saw in Trafalgar Square.*
 But let me try to catch King Charming's ear,
 They say that he is just above me here ;
 Alas ! so far above me, I am fearing,
 That my complaint he may be above hearing.

Air—FLORINA—“ *Pretty Mocking Bird* ”—*Bishop*.

Friendly echo—by your leave,
 Let me my Charming undeceive,
 Kindly carry up above,
 A note of joy—a line of love ;
 Pretty Dicky Bird ! pretty Dicky Bird,
 That used to be,
 Singing in the grove on the cypress tree !
 Remember me !

A hurried footstep ! he has heard me surely !

Enter VALET DE CHAMBRE.

VAL. Holloa, young woman, are you taken poorly ?
 Were you not cautioned, ere you came this hall in,
 That it was not a place to shout or squall in ?
 What do you think his Majesty would say,
 If he should hear you ?

FLOR. *If !* alack the day !
 Has he not heard me, then ?

VAL. 'Tis well for you
 I gave him his composing draught at two.

FLOR. Composing draught !

VAL. A potent preparation,
 To calm down his great nervous irritation.
 It locks him so fast in the arms of Morpheus,
 To move him I defy the strains of Orpheus.

FLOR. Alas ! that's not at all the way to cure him ;
 I know a charm that would relief ensure him—
 And if you choose, your fortune it would make.

VAL. My fortune ? tell it me, for goodness sake !

FLOR. D'ye see these bracelets !

(*producing the bracelets given her by the BLUE BIRD*)

* The old National Gallery.

VAL. Yes, to my surprise !
 They're made of emeralds of the largest size !
 FLOR. They're yours, on one condition.
 VAL. Name it quickly !
 FLOR. That you obey my orders very strictly ;
 Don't give the King his sleeping draught to-night,
 And let him of these bracelets get a sight.
 VAL. But if the King his medicine doesn't take,
 As sure as fate, he will be wide awake.
 FLOR. Exactly ! And will bless the new physician,
 Who made him wide awake to his position.
 VAL. Give me the bracelets, I the risk will run.
 FLOR. It is a bargain, then ?
 VAL. Conclude it done. (*Exit VALET*)

Enter QUEEN, KING HENPECKT, ATTENDANTS.

FLOR. The Queen ! 'tis well, she comes upon a wish !
 QUEEN. Girl, have you got another pretty dish
 To set before a king, at the same price ?
 FLOR. I have, and you shall see it in a trice.
 (*aside*) Oh, my last egg, in you my hopes are cradled,
 I shall go smash, if you should turn out addled.
 (*cracks the egg—A silver goose appears sitting in a golden nest*)
 There, madam, that's a very curious bird,
 Of which perhaps the history you've heard.
 KING. Why, it's a goose, as sure as—
 QUEEN. You're another !
 FLOR. This goose is that which gave the name of mother
 To the old fairy in the children's books.
 KING. The Mother Goose's goose ! why then, odzooks
 It can lay golden eggs.
 QUEEN. (*aside to him*) You cackling gander,
 You'll drive me crazy with your blund'ring candour !
 What stuff ! this bird's of metal, I should say.
 FLOR. Of course, or metal eggs how could it lay ?
 KING. To think that story's been told o'er and o'er,
 And no one ever thought of that before !
 QUEEN. You wouldn't have me credit such a fable ?
 FLOR. Here is a sample, new laid on the table.
 KING. She reports progress to the house, 'tis plain,
 And for the goose, asks leave to sit again.

- FLOR. Exactly, sir, I'd with this gift requite
The privilege of staying here all night.
- KING. As she's in petticoats who so beseeches,
She can't of privilege commit great breaches.
- QUEEN. (*aside*) The girl's an idiot—well, so much the better!
On such terms the whole palace I would let her—
More by this wondrous goose I shall by far gain,
Than by the blackbird pie. (*aloud*) Well, it's a bargain.
(*to KING*) This goose I'll draw on to a large amount,
And straight at Gosling's open an account.
- KING. (*to QUEEN*) This bird is of the Californian breed,
And would, to eat, be very rich, indeed.
With common ones let's try the breed to cross,
And dine on silver geese, with golden pippin sauce!
- QUEEN. (*to FLORINA*) Good night!
- FLOR. (*aside*) I almost feared she smelt a rat!
- QUEEN. Take the goose in!
- FLOR. (*aside*) I hope I have done that!
(*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and ATTENDANTS—FLORINA
remains. Scene closes*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The KING's Cabinet.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, TROUTINA, and ATTENDANTS,
hastily.*

- QUEEN. For Doctor Hocus Pocus send with speed!
(*ATTENDANTS exeunt*)
- TROUT. The King's much worse!
- KING. He's very queer, indeed!
- QUEEN. Woke from his nap in a high state of fever.
- KING. Thinks he's a bird again, as blue as ever.
- QUEEN. Screamed out at sight of me, "a cat, a cat!"
- TROUT. Call'd me a scarecrow—
- KING. (*aside*) There's some sense in that.
- QUEEN. Flung out of window the fine blackbird pie.
- KING. And threatened after it to make me fly.
- CHARM. (*without*) Traitors!
- TROUT. He's coming!

QUEEN. (*to KING*) Stand before me !

KING. No !

I couldn't think of it ! (*bowing and going*)

QUEEN. Where shall we go ?

KING. The nearest way downstairs—if you permit,

I'll run before. (*going*)

QUEEN. (*crossing him*) You wouldn't think of it !

Exit QUEEN, followed by KING and TROUTINA.

Enter CHARMING, followed by LORD and VALET DE CHAMBRE.

CHARM. Don't talk to me of "pockets full of rye,"

And "songs of sixpence !" Who dared make a pie

Of black, or any coloured birds ? 'Tis treason

To kill, or catch a bird in any season !

The feathered race, throughout my whole dominions,

Shall live in perfect liberty of pinions.

I'll have no bird-cage walks in any parks !

Whilst I reign there shall be no end of larks !

Turkeys at Christmas but themselves shall stuff ;

To cook his goose, no cook be goose enough !

No chicken hazard foul play for its life,

No pigeon pout for his encrusted wife !

Grouse shall the moors skim safe as gulls the ocean,

And ducks behold green peas without emotion !

VAL. He's very flighty ! vows he's beaked and clawed !

LORD. These are but wild and whirring words, my lord.

CHARM. Throughout the poultry go, the will proclaim

Of Charming, King, defender of all game,

Lord Paramount of every Fan-sea Isle,

Cock of the walk, and *suprême de volaille* !

VAL. (*aside to LORD*) Humour his fancy ; meanwhile I'll

repeat

The dose, which takes out of him the conceit.

(*Exit LORD*)

CHARM. Corncrakes and fieldfares shall have double

crops.

Honour all bills ! take off the tax on hops !

VAL. Now then, in lieu of his old soporific,

I'll test the value of this new specific.

(*takes out bracelets*)

CHARM. Come to my perch ! I'm moulting fast ! somehow
 I've little left to plume myself on now ;
 My wings are bare, in vain I would them spread ;
 I've lost my tail—no, here 'tis, on my head !
 Of course my head was turned by my mishap,
 And here's the only feather in my cap.

VAL. These emeralds seem those in your cap to match.
(shewing them)

CHARM. *(starting)* Ha ! how came you those jewels up to
 scratch ?

They were mine once ! I gave them to a dove,
 That turned into a vulture !—cruel love !
 She set on me a hundred blades to fall—
 Ah ! that was the unkindest cut of all !

Air—CHARMING—“ *Go away, black man.*”

As I stole out, one very dark night,
 To see a fair maid, whose eyes shone bright,
 The sky was so black I was sadly misled,
 And I ran away with an ugly one instead.
 Her godmother vowed that married we should be,
 And when I said “No,” what d'ye think she said to
 me ?—

Get along, base man, don't you come a-nigh me,
 And turned into a bird of a bright blue dye me.

Then back I flew that very same night,
 To my own fair maid with her eyes so bright,
 And took a neat nest in a cypress tall,
 And meant every day on her to call.
 I thought her as true as true could be,
 But what do you think was the way she served me ?
 Set a lot of sharp blades to stick upon the sly me,
 And cut me to the core, if she didn't blue die me !

VAL. The sight of them has only made him sadder,
 I'll give him his black drops before he's madder.

CHARM. Methinks again that fatal tree I'd fly by !

VAL. It's time to take your drops and go to by-bye !

CHARM. Throw physic to the dogs, and go to Bath !
 I'm for the air ! the Blue Bird's own blue path !

FLORINA *is heard singing* “ *Pretty bird, pretty bird,*” &c.

VAL. Is that the air, sir, that you said you were for?

CHARM. The only one that once I used to care for!
That strain again! oh! it comes o'er my ears,
Like the sweet south—or music of the spheres;
Or the drum polka, or the Berlin choir,
Or anything that judges most admire!

VAL. (*aside*) Put that air to these here, (*shewing bracelets*)
I think I know,
Who's in the Whispering Gallery below.

CHARM. Is it some piping bullfinch they have bought,
For an old coat, and that tune to it taught?
Or does some nightingale, in corner snug,
Pour out that luscious strain from his own jug?
Or—oh! I never thought of that before—
Is it Florina, underneath the floor?
It is—it must be! and these jewels—speak!
Varlet! remember you're before a beak!
How came you by them?

VAL. Sire, I didn't buy them!
A sort of gipsy girl begged I would try them
Upon your Majesty, and if they fitted,
She vowed your flightiness would soon have flitted!

CHARM. Where is the gipsy?

VAL. In the Whispering Gallery!

CHARM. Open my cage, and I'll double your salary!

VAL. Follow me, sire, your wishes you shall crown them,
I'll kick the page of the back stairs all down them!

Air—VALET—“*Come down the back stairs.*”

Come down the back stairs, sir, if you'll follow me,
Come down the back stairs, of the door I've the key.
Come down the back stairs, and let nobody see,
And come as you were not coming to *she*.
Just whistle and she'll come to you below,
Just whistle and she'll come to you below.
Though father and stepmother both should say no,
Just whistle and she'll come to you below.

Come down the back stairs, &c.

(*Exeunt* CHARMING and VALET)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Whispering Gallery as before—
FLORINA discovered.*

FLOR. My heart, suspended betwixt hope and fear,
Hangs like Mohammed's intermediate bier.
If Charming's ears against me still are barred up,
I've no more eggs to shell out when I'm hard up.
But hark! again, a footstep! fleeter, faster!
It is the man—that is, it is the master!

Enter CHARMING.

CHARM. Florina!

FLOR. Charming!

CHARM. 'Tis my long-lost treasure!

FLOR. My heart intoxicated reels with pleasure!

CHARM. My pulses all ecstasically tingle!

And art thou true?

FLOR. As truth!

CHARM. And single?

FLOR. Single!

CHARM. Come to my arms, and be as dear as ever!

But did you never love another?

FLOR. Never!

CHARM. Nor lend sharp knives to lacerate my
breast?

FLOR. No, never, not by no means, I protest!

CHARM. Enchanting fact, although indifferent grammar.

They told me, then, a most outrageous crammer.

But I believe you, my sweet girl, with joy!

FLOR. And I—oh! I believe you too, my boy!

CHARM. I hug my little, but my precious, store!

What now shall part us?

FLOR. Nothing, never more!

DUET—“*Suono il trombe intrepida.*”

So now we'll trump intrepidly
Each trick Miss Fortune plays us!
If some bad hand betrays us,
Honours, at least, we'll score!
Cards may run cross repeatedly,

Still we'll cut in together !
 Double and rub to weather,
 And never sever—no !
 Partners we'll be for ever !
 Partners to part no more !

Enter KING HENPECKT, QUEEN, TROUTINA, and
 GUARDS.

QUEEN. Indeed ! we'll soon see that !

CHARM. The Queen !

FLOR. My father !

CHARM. Madam, I am surprised—

QUEEN. You are, sir, rather !

And in good time to frustrate all your plans.

Henpeckt, I bid you to forbid the banns !

KING. Daughter, you hear my wife is quite forbidding—

That is, for bidding me—

CHARM. I'll soon be ridding

The palace of these meddlers—make them sing

Another song. 'Sdeath ! am I not the King ?

QUEEN. But I'm vice-regent over you, you'll see.

KING. Yes, 'gad, she was that always over me !

CHARM. By this affront I quite aback am taken !

FLOR. And I have no more eggs to save my bacon !

CHARM. Well, I'll die game ! my guards !

QUEEN. They will not stir ;

You quite forget that you're " non compos," sir.

Great Hocus Pocus soon will make you mum.

KING. And here I take it is the doctor come.

Music—HOCUS POCUS rises.

HOCUS. Yes, I have come from a long consultation,

Upon this sad case of hallucination,

And am compelled to give the patient oyer.

No medicine, Ovid says, can cure a lover,

So let them marry, if they wish it still,

If that won't cure them both, why nothing will !

CHARM. You hear the learned doctor, what he says ?

KING. I must admit it answer'd in my case.

QUEEN. What, let King Charming marry any other

Than my Troutina ?

Enter FAIRY SOUSSIO.

- SOUS. Never!
- TROUT. Here's godmother!
Now we shall see!
- SOUS. Is Soussio's power defied?
Six moons have passed! Troutina is the bride
Of Charming!
- CHARM. No!
- FLO. No!
- HOCUS. No!
- SOUS. What, do you back
Out of your own proposal? Hence, vile quack!
- HOCUS. Quack! vengeance!
- SOUS. Upon you mine first shall fall!
Quake earth! down palace! crush them one and all!
- CHARMING and FLORINA *rush behind pedestal—Thunder, lightning, crash—pillars fall, pedestal sinks—Scene changes to the throne of Fan-sea—CHARMING and FLORINA are protected by HOCUS POCUS and FAIRY AZURINE.*
- HOCUS. (*to SOUSSIO*) Ah, would you? that is easier said than done!
- AZUR. The odds are 'gainst you, sister, two to one!
Ruin may seize all else the earth above,
But indestructible are Truth and Love.

FINALE—"Morris Dance."

- FLO. Our trials o'er, but one fear more
Is now my heart alarming—
It is that those in yonder rows,
May not approve King Charming.
- CHARM. Say "yes," kind friends, for goodness sake,
And nightly here come swarming;
Your magic hands can truly make
Immortal our King Charming.

Tableau—Flourish.

CURTAIN.

THE
QUEEN OF THE FROGS ;

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Easter Monday,
April 21st, 1851.

THE QUEEN OF THE FROGS.

From a combination of circumstances this was the last of my Easter pieces. In view of the approaching "World's Fair" in Hyde Park, the first of the great International Exhibitions, which was to be opened by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort within a fortnight after Easter Monday, and would overflow London with visitors from every part of the globe, it was reasonably considered that a brilliantly got-up fairy spectacle, which would appeal to the eye rather than to the ear, would be more acceptable to foreigners than a *Revue* which must naturally be a running commentary on recent Metropolitan events, to which they were utter strangers, and therefore could neither comprehend the allusions to nor take the slightest interest in. The fantastic and most ingeniously constructed story, "La Grenouille Bienfaisante," by the Comtesse D'Aulnoy, appeared to me to contain all the elements requisite for the purpose. A plot, the interest of which is sustained to the last moment, and is not in the least complicated; a series of startling and exciting events, the action in which required no verbal explanation, and numerous opportunities for scenic display and sumptuous decoration—what more could be desired? The only drawback, as far as I was concerned, was that Madame Vestris, adhering to her resolution of not playing in an Easter piece—why no one could ever discover—it was imperative that Charles Mathews should be a powerful feature in it, and as he elected to play the King, the task devolved upon me to make the character fit *him*, as he was, with all his talents unfitted for the character. I did my best, and so, I am bound to say, did he, and to the satisfac-

tion of the audience. He *rattled* through it, but he could not *act* it. He missed the mock heroic colouring of the part, as he had years before failed in depicting the chivalric spirit of Riquet with the Tuft. He had no real passion in his nature and could not even simulate it. He was perfectly aware of it, and nervously avoided in the regular drama any emotional or pathetic passages. As Charles Mathews he was inimitable. An English nobleman was wont to speak of Mdlle. Déjazet, the celebrated French actress (in a complimentary sense), as "the incarnation of impudence." Charles Mathews might have been called "the incarnation of *whim*"—a quality which had all the charm of novelty for an English audience, and was the "manner" which, as I have previously stated, Charles Young remarked had secured his success on his first appearance. Natural humour and broad fun were familiar to, and highly relished by, all classes of play-goers; but whim took them by surprise. Nothing like him had ever been seen by them on the English stage previous to his appearance, and it will be long, I believe, before they will "look upon his like again." A list of the characters with which his name will be for ever associated will sufficiently prove the truth of my assertion. Although I continued for some time longer attached to the Lyceum, King Fulminoso was the last part I wrote for Mathews in an extravaganza, and in this concluding notice of him I am desirous of warmly acknowledging the support which his admirable and exceptional powers afforded me on many previous occasions, and of expressing my gratification that we continued friends for the remainder of his days. "The Queen of the Frogs" ran forty-one nights.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FULMINOSO, THE PUGNACIOUS (a Monarch with the Organ of Combativeness very strongly developed, but the best of Kings, Husbands, and Fathers)	MR. CHAS. MATHEWS
DULCIBELLA (his Beloved Queen and Devoted Wife)	MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS
PRINCESS CARISSIMA (their only Child—the “one fair daughter and no more,” the which they “love passing well”) ...	MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE
ANTIRUMO (Gentleman Usher)	MR. BELLINGHAM
ESPADO	} Officers of all Arms } MR. H. HORNCastle MR. BURT MR. DE COURCY
ALLEBARDO	
ARQUEBUSADO	
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, Body Guards, Troops of the Line, &c.	
PRINCE NONPAREIL (Heir Apparent to King Pippin)	MISS M. OLIVER
His Suite—Mesdames Burbidge, Mars, Maile, Maurice, Wadham, Bodmin, Hunt, C. Hunt, Edwards, Ford, Webber, Clarkson, Gale, Martineuz, Mears, &c.	

Magical Characters.

GRENOUILLETTA (Queen of the Frogs, and half Fairy, but an entire Sovereign)	MISS MARTINDALE
LEONA, <i>alias</i> THE FAIRY LIONESS (a single Lady of a certain age, with a double face and figure)	MR. ROBERT ROXBY
THE DRAGON FEE-FO-FUM (a Monster, with more in him than he has credit for, and who is literally cut into two parts) ...	MESSRS. MORRIS & CHARLES
HI-SKI-HI (his Familiar Giant)	MR. SIMMONDS
Monsters, Beasts, and Reptiles, by the only persons who could be found capable of acting as such.	

The Overture composed and arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Dances and Action by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Dresses by Mr. Smithyes, Miss Nowland, and Assistants.

The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.

The Mechanical Appointments and Decorations by Mr. E. Bradwell.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

The Scenery, by Mr. W. Beverley, Mr. Wilson, and Assistants,
comprises

ACT FIRST.

FORTIFICATIONS OF A BESIEGED CITY.

A WILD (BEAST) WOOD.

*The Brazen Lair of the Fairy Lioness in the Centre
of the Earth.*

ROOM IN THE KING'S PALACE.

HALL OF DIANA IN THE KING'S PALACE.

LIVING STATUES.

DIANE LA CHASSERESSE MISS ROSINA WRIGHT
NYMPHS : Mesdames Burbidge, Edwards, Maile, Mars, Maurice,
Wadham, Hunt, Ford, Woodman, Webber, Clarkson, Graham,
Dring, Medex, &c.

ACT SECOND.

Landing Place of the Staircase of Ten Thousand Steps

LEADING TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH AND THE
LAIR OF THE LIONESSE.

THE CRYSTAL TOWER.

N.B.—No connection whatever with the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park ;
indeed, nothing but his rigid adherence to Nursery Historical
Facts can be pleaded as an excuse by the Author for mentioning
a material which has become so uncommonly common in the
playbills of Mortality.

THE QUICKSILVER LAKE.

THE ROYAL GARDENS.

LA GORLITZA, By the Suite of the Prince Nonpareil.

The First Scene in this Act repeated, in order to prepare for

THE MARSH,

Out of which arises the

*Nuptial Bower of the Queen of the Frogs and the
Emperor of all the Rushes.*

THE QUEEN OF THE FROGS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of a Besieged City—Troops discovered defending it—As the curtain rises an assault is being made—Cannon.*

ESPARDO, ALLEBARDO, ARQUEBUSADO, and OFFICERS.

SOLO and CHORUS—“*Sturm March.*”

Louder the thunder storm of battle roars !
Down, down, down upon the foe it pours ;
Faster the whistling bullets on them rain.
Bang ! bang ! blaze away again, again !
March and form, and charge and wheel,
Spare for neither shot nor steel.
Talk of Concerts, Promenades,
Here's the true “*Sturm March,*” my blades ;
Here the Band and here the Ball,
Makes, at least, more noise than all !

Enter at Flourish, KING FULMINOSO and SOLDIERS.

KING. Bravo ! brave army ! very much bravo !
Thrice have we beaten back the haughty foe !
Thrice hath he striven here his foot to fix,
And by his motion thrice has taken nix !

ESP. But still we weaker grow, instead of stronger,
And can't keep on a-beating him much longer,

KING. I'll fight till off my bones the flesh is hacked !
Hang those that talk of fear !

ESP. If when they're whacked,

The fools don't know it, and for mercy sue,
What's to be done ?

KING. Why, whack 'em till they do !
Open the gates, and let us make a sally
Upon the rogues, before they've time to rally !

QUEEN. } (*without*) Stop ! stop !

PRIN. }
KING. What cry was that ?

ESP. Methought the squalls
Of female women !

KING. Ha ! within these walls,
My wife ! my child ! by what event untoward ?
Oh now, indeed, I feel I am a coward !

Enter QUEEN and PRINCESS.

My Dulcibella !

QUEEN. Oh ! my Fulminoso !
To risk your life I will not let you go so !
Can't you look on, as other monarchs do,
And see your subjects fight ? Ah ! why should you
Expose yourself to all those horrid things,
That pay no sort of reverence to kings ;
But would as quickly crack your precious crown
As knock a little duck-legged drummer down.
Let scores of little duck-legged drummers fall,
It is their business, but not yours at all !

PRIN. If you are deaf to dear mamma's appeals,
See, at your feet your only daughter kneels ! (*kneels*)
Cut while you can this cut-throat occupation,
And join at once the Peace Association.

KING. Come, Mars, and case my heart in threefold buff,
Or both my ears with thy gun cotton stuff !

PRIN. Father !

KING. Away !

QUEEN. (*kneeling*) Husband !

KING. Arise !

QUEEN. No ! never.
Here on our knees we'll both remain for ever !

KING. For ever !

QUEEN. Yes ! for ever and a day—
Unless you melt.

KING. To melt's to run away,

And Fulminoso wasn't born to fly.

I couldn't do it!

QUEEN. } If you'd only try! (*alarm—Cannon*)
PRIN. }

ESP. My liege, the enemy again advances!

KING. Ha! then in gentle force my only chance is.

Tear us asunder—with the greatest care!

PRIN. I faint!

QUEEN. I ditto. (*falling into the arms of OFFICERS*)

KING. Hence my treasures bear,

To the strong tower upon the forest borders,

And keep them safely there till further orders.

(OFFICERS *bear out the QUEEN and PRINCESS*)

KING. Now to the field, and give the foe no quarter;

Be bricks, my boys, and never mind his *mortar*!

Air—KING—“Guillaume Tell.”

Follow your leader, boys, to-day;

Soon they shall find 'tis no boy's play;

Into the foe we'll soundly pitch,

Gentlemen all, behave as *sich*.

I am for deeds, and not for speeches,

To the assault come on who dares;

They who attempt to mount our *breaches*,

Hang me if I would be in theirs!

Follow your leader, boys, to-day, &c.

(*Exeunt KING, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Forest—Thunder, lightning—A crash heard without—ATTENDANTS fly in terror across the stage.*

Enter QUEEN and PRINCESS.

QUEEN. Ah, me! misfortunes never come alone!

Forced from my husband, fighting for his throne,

Caught in a dreadful storm we fly for shelter
 Into this fatal forest helter-skelter ;
 Scared by the lightning, off the horses bolted,
 Upset our coach, and out we both were jolted !
 And now deserted here are left to die,
 Or be some horrid monsters eaten by.

PRIN. To meet that fate I should not be so loth,
 If the same monster would but eat us both.

QUEEN. Affecting proof of my sweet child's affection,
 And which removes a part of my objection.

Air—PRINCESS—“*Are you angry, Mother.*”

Are they hungry, Mother, oh, oh, oh, oh.
 Is't the hour they peckish grow? Oh, oh, oh.
 When I see their teeth so white—
 When I think how they can bite—
 I into my shoes shall shrink,
 And the heart within me sink !
 Horrid monsters, why can't they
 Just on one another prey
 When they're hungry, as we find
 Creatures do of human kind !

PRIN. But are there really wild beasts in this wood ?

QUEEN. So I have generally understood.

Lions and tigers, panthers, bears and boars,
 And all sorts of fierce creatures on all fours—
 Fiercer than any great Van Amburgh knew,
 Or Gordon Cumming ever said he slew.
 But whether serious such report, or jocular,
 Our demonstration's likely to be ocular.

*(Roar—The head and fore-paws of a Lioness are seen
 through an opening among the trees)*

PRIN. Ocular ! Oh, look yonder, mother, see !

Two fiery eyes that glare on you and me !

QUEEN. A lioness ! She will come out next spring.

We'll die together ! *(clasping PRINCESS in her arms)*

*Music—The Lioness disappears, and in its place is seen LEONA,
 the Enchantress, attired in a wild but splendid dress, with*

the skin of a lion on her shoulders, and armed with a bow and quiver of arrows.

LEO. You'll do no such thing
At present.

QUEEN. Wonder takes away my breath !

LEO. You are condemned to something worse than death.
I am the Fairy Lioness—my name
Leona. Nightly through this wood for game,
I hunt, and when I catch such birds as you,
I bear them thus my brazen caverns to.

(music—Scene changes to

SCENE THIRD.—*The Brazen Caverns of the Enchantress
in the centre of the earth.*

LEO. Here for your lives you shall remain my slaves !

QUEEN. Such conduct is more brazen than your caves.

LEO. Ha ! you are bold indeed, to break a jest,
At such a moment—none, too, of the best,
But you'll have time a better here to make ;
Behold the monsters guarding yonder lake
Of quicksilver.

QUEEN. And guard it well they may,
Or from such frights 'twould quickly run away !

LEO. They were all mortals once, with forms like thine,
Kings, queens, and princes—enemies of mine,
Besides a score or two of dames of fashion
Who had for lion hunting such a passion,
To any foreign brute they'd go their knees on,
Provided he was newly caught that season ;
Nay, any donkey could their favour win,
Who wore by accident a lion's skin.
Just Fate the Fairy Lioness enables,
To turn upon them their own supper tables,
And make them grin and tumble, bray and roar,
As they made other monsters do before.

QUEEN. I never lionised a creature.

LEO. No !

Therefore no change of form you'll undergo,
But dress my dinner, and your daughter there
Shall be my lady's maid, and dress my hair.

QUEEN. I dress your dinner ! I ne'er learned to cook.

LEO. But you will soon. I'll lend you Soyer's book.

PRIN. I dress your hair !

LEO. I wear it very plain,
And when a lioness I have no mane.

QUEEN. But——

LEO. But ! no buts ! or I'll make butts of you,
And with these arrows pierce you through and through,
And yet not kill ! Go you, cook, to your kitchen,
And you, (*to PRINCESS*) come make a witch look more
bewitching !

Trio—LEONA, QUEEN, and PRINCESS—" *We met.*"

LEO. We met, 'twas in a wood,
And you strove both to shun me.

QUEEN. I felt I couldn't move,
For your eye was upon me !

PRIN. You spoke, my blood ran cold,
As your deep-toned voice uttered——

LEO. Come, come, you don't perceive,
On which side your bread's buttered.
If well you dress my hair, (*to PRINCESS*)
I may not often beat you.

Improve my bill of fare (*to QUEEN*)

And perhaps I mayn't eat you.

To work yourselves betake,

And without any pother,

Or your bones I will break (*to PRINCESS*)

And pick those of your mother.

QUEEN & PRIN. All hope we must forsake,
And our feelings must smother,

Or { your } bones she will break,
 { my }

And pick those of { your } mother!
 { my }

(*Exeunt LEONA and PRINCESS*)

QUEEN. From bad to worse ! when will my misery end,
Since fate forbids e'en death to be my friend ?
Cook to a lioness ! what degradation !
Without the power to change my situation.

No wages either ! nothing but the run
Of that black kitchen, wherein hope is done
To rags, and leaps with desperation dire
Out of the frying-pan into the fire !

Air—QUEEN—“*My lodging is on the cold ground.*”

My lodging is all under ground,
Where I can't get a peep at the sky,
And there's no one to help, I'll be bound,
“Help” ever so loud should I cry.
In a mess on a railway as vainly might shout,
Some poor, pent-up, desolate elf,
For, whatever the danger, he couldn't get out,
Or alarm any one—but himself.

(the croak of a raven is heard)

Sure, 'twas a raven's boding croak I heard,

(Raven appears on rock)

Yes, yonder perches the ill-omened bird !
What has he in his talons ? a poor frog,
Which he has evidently prigged for prog !
I'll strive to save it from the ravenous raven !

(takes up a stone and flings at Bird)

Drop that ! you great black, ugly, croaking craven !

(music—The Raven drops the FROG and flies off)

He has ! but it came down with such a flop,
I fear, poor frog, you've taken your last hop.

FROG. No, I'm all right ! a thousand thanks to you.

QUEEN. It speaks !

FROG. Of course when I am spoken to.

QUEEN. Did you come out of Æsop's Fables ?

FROG.

No !

QUEEN. Are you the frog that would a wooing go ?

FROG. Nay, I'm a lady frog, and mustn't woo,

Save in Leap Year.

QUEEN. They're all leap years with you.

Excuse me, heaven knows I've no heart for joking.

FROG. Well, though a frog, I'm not much given to
croaking,

And would assist you, as I feel your debtor.

I'm a half fairy, my name's Grenouilletta.

QUEEN. Half fairy! Well, when hope's so nearly dead,
E'en half a fairy's better than no bread.

FROG. My power has limits.

QUEEN. Like Don Ferdinando,
Perhaps you can do no more than you can do?

FROG. Exactly, but in what I can you may
Command me, for your generous act to-day.

QUEEN. Oh, then restore to my dear husband's arms
Me and my child!

FROG. I fear Leona's charms
Are yet too potent, but I'll go and find
The magic wreath, which I have left behind
In an unlucky moment, or that raven
Could not have borne me from my peaceful haven.

(Exit FROG)

Enter PRINCESS.

PRIN. Oh, mother, we are in a pretty pickle!
Our dreadful mistress would her palate tickle
With some new dish, and fancies—ope your eyes!—
Naught but a *vol au vent* of butterflies!
I am to catch 'em. Where, 'tis hard to say;
For not a butterfly e'er flew this way.
And you're to cook them, which will be still harder
To do if there be not one in the larder.

QUEEN. And if not done?

PRIN. She threatens torments fearful!
Our cup of woe, she hints, is not yet near full.

QUEEN. I've not a word left to throw at a dog,
My only hope is in my friend the frog!

PRIN. Your friend the frog! wonders will never end,
Where did you pick up such a funny friend?

QUEEN. A raven picked her up. I made him drop her.

GRENOUILLETTA *re-appears in a female form, but preserving
the colour of the frog in her dress; she has a wreath of roses
on her head.*

GRE. It was for luck you gave that bird a topper.

QUEEN. Grenouilletta!

GRE. I've my crown on now.

QUEEN. And much more like a fairy look, I vow!

GRE. Behold, I bring you what will glad your eyes,
A swarm of beautiful fat butterflies.

(*butterflies appear*)

Attracted by my wreath of magic roses,
Have hither followed their unhappy noses ;
Fling over them your veil,

(*to PRINCESS, who flings the veil over them, then places
butterflies on rocky bank*)

Now with a song,
We'll see if we can make a *vol au vent*.

CONCERTED PIECE—*To its own Air.*

Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man,
Make me a patty as fast as you can,
Make it, and bake it, and serve it up clean,
And there'll be a *vol au vent* fit for a queen.

(*during the song the PRINCESS withdraws the veil, and
the vol au vent appears on a handsome dish*)

GRE. Promises are like pie-crust, made to break,
But I to keep my promise, pie-crust make.

PRIN. A patty made in pity of our plight !

QUEEN. My heart still pit-a-patty goes with fright !

LEO. (*within*) What ho ! my slaves.

GRE. Leona comes this way !
At *hop* and hide 'twere prudent I should play. (*Exit*)

Enter LEONA.

LEO. Well ! is my dinner ready ?

QUEEN. As you wish ;
I was just going to bring up the dish.

(*takes it off bank*)

LEO. (*taking it*) As I'm a Fairy Lioness of taste,
Delicious butterflies, and fine puff paste !
And you professed you naught of cooking knew !
Why, I declare you're quite a *Cordon bleu* !
While dainties such as these you can produce,
To eat *you* I should be indeed a goose.
Its savour makes me hungry, I declare !
I'll in and take the Lioness's share.

Air—LEONA—“*O what pleasure.*”—“*Midas.*”

O what pleasure will be mine,
On this dainty dish to dine !
There's no richer pie,
Than a butterfly,
Made of *Emperors* fat and fine.

(*Exit with dish*)

QUEEN. Saved for the present—but she soon will learn,
I'm scarcely cook enough a spit to turn.

PRIN. We can't expect a frog so kind and clever,
To stay and do the cooking here for ever.

Enter GRENOUILLETTA.

GRE. No, but I'll tell you what the Frog will do,
Hop off the brave King Fulminoso to,
Whom by this time his foes have ceased besieging.

QUEEN. Would you be so excessively obbleeging ?

GRE. I will, and all your story to him tell ;
'Tis he alone, I find, can break the spell ;
If he love you enough the deed to dare.

QUEEN. If he do *not*, then I don't wish him—there !

GRE. Scratch him a line upon this leaf, to shew
(*gives leaf*)

I've your authority—your hand he'll know.

QUEEN. (*writes*) 'Tis done ! Oh ! most beneficent of Frogs
I fear upon you we're a pair of clogs.

GRE. Not in the least ; such work to me is play.
'Twill be a game of leap frog all the way.

(GRENOUILLETTA *descends through stage*)

PRIN. If she should change her mind upon the road !

QUEEN. She wouldn't be such an ungrateful toad !

Duo—PRINCESS and QUEEN—“*A frog he, would.*”

PRIN. This Frog she would the journey go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether my mother would let her or no,
With her rowley, poley,
Gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

- QUEEN. Off she set with her opera wreath,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 Which she look'd remarkably well beneath.
 With her roley, poley, &c.
- PRIN. If she finds my pa at home,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 Through fire and water to us he'll come,
 With his rowley, poley, &c.
- QUEEN. But oh, if inclined on a sovereign to sup,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 The Lioness sees him and gobbles him up!
 With his rowley, poley, &c.
- PRIN. Then there'll be an end soon to you, ma, and me.
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 And I wouldn't give much for the little Frogee,
 With her rowley, poley, &c.
- (*Exeunt*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Chamber in FULMINOSO'S Palace.*

March—Enter FULMINOSO, ESPADO, ALLEBARDO, ARQUEBUSADO, and GUARDS.

*Air—KING—“When great lords and ladies”—
 “Tom Thumb.”*

Lo, King Fulminoso,
 To strains pomposo,
 Crowned with laurels hither comes!
 'Midst triumphal marches,
 Triumphal arches,
 Bells and bonfires, guns and drums!
 Yet Fulminoso,
 Feels rather so so
 In spirits far from high,
 Like that sad person,
 Major Macpherson,

He sighs, but can't tell why!
 But what though flat
 I chance to be
 Care killed a cat,
 But shan't kill me,
 King Fulminoso
 's beat all his foes so,
 Care at Jericho he means to see.

KING. Now is the winter of our discontent,
 Made glorious summer by this great event;
 And all the clouds that lowered on our house,
 Gone to the bottom of the ocean—souse!
 But what though victory our arms have crowned,
 What though we've given our foes a drubbing sound,
 What though in triumph we have thus marched
 home,
 What though the good time coming now seems come,
 'Still there is something wanting to our joy,
 Still in our happiness is some alloy.
 What is it that so weighs upon our soul?
 Puts out our pipe, and bitter makes our bowl?
 Can any one remember any thing
 We have forgotten?

ESP. Most victorious King,
 I nothing know of consequence—unless
 The absence of the Queen and the Princess.

KING. (*starting*) Can it be? yes! no! ah! it must! how
 rum!

My wife! my daughter! why of course! "them's-um!"*
 They are the lumps of sugar that I miss,
 When to my lips I'd raise the cup of bliss!
 They are the stars I lack at close of day,
 When I would blow a cloud of cares away!
 Why haste they not to hail our glad return?

ESP. Alas! great sir, sad news have you to learn.

KING. Sad news? speak quickly! you my heart appal!

ESP. We haven't got no news of 'em at all!

* Quotation from a well-known American anecdote of a similar lapse of memory in a passenger by steamboat, who, having landed his luggage, could not recollect what other property he had left on board.

KING. No news is good news—how can that be sad,
Which, if not good, at least cannot be bad.
On with thy tale.

ESP. Alas, my tale is ended.
They went over the bridge.

KING. And the bridge bended?

ESP. No, on their journey they were safely started,
But ne'er arrived.

KING. Lost! stolen! strayed!

ESP. Departed,
If not deceased, with all the folks that followed them,
Either the wild beasts or the earth has swallowed them.

KING. Oh!

ALLE. The King swoons!

ESP. The colour flies his cheek!

ALLE. Take comfort, sir!

KING. Of comfort no man speak!

Let's talk of undertakers and their bills—
Prohibit further sale of Parr's life pills.
Let's sit upon the ground, and tell strange stories
Of ghosts and bogies, and phantasmagories—
Of kings and queens, who've been by wicked fairies,
Once on a time, played all sorts of vagaries—
Of sad princesses, left without a rag on,
To be devoured by a frightful dragon—
Of others off by fiery griffins carried
Against their wills, to dwarfs or giants married,
All wretched.

ESP. Nay, sir, some found food for laughter,
And almost all lived happy ever after.

KING. I'll hang the slave who dare my face before
Talk about being happy any more!
None in my kingdom, east, west, north or south,
Shall laugh, save on the wrong side of his mouth.
As for myself, floored by this blow so cruel,
I'll starve upon the thinnest water gruel,
Moistening with sorrow's heavy wet my clay,
Till down my dust with my own tears I lay.

Enter ANTIRUMO.

ANT. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

KING. That traitor seize for one,
And hang him instantly !

(ESPADO *seizes him*)

ANT. For what ?

KING. For fun !

 Which is a grave offence against our laws !

ANT. You won't pass sentence till you've heard the cause.
 It would have made a cat laugh, or a dog ;
 I'm bid to crave an audience for a frog !

KING. A frog !

ANT. That talks like any rhetorician,
 And comes in state upon a special mission.

KING. From whom ?

ANT. Her Majesty the Queen.

KING. She lives !

ANT. She does.

KING. New life to me that sentence gives,
And I revoke the one I passed on you.

(ESPADO *releases him*)

Admit the envoy with all honour due,
Gladly we'll hear the news this frog's to tell come,
And all the world may laugh again, and welcome !

Air—KING—" *Whipsy diddlesey.*"

We'll in state receive the Frog,
Whipsy, diddlesy, dandelin !
To hear it speak I'm all agog,
 With a harum scarum diddlecumdarum,
Whipsy, diddlesy, dandelin.

Bandy legs and yellow hose,
Whipsy, diddlesy, dandelin !
A flounder's mouth, and never a nose,
 With a harum scarum, &c.

Such a figure of fun can ne'er be meant,
Whipsy, diddlesey, dandelin !
Any monarch on earth to represent,
 With a harum scarum, &c.

And yet though at first it makes one stare.

Whipsy, diddlesy, dandelin !
To see a frog *Chargé d'Affaires*,

With a harum, scarum, &c.

The charge may be less on the public purse,

Whipsy, diddlesy, dandelin !
And affairs be devil a bit the worse,
With a harum scarum diddlecumdarum,

Whipsy, diddlesy, dandelin !

(*Exeunt KING, OFFICERS, and GUARDS, dancing*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Hall of Diana in the King's Palace—Statues of Diana and her Nymphs on pedestals.*

March—The FROG is brought on in a palanquin borne by four FROGS, and attended by other FROGS richly attired and bearing golden bulrushes—Enter KING, attended.

KING. You bring us tidings of our consort dear,
Speak, gentle Frog—for you can speak, I hear.

GRE. (*under palanquin*) First, mighty King, we pay our
reverentials,
And secondly, deliver our credentials.

(PAGE (*Frog*) hops to KING, and delivers the leaf on
which the QUEEN has written)

KING. My Dulcibella's hand ! There's no mistaking
The precious pothooks of my darling's making.

(*reads*) "Dear husband, this comes hopping"—hopping !
well,

Of course it did—"that you will break the spell.
Excuse the spelling, and all faults you've found,
As I'm in haste, and scratching underground."
How underground ? Explain this wondrous riddle !
Is not my Queen on earth ?

GRE. No, in the middle.

KING. The middle of the earth ! Who dare consign her
To such a pit ? My Queen is not a *minor*,

Whate'er my daughter is. Ah! say, my other
Darling—is she as deep as her dear mother?

GRE. Yes, they are both down in the world at present,—
A situation very far from pleasant.
The centre of the globe.

KING. In Leicester Square?*

GRE. No, the great globe itself.

KING. Frog! have a care!

Great as my wonder is at your garrulity,
If you o'erstep the bounds of my credulity,
Out of my kitchen my French cooks I'll call,
And have a fricassee made of you all!

(*music—The FROG disappears, GRENOUILLETTA
rises from palanquin*)

GRE. Indeed! how say you now? we fairy elves
Much better than French cooks can dress
ourselves!

Is this dish to your taste, or would you wish
That I, in turn, you and your Court should dish?

KING. By no means, fair and most illustrious Fairy,
In every sense—plenipotentiary,
Your Excellency none would dare to doubt.
But tell me, how am I to set about
Bringing my wife and daughter up to town?

GRE. To fetch 'em have you courage to go down?
If so, assist you in the work I can.

KING. I dare do all that may become a man—
A married man—a husband—and a father!
Who dares do more is none!

GRE. That's plucky, rather.
So take this ring.

KING. A plain one of pure gold!
With such a ring a man may make *too* bold
Who has a wife already.

GRE. Fear you not,
That will but lead you to the wife you've got.
Of wedded love the type, in a true hand,
No sorcery its magic can withstand.

* An exhibition of the terrestrial globe on an immense scale in a building specially erected for it in the centre of Leicester Square. See Mr. Buckstone's "Voyage Round the Globe" (Vol. V.)

The Queen and Princess touch with that fond token,
And the vile spell will instantly be broken.

KING. On this adventure I'm in haste to go—
Which is the road ?

GRE. Your faithful ring will shew.
(stage opens)

KING. Ha ! the earth opens at my feet !

GRE. No doubt

That's the way in.

KING. Humph ! which is the way out ?

GRE. Do you retract, upon consideration ?

KING. Not I—I merely asked for information.

GRE. Down to the centre of this earthly ball

There are ten thousand steps.

KING. I'll take them all !

GRE. A lioness will spring upon you.

KING. Let her !

GRE. She may change to a woman.

KING. All the better !

GRE. In either shape, a fury you will find her.

KING. I'll make her fancy Old Nick is behind her.

GRE. Go on and prosper then ! the spell destroy,
And e'en these statues here shall dance for joy.

KING. I'm sorry that to see them I can't stay,
But don't let that prevent you—dance away !

(music—KING descends—Stage closes over him—GRE-
NOUILLETTA touches the statues on either side of the stage
—they become animated)

BALLET.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Foot of the Giant's Staircase of Ten Thousand Steps leading to the Centre of the Earth.*

Enter LEONA.

LEO. Accursed fate ! I feel 'tis near the hour
Which tolls the knell of all my magic power.
Close on me follows the undaunted King,
Guided and guarded by his golden ring.
Against this most invulnerable *male*,
My magic arrows are of no avail.
I made a sad mistake, in bringing down
To this estate the partner of his crown.
But who could have conceived a *carasposo*,
Was to be found on earth like Fulminos ?
Since Orpheus for his wife went to the deuce,
The custom's fallen quite into dis-use ;
And if to take such journeys men are prone,
It is for other wives—and not their own.
He comes ! and makes me tremble, I confess,
Both as a lady—and a Lioness. (*retires into cavern*)

KING FULMINOSO *enters.*

KING. This way the noise was ! Monster, shew thy mug !
If thou escapest me by some humbug
My wife and daughter's ghosts will haunt me still.
Where is this Lioness that I must kill ?
She that's the beast and beauty rolled in one,
For such an one am I to fight, or none !

Enter LEONA.

LEO. Behold her ! but I will not fight with thee !

KING. Then yield ! and to that great menagerie
Which fashion flocks to in the Regent's Park,*
I'll send thee 'mongst the monsters there of mark ;

* The Zoological Gardens.

Soon to put out of joint with belles and beaux,
The hippopotamus's ugly nose.
I'll have it advertised in all the Press,
"Here may you see the Fairy Lioness!"

LEO. I will not yield to be a Sunday show
With any hippopotamus I know.
Though you have come to my hall door, vile King,
Not only with a knock, but with a ring;
Still will I try the last—lay on, you muff,
And hang me if I don't yet work your buff. (*they fight*)

Duo—KING and LEONA—"German Polka."

LEO. Strike a female unprotected,
Who such usage had expected?
See a warrior's sword directed,
'Gainst a woman in distress.

KING. To my gallantry appealing,
Let me as a man of feeling,
Beg you'll take the blows I'm dealing,
Only as a Lioness.

LEO. Ugh, you wretch, I'll scratch your eyes out!

KING. There, indeed, the woman flies out.
Come! peccavi who first cries out,
Shall be—what I won't express.
Fight or fly, one thing or t'other,
I've no time for all this pother.

LEO. You're a monster!

KING. You're another!
So have at you, sorceress.

LEO. Come to the scratch, ye monsters of the lake,
Of this foolhardy mortal mincemeat make.

Music—LEONA rushes off; various monsters issue from the cavern and attack the KING—He beats them off.

Re-enter LEONA.

LEO. His ardent spirit is all proof above!
What if assailed on the weak side of love?
I'll raise up with her never dying snakes,
The green-eyed monster jealousy—which makes

The meat she feeds on ! She shall act her part,
 And try to stab this husband to the heart ;
 If in that point invulnerable found,
 I've no hope left above, or underground.

Re-enter KING.

Besotted mortal ! why these perils dare
 For one who long hath ceased for thee to care ?
 By other homage for thy loss consoled,
 A favoured lover in her arms behold !

SCENE SECOND.—*The Rocks open, and discover a Crystal Tower, in which the QUEEN is seen embracing a young Prince.*

KING. My Dulcibella false ! I'll not believe
 My eyes, which you may by your skill deceive.
 My heart assures me she is no such thing—
 And I shall know the false coin by the ring—*(chord)*
(stretches out his hand with the ring towards the Castle, and the Prince immediately changes to the PRINCESS)

My daughter ! a fair rival ! *(rocks close)*

LEO. Fiends ! confusion !

KING. True love can not be duped by such delusion,
 Release them, sorceress, thy arts are vain,

LEO. No ! still some fragments of my power remain.

(music—The scene draws off, and discovers

SCENE THIRD.—*The Quicksilver Lake.*

LEO. Pent in that crystal castle, they shall float
 On yon quicksilver lake as in a boat.
 Thy ring must touch it, ere the crystal break. *(music)*
 Shift, silver, shift—thus I my last shift make. *(Exit)*

(music—The KING goes to rock and endeavours to touch Castle—it glides to the opposite side—KING crosses stage and tries to touch it there—it then glides back again)

Trio—KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESS—"O Pescator."

KING. Of this false lake to get the middle in,
The way to know I'd give a lot o' tin,
My brains in vain I spin,
Though a most mercurial hero,
Till the quicksilver's at zero,
I cannot go in to win.

QUEEN and PRINCESS.

We're sick of sailing this glass vessel in,
It keeps so disagreeably *wabble-ing*—
Our heads around quite spin,
Can't you find some way, O dear, O,
We feel really very queer O,
Bottled up like beer or gin!

QUEEN. Dearest of husbands! tell me how d'ye do?

KING. Not much the better, love, for seeing you
In that glass case.

PRIN. Or rather, this glass *slipper*.

KING. A cunning craft, which acts as its own skipper,

QUEEN. If, as the proverb says, all things give place
When but a single lady's in the case,
Surely politeness should as far be carried
When there are two—one single and one married.
And yet through all the pains I've had to pass,
I've found none harder than this pane of glass.

KING. It is indeed a painful exhibition
To which there is no getting an admission
At any price.

Enter DRAGON.

DRA. Come, how much would you stand,
If I should give you now a helping hand?

KING. A helping hand! why, looking at its claws
Before I take it I must beg to pause.

DRA. Well, I'll propose the terms then, if you like,
And you may or may not the bargain strike,
I'll bear you to that castle on my back;
And you shall get your friends out in a crack,

If when the spell is broken you'll give me
That ring, which then to you will useless be.

KING. I will.

DRA. Upon your honour?

KING. Shining bright.

DRA. Up with you, and sit fast!

KING. Go on, all right.

(Exeunt KING and DRAGON, and re-enter DRAGON with KING on his back, whom he swims with to the Castle—The KING touches the Castle with the ring—The Castle, lake, and mountains vanish, and the KING, QUEEN, PRINCESS, and DRAGON are left in

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Gardens of the Palace.*

KING. My wife, my life, my love, my everything!

DRA. Sorry to trouble you, but——

KING. Oh! the ring.

'Tis yours immediately—a thousand pardons.

QUEEN. *(looking about her)* Why, I declare! they're our own palace gardens.

DRA. Yes! you're at home, and I feel quite so too.

KING. We're so obliged to you, I hope you do.

QUEEN. Would you take anything to eat or drink?

DRA. Well, as you're so polite, I will, I think,

But I am rather dainty in my feeding,

QUEEN. As should become a dragon of good breeding.

KING. Whate'er I can command—flesh, fowl, or fish,

I pledge my word to gratify your wish;

So call for what you like.

PRIN. Oh! yes, pray do.

DRA. Then, Princess, shortly I will call for you.

(music—Puts ring on her finger, and exit)

PRIN. For me! what can the hideous monster mean?

KING. I've not the slightest notion, have you, Queen?

QUEEN. I have a horrid notion that the creature
Means he will either marry her or eat her.

KING and }
PRIN. } Marry!

QUEEN. That ring he's on her finger stuck.

PRIN. And I can't get it off again—worse luck.

KING. He wouldn't surely to her hand pretend!
 I've no objection to him as a friend;
 But as a son-in-law, the thing's absurd,
 Not to say monstrous.

QUEEN. Monstrous is the word!
 If he should call, we must all be denied.

PRIN. I'd rather be his bride cake than his bride.

QUEEN. He cannot have his cake and eat it too.

KING. I can't imagine he would either do.
 If he propose, he'll meet with a rebuff;
 And as to eating, that's of course all stuff.

QUEEN. What! when to grant his wish your pledge
 is fresh,

Whether it be for fish, or fowl, or *flesh!*

KING. He'd never snap at hasty words like those.

QUEEN. He'd snap at anything on earth he chose.

KING. Let's drop the subject for these subjects loyal,
 Who haste to greet their Queen, and Princess Royal.

Enter LORDS, LADIES, OFFICERS, &c., and ANTIRUMO.

ANT. Your Majesties have in most happy time
 Returned, for hither from a distant clime
 Comes an ambassador.

KING. The Frog again?

ANT. Oh! no, sire,—one of quite a different strain,
 With a proposal from Prince Nonpareil
 For the Princess Carissima.

KING. *À merveille!*
 Into our presence straight the envoy shew.

(Exit ANTIRUMO)

Proposal could not come more apropos;
 What luck! My dear, you know Prince Nonpareil.

QUEEN. By name, of course, my love, exceeding well.
 Of great King Pippin he's the eldest son;
 And of all persons, just the very one
 A parent for his daughter would pick out
 From all the heir apparents round about.

KING. *(to PRINCESS)* I hope he'll to our daughter's liking
 prove.

PRIN. "I'll look to like, if looking liking move,

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly."

KING. That girl talks like a book !

QUEEN. Beyond all praise,
One seldom hears such language now-a-days.

KING. Behold the envoy !

Enter PRINCE NONPAREIL, attended, introduced by
ANTIRUMO.

PRIN. Heavens ! what do I see ?
Prince Nonpareil himself.

What he ?

Bless me !

PRINCE. Discovered ! then away with all disguise.
Princess, a captive to those wondrous eyes,
Which have my heart and mystery pierced through,
I kneel, my own ambassador to you.

KING. A stranger thus at the first sight to guess,
The gift of second sight she must possess.

QUEEN. A clairvoyance, which makes uncommon shady
Madame Robin and the Mysterious Lady.

*Duo—*QUEEN and PRINCESS—*Ophelia's Song in*
"Hamlet."

QUEEN. O, how could you his Highness know,
From any other one ?

PRIN. By his portrait; to him, though,
They've scarcely justice done !

"To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day."

I saw it last St. Valentine's Day,
In the *Fairy Pictorial Times*,
And I thought, of all men, I should like him best,
To be my Valentine.

QUEEN. Then all your duty and your complaisance,
Was but a copy of *your* countenance.

KING. And that fine speech about your eye endarting,
Only your eye and Miss Elizabeth Martin.

PRINCE. Nay, chide her not, if you approve her choice.

QUEEN. Oh ! in your favour, sir, you've every voice.

PRINCE. Then, as a pledge of union, deign, sweet fair,
 On this white hand a union pearl to wear,
 Richer than that which ten successive kings,
 In—ha ! what have we here ? Talking of rings,
 What ring is this—so like a wedding one—
 Upon your wedding finger ?

PRIN. (*aside*) I'm undone.

KING. (*aside*) Confound the Dragon !

QUEEN. (*aside*) How can this be parried ?

PRINCE. I'm on the rack ; are you already married ?

QUEEN. No ! in the garden some one must have
 dropped it,

My daughter found, and on her finger popp'd it.

KING. Just slipped it on.

PRINCE. Then slip it off again.

PRIN. I would with pleasure, but I've tried in vain.

My finger's swollen round it, but I hope
 Before the day's out—

QUEEN. Try a little soap !

KING. If that won't do, why, we must get a file,
 And file it off. But come, in the meanwhile,
 Let us be merry. Ho, there ! music ! wine !

(*Exit ANTIRUMO*)

This very day the contract we will sign.

(KING, QUEEN, PRINCESS, and PRINCE *sit*—*Four*
 ATTENDANTS *with wine and refreshment*)

Enter ANTIRUMO.

ANT. My liege ! my liege !

KING. How now ! what means this panic ?
 Have you beheld his Majesty Satanic ?

ANT. Something that's put me in a fright as great.
 There is a giant, sir, outside the gate !

KING. With all my heart. He may remain outside.

QUEEN. Don't let him in !

ANT. I couldn't if I tried.

There is no gate which, even on all fours,
 He could creep through.

KING. And wherefore at our doors
 At such a time impertinently knocks he ?

ANT. The Princess he is come to wed by proxy.

PRIN. Wed me !

KING. By proxy !

QUEEN. (*aside*) In my shoes I shake !

PRINCE. Proxy for whom ?

ANT. The Dragon of the Lake,
Who says, if for his rib he cannot win her,
He'll come and pick her bones to-day for dinner.

QUEEN. I told you so !

PRINCE. Explain this fearful mystery.

QUEEN. Learn of this magic ring the fatal history.
To this vile Dragon 'twas a promised gift,
For having given his Majesty a lift,
When in great need of one, I'm bound to say,
But such a trick with it as this to play
Is conduct which I do consider really,
As even for a dragon much too scaly.

PRIN. I'd sooner die than form such an alliance !

PRINCE. (*to ANTIRUMO*) Fling in his teeth Prince Nonpareil's
defiance.

KING. Not so ! if fighting might the matter settle,
Of Fulminoso none can doubt the mettle.
But, oh ! I pledged my royal word to grant
Of fish, fowl, flesh, whatever he might want ;
And though not fish nor fowl, she is a specimen
Of flesh and blood that deeper makes the mess I'm in.
(*the GIANT appears over the tops of the trees*)

ALL. The Giant !

(*all exeunt in terror except the KING, QUEEN,
PRINCE, and PRINCESS*)

GIANT. Holloa, there ! it's getting late !
Pray, how much longer am I here to wait ?

QUEEN. You must excuse a little hesitation ;
Just put yourself, sir, in our situation.
How should you like to see your daughter clawed up,
By a fierce dragon, to be chained or chawed up ?

GIANT. I never had a daughter, so can't say.

KING. You have no children, butcher ! go away.

GIANT. Not till I get an answer, "yes" or "no" !
Is that young woman coming for to go ?
Or do you mean I'm to go for to come
Back with my lord, the Dragon Fee-Fo-Fum !

KING. How shall we answer ?

PRIN. Sir, let me reply.

To save your honour I'm content to die.

I am not bound to be the Dragon's wife.

Your promise gives him power but o'er my life.

Return, huge monster, to thy treacherous lord,

Say that King Fulminoso keeps his word—

That I, his daughter, scorn to make excuses,

And he may come and eat me when he chooses.

GIANT. Prepare, then, for to-night on you he'll sup.

KING. Heroic girl ! (GIANT *disappears*)

QUEEN. And she'll be gobbled up !

KING. Before our eyes !

QUEEN. And we have got no other !

KING. What a sight for a father !

QUEEN. Or a mother !

KING. Oh ! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.

PRINCE. Is there no way to save her precious life ?

QUEEN. No friend to help us ?

Music—GRENOUILLETTA rises.

GRE. Yes, one friend most true,

Though you've forgotten me, I haven't you.

QUEEN. Grenouilletta ! oh, I blush for shame.

KING. The Frog ! I feel I'm awfully to blame.

QUEEN. Deep as we are already in your debt,

Prove you forgive, although *you* don't forget.

GRE. I come to do so, for in helping you,

I helped myself more than I thought to do ;

The Fairy Lioness's spell destroyed,

I gained the power she before enjoyed.

No longer a half fairy, be it known,

I take full elfin rank in Queen Mab's own,

Vice Leona, now dismissed her service.

KING. My heart spins round like any dancing dervise.

GRE. First from this maiden's hand I pluck the ring,

(*taking it from finger of PRINCESS*)

By fraud placed there, through your rash promise, King.

Now mark my words. When strikes the witching hour

In which we fairies have the greatest power,

The Princess to the marshy valley lead,

And send the Dragon word to come and feed ;

That act performed your honour bright secures ;
If he don't eat her, that's no fault of yours.

QUEEN. If! Can there be an "if?" Oh, then, if so,
There is much virtue in an "if," we know.

GRE. Prince Nonpareil, you would her champion be ?

PRINCE. Against the world !

GRE. Then through it follow me.

Air—FAIRY—“ *Follow, follow o'er the mountain.*”

Follow, follow, of this planet
But the surface here you see ;
You will find the world more hollow
Than you'd fancy it could be !
In my subterranean lodgings,
All the depth of it you'll sound ;
And the Dragon's artful dodgings,
Deep enough be to confound.

Follow, &c.

(*Exeunt* PRINCE and GRENOUILLETTA, KING,
QUEEN, and PRINCESS *following*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The foot of the Giant's Staircase, &c. (same as First Scene of this Act)*

Enter GRENOUILLETTA and PRINCE *down staircase.*

PRINCE. Where are we ?

GRE. In the centre of the earth,
Where all its hidden wonders have their birth ;
The Fairy Lioness's ancient seat,
Now my abode.

PRINCE. No doubt a snug retreat ;
But rather dull, and if I may say, dingy.

GRE. The former occupant was quite as stingy
As she was wicked. I shall have it burnished
As bright as day—each chamber newly furnished,
And with conservatories, baths and dairies,
Make it a model lodging-house for fairies.
But to our present business. In that cupboard,
Which once belonged to Mother Bunch or Hubbard,

(I'm not quite certain which, it's so long back,
You'll find the arms with which immortal Jack,
Made shorter by so many heads the giants ;
The sword of sharpness and the cap of science,
The coat of darkness and the shoes of speed.

PRINCE. To fight the Dragon just the things I need.

(opens door and takes them out)

The shoes of swiftness to the spot will take me,
The fairy coat invisible will make me ;
So that while he can't see to take my measure,
I'll poke him up and cut him down at pleasure.

GRE. Also a phial, which contains a juice,
That can a transformation strange produce.

PRINCE. 'Tis here. But who the change must undergo ?

GRE. Put on your cap of knowledge, and you'll know.

PRINCE. *(putting on cap)* Ha, bless me, why this Dragon,
Fee-Fo-Fum,

Is——

GRE. Not a word at present.

PRINCE. Ma'am, I'm mum !

For I perceive why, though a potent elf,
You couldn't settle this affair yourself.

GRE. It was impossible.

PRINCE. Of course, because——

GRE. Hush ! till in death you've locked the Dragon's jaws.

Then to the public you may give the key
Of this impenetrable mystery.

*Duo—FAIRY and PRINCE NONPAREIL.—“What fairy-like
music.”*

FAIRY. In fairy-like fashion I've armed you to be
The champion of her you would die to set free ;
Away to her rescue—the foul Dragon flog,
With a hop, skip, and jump, in three leaps of a frog

PRINCE. A fairy like you sick of flattery must be,
And need no fine speeches from mortals like me ;
Think I've said all I should say, and hence let us
jog,
For I can't stoop to toady a fairy or frog.

*(Exeunt GRENOUILLETTA and PRINCE NONPAREIL opposite
sides)*

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Marsh—Stump of Tree in centre—*
Enter Two OFFICERS, GUARDS, PRINCESS, KING, QUEEN,
and ATTENDANTS, &c.

QUEEN. This is the spot, the middle of the marsh,
 Here stands the stump to which, by sentence harsh,
 In honour we are bound this lamb to bind,
 Poor, poor lost mutton!

PRIN. Mother, I don't mind.

I am prepared the heroine to play;
 Remember Perseus and Andromeda ;
 Or the fair Sabra and St. George ! indeed
 'Tis plain, for aught that I could ever read,
 Could e'er by tale or history discover,
 The course a dragon never yet walked over,
 To walk off with the stake of a princess,
 But either he got into some great mess,
 Or else was stuck through body, bones and gristle,
 Or else his head cut off, clean as a whistle ;
 Or if there was one thing on earth that nettled him,
 More than another—it turned up and settled him.

KING. She is as wise as brave, she's given us hope enough
 To hang the Dragon, let us give her rope enough.

(they bind her to the stake)

Where shall we stand the dread result to note ?

QUEEN. " Upon a mountain's top, the most remote
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod—"

KING. *(aside)* To tread what's inaccessible is odd.

QUEEN. We'll stand to see what fortune out will shell,
 And so one last embrace—and then, farewell.

Concerted Piece—KING, QUEEN, PRINCESS, and COURT—
" French Air."

KING. Yes, farewell, for we must go.

ALL. Oh !

KING. Say good-bye to your papa !

ALL. Ah !

QUEEN. And to fill the cup of woe—

ALL. Oh !

QUEEN. Bid adieu to your mamma.

ALL. Ah !

KING. Should the Dragon win the day !
 ALL. Eh !
 KING. And you down his gullet go,
 ALL. Oh !
 KING. Dearest child, I hope you may——
 ALL. Eh !
 KING. Choke him, ere you get too low,
 ALL. Oh !

(*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and COURT*)

PRIN. They've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly ;
 The Dragon can though, and will soon be nigh ;
 But in the Frog I trust, as heretofore ;
 My Nonpareil is sound, too, to the core.
 Both at their post will be in time, I know,
 And with two such good heartstrings to my bow,
 I fear no more this Dragon than the people
 In Cheapside fear the one on Bow Church steeple !
 Methought I heard a noise—perhaps the Frog
 Is here already at her post, *incog.*

Scena—PRINCESS—“ *She wore a wreath of roses.*”

She wore a wreath of roses
 My sight when first she met ;
 A face so sweetly smiling
 No frog had ever yet.
 She said with much politeness
 And in the softest tone,
 That she'd return with grateful heart
 The kindness to her shown.
 Well, this is just the moment,
 I wish I could see her now,
 With that wreath of magic roses
 Upon her fairy brow.

“ *Zampa.*”

But let that still,
 Be as it will,
 My Nonpareil will guard from ill
 His Princess dear,
 So naught I fear,
 But thus the Dragon dare !

"Cymon."

Come on, come on, I dare you to come on!
I dare you! I dare you! I dare you to come on!

Enter DRAGON.

DRA. Oh! you do, do you?

PRIN.

Ah! (*screaming*)

DRA.

Then why these cries?

PRIN. Nay, if you take a body by surprise.

DRA. I take a body any way or how,

When I'm as hungry as I am just now.

So down the red lane, as the children say,

You go directly.

PRIN.

Help, Frog, while you may!

Music—PRINCE NONPAREIL, *wearing the invisible coat, and bearing the sword of sharpness, enters, and catches hold of DRAGON'S tail.*

DRA. Furies and fire, who's pulling at my tail?

PRINCE. If you desire to know, Prince Nonpareil.

PRIN. It is his voice, but I can't get a sight of him.

DRA. No more can I, or I'd make but one bite of him.

PRINCE. But you shall feel me. There, and there, and there.

(*cutting and stabbing him*)

DRA. Oh, I'm an undone Dragon. Mercy! spare

My life, and take my money.

PRINCE.

Monster, no!

Go where all wicked dragons ought to go.

(*the DRAGON falls and dies—The PRINCE flings off his coat, and appears to the PRINCESS, whom he releases*)

Victoria! my love again is free.

PRIN. Victorious, my love again I see!

Enter KING and QUEEN.

KING. Hurrah! hurrah! you polished him off neatly.

QUEEN. Never was dragon cut up more completely.

KING. You've pierced his waterproof great-coat of scale through,

And made a hole that you might drive the mail through.

PRINCE. Ah, I forgot, I've not done with him yet,
There is a *male* out through that hole to let.

PRIN. What marvel next?

PRINCE. Come forth, thou magic phial,
Thus of thy potent charm I make one trial.

(*sprinkles the contents on the body of DRAGON, and
PRINCE LIZARDO rises out of it*)

LIZ. And, to my great relief I'm free to say.

QUEEN. A handsome youth! where did you spring from,
pray?

LIZ. Out of that Dragon's hide, wherein I led
A horrid life for one well born and bred,
Compelled, to serve a wicked Fairy's ends,
To live—I blush to say—upon my friends.
Restored to habits now that more befit me,
I mean to live *for* them—if they permit me.

PRINCE. Although prepared, of course, for this event,
It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before us.

Enter GRENOUILLETTA.

GRE. I've no doubt
But the whole secret now may be let out.
This is the Prince LizarDO, who, one day,
Fell in the Fairy Lioness's way;
And, for he wouldn't doat the cruel hag on,
She turned him into that detested Dragon!

KING. Ah! I suspect—Prince! you're a lucky dog!
To you our friend is not cold as a Frog!

GRE. Well, I confess, sir—spare a fairy's blushes—
Here, as the Emperor of all the Rushes,
I hope to crown him.

Scene changes to

LAST SCENE.—*Nuptial Bower of the QUEEN OF THE
FROGS.*

PRIN. See! where from them springs
A fairy palace!

KING. With two dragon wings.

GRE. Enter in triumph!

- QUEEN. Softly there, my friend !
That must on other sovereign powers depend.
- KING. For such a plunge this pit may be too deep,
A frog like you should look before you leap.
- QUEEN. (*to audience*) "Do as you would be done by," is
a rule
As golden as was ever taught at school.
- KING. Let the Frog save us, as we tried to save her.
- QUEEN. By jumping here, at once, into your favour.

FINALE—" *Green grow the rushes, O.*"

- PRIN. Remove our cares with kindly hand,
And view whatever passes O,
In this our mimic fairy-land,
But through good-nature's glasses O.
Come here in masses O,
Patrons of all classes O ;
And fill our rows to overflows,
With merry lads and lasses O.
- QUEEN. When all the world shall crowding be,
The monster Exhibition O,
Form Monster Meetings here to see
Our Monsters in addition O !
French, Yankee, Russian O,
Swiss, Dutch, and Prussian O,
Come fill our rows to overflows,
And never mind the crushing O.
- KING. Let no stern critics us poor frogs
Come, like King Stork, to diddle O ;
Be nice, good-natured, dear King Logs,
And play "frog in the middle" O !
Ri tol de riddle O,
We'll sing, and dance, and fiddle O ;
Come fill our rows to overflows,
All round and down the middle O.

CURTAIN.

THE

PRINCE OF HAPPY LAND;

OR,

THE FAWN IN THE FOREST.

A Fairy Extravaganza,

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Friday,
December 26th, 1851.

THE PRINCE OF HAPPY LAND;

OR,

THE FAWN IN THE FOREST.

“*La Biche au Bois*” was one of the “Contes des Fées” of the Comtesse D’Aulnoy, which was unknown in the nursery and had, I believe, escaped the notice of English dramatists when selected by me as the subject for the Christmas Extravaganza, in the “Great Exhibition year,” 1851, to the memorable feature of which many allusions will be found throughout the piece, too obvious to require explanation at the present day. The story of *La Biche au Bois* had been utilised in France previous to the production of the elaborate spectacle, so called, at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, in 1865 (a *réchauffé*, I think, of the earlier drama), but I paid a short visit to the French capital in the autumn of that year, and naturally hastened to see a piece which was universally reported to be one of the greatest successes that had ever been known in that class of entertainment. I was not merely disappointed but disgusted. To me the glittering, *gallimaufry* in which all the ingenuity and beauty of the original fairy tale was lost and destroyed was, as I have elsewhere recorded,* one of the dullest and most indecent exhibitions I ever witnessed. The charming story of which it professed to be a dramatisation was scarcely recognisable. The Kingdom of Fishes, and other scenes clumsily foisted into the piece from other spectacles had nothing to do with the plot, and

* “Recollections,” Vol. II.

ludicrous as I admit was the ogling of the amorous dolphin and picturesque as was the appearance of the all but stark naked Princess of Ethiopia, it was melancholy to contrast the dreary, stupid production with the bright, sparkling, epigrammatic *Féerie Folie*, "Riquet à la Houpe," which had fascinated me on the same boards in 1821, and originated the series of Fairy Extravanzas contained in these volumes. "Why," I have asked, "cannot the reckless concoctors of these undramatic conglomerations invent titles for them unassociated with the delightful tales of which they disdain to follow the plots, and ruthlessly destroy the point and interest—nay, worse, substitute for the playful wit, the subtle satire, and moral lessons of the originals, insane buffoonery and gross indecency? Is it too much to connect the low tone of taste and morals of a public that can patronise such frivolous and meretricious exhibitions with the decadence of national grandeur and the general disorganisation of society?" It was some consolation to me to find that there was nothing in this French *per*-version of *La Biche au Bois* that I would have condescended to introduce in my "Prince of Happy Land," not even in the way of spectacle, and I confess I felt prouder of my own conscientiously-constructed and carefully-written piece, which I have always regarded as one of the best of my Fairy Extravanzas. It ran seventy-nine nights. Two other versions of the story have been produced in London—one at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1845, by Mr. J. Maddison Morton, called "The Princess who was Changed into a Deer," and the second on Easter Monday, 1868, at the Holborn Theatre (now the Duke's), by Mr. F. C. Burnand, called "The White Fawn."

In the cast of "The Prince of Happy Land" will be found the names of Mr. Basil Baker and Miss Lanza, additions to the Lyceum company—the young lady an accomplished vocalist, daughter of Signor Lanza.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FELIX (Prince of Happy Land)	MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE
THE GRAND DUKE OF VERT AND VENISON ...	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS
COUNT KLEVER (Ambassador from Prince Felix to the Court of the Grand Duke)	MR. BASIL BAKER
THE CHEVALIER COULEUR DE ROSE (Minister of the Interior)	MR. H. BUTLER
SIGNOR PROSPERO (Minister for Foreign Affairs)	MR. VERNON
TAN-TEE-VEE (Chief of the Tribe of Tal-hee-ho)	MR. H. HORNCastle
STAFFHOLD (Usher to the Grand Duke) ...	MR. SUTER
PAGE	MR. HENRY
SAMBO	MR. MORRIS
PRINCESS DESIDERATA	MISS LANZA
FLORETTA (in waiting on the Princess) ...	MADAME VESTRIS
THE GRAND DUCHESS	MISS ELLIS
NIGRETTA (Princess of Ethiopia)	MISS GROVE
ROSE DE MAI	MISS ROSINA WRIGHT
THE FAIRY PINE-APPLE... ..	MISS MARTINDALE
THE FAIRY CARABOSSA	MRS. FOOTE

The Overture and Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Dances and Action by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Dresses by Mr. Smithyes, &c.

The Appointments by Mr. E. Bradwell. The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

ACT FIRST.

GROTTO AND FOUNTAIN.

Point-Lace Chamber in the Tower of Tapers.

PROSPECT OF HAPPY LAND (from Sans-Souci).

BLACK GANG CHINE,

Introducing the Serenaders of the Princess of Ethiopia.

PEERLESS POOL AND PLEASURE GARDENS,

With a Grand Gathering of the Fairies for the Fruit and Flower Show,

MISS ROSINA WRIGHT.

Assisted by Mesdames Mars, Wadham, Hodson, Watson, Wiltshire, Barnett, Van Holland, Ford, C. Ford, Maile, Hunt, Webber, Cutmore, Graham, Smith, and Barnes.

ACT SECOND.

A View (Hollow) in Hi-Ho-Che-Vee

(The Retreat of the Fawn).

INTERIOR OF HUNTING LODGE OF THE GRAND DUKE.

A MERRY GREEN WOOD.

THE FAWN IN THE FOREST.

*OROV A DEEPER PART OF THE WOOD (And of the Story).**Golden Pinery and Splendid (Dessert) Service rendered
by the Fairy Pine-Apple to the*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF HAPPY LAND.

THE PRINCE OF HAPPY LAND ;

OR,

THE FAWN IN THE FOREST.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Grotto and Fountain (Moonlight).*

*Enter NIGRETTA (Princess of Ethiopia), in a Chariot drawn
by four Ostriches.*

NIG. (*descending from chariot and advancing to fountain*)

Great Carabossa ! mightiest of fairies,
If as the story goes, your lodging there is,
And by good fortune you should be at home,
Rise at my call, for I have hither come
Fast as four spanking ostriches can lay
Their legs to ground, full gallop all the way,
To crave, dear godmother, your prompt assistance.
Oh, let me not in vain drive such a distance !
Listen to thy unhappy godchild's voice,
If in fresh water you would still rejoice,
For the salt tears from these sad eyes now flowing
Will turn to brine the sweetest fountain going.

*Music—A large Crab rises out of the water, it opens
and discovers FAIRY CARABOSSA.*

CARA. Behold me in obedience to your wishes.
What, in the name of all the little fishes,
Can be the matter, child? Good lack, good lack !
Since you were born you never looked so black !

NIG. I have no doubt—and you will say no wonder,
When you have heard—that I look black as thunder.

If you can't help me, poison or a cloister !
 I'm crossed in love worse than was ever oyster !
 You know young Felix, Prince of Happy Land,
 Sent an ambassador to crave my hand ;
 All but concluded the negotiation——

CARA. Of course the match had my full approbation.

NIG. 'Tis broken off.

CARA. And what the cause assigned ?

NIG. Merely the gentleman has changed his mind.

CARA. And nothing more ?

NIG. Not one word good or bad ;

Oh ! isn't it enough to drive one mad ?

CARA. Odd's fish ! I'll soon the reason ferret out,

There is a rival in the case no doubt.

NIG. A rival ! Deadly nightshade !

CARA. Patience, daughter !

In the pure crystal of this magic water

We shall see what we shall see.

Music—The form of the PRINCESS DESIDERATA becomes visible in the fountain.

NIG. Ha ! behold her !

I'll be revenged before I'm a week older.

CARA. You shall, for she's the child of one I hate ;

Her mother slighted me, the base ingrate !

I had almost forgotten the vile thing,

But this new injury revives the sting.

For twenty years my spell has o'er her been,

Another week the end of it had seen ;

But since she has to you brought shame and sorrow,

I'll pay off my old score with yours to-morrow.

NIG. By death, with tortures ?

CARA. No, by life with greater

Than you can dream of.

NIG. And that faithless traitor,

Prince Felix, shall not he be punished too ?

CARA. He shall, my child—I'll make him marry you.

NIG. I ask no more—just let me be his wife,

And he shall suffer for it all his life.

Music—The fountain disappears with the FAIRY CARA-BOSSA—NIGRETTA enters her chariot, and the scene gradually changes to

SCENE SECOND.—*Point-Lace Chamber, Boudoir of the PRINCESS DESIDERATA, in the Tower of Tapers.*

PRINCESS DESIDERATA *is discovered asleep on a couch or ottoman.*

Enter FLORETTA.

AIR—" *Io te voglio.*"

Once on a time ('tis always so
The charming fairy tales begin)
People of all sorts pined, you know,
Towers and dungeons in.
For monarchs in that by-gone age—
I beg you will remark—
Consider'd 'twas a maxim sage,
To keep folks in the dark.

Once on a time—is long ago—
And soon I hope they'll change their plan,
And upon every subject throw
As much light as they can.
Indeed I'm told a Royal Pair
With policy more sound,
A palace built of crystal fair
To let in light all round.

FLOR. Where is the Princess? Still asleep, I vow,
Fast as a church! (*approaching her*) No, as a top just
now;

For turning round and round she seems to keep,
The only way in which tops ever sleep.

DESI. (*in her sleep*) Help! help!

FLOR. She's talking in her sleep, she's got
The night-mare.

DESI. (*starting up and running to FLORETTA*) Save me!

FLOR. Save you, ma'am, from what?

DESI. Where am I?

FLOR. Don't you know, ma'am? look around,
In your own tower, five stories under ground,
Where you've been twenty years, all but a week.

DESI. I tremble so, I scarce can stand or speak.

FLOR. You have been dreaming something very
frightful.

DESI. Yes—no—part of my dream was quite
delightful.

FLOR. Oh, tell me all about it, madam, pray.

DESI. Oppressed with slumber as I yonder lay,
I dreamt——

FLOR. Well?

DESI. That I dwelt——

FLOR. “In marble halls”?

DESI. Exactly, but with windows in the walls,
Through which I, for the first time since my birth,
Saw the bright sun, blue sky and flower gemm'd earth.
Entranced I gazed upon the lovely scene,
When suddenly, a youth of noble mien,
In rich attire knelt at my feet—oh, dear!
How I did jump——

FLOR. For joy!

DESI. No, no, for fear.
My hand he seized, which both his own he prest in.

FLOR. Go on, the story's vastly interesting.

DESI. And covered it with kisses—you will say,
Perhaps I should have drawn my hand away;
But he so took me by surprise I couldn't
Move hand or foot.

FLOR. I couldn't! wouldn't! shouldn't!
Well then, what then?

DESI. Why then, in accents sweet,
He said——

FLOR. What?

DESI. What I ought not to repeat.

FLOR. Then of all things, that's what I long to learn.

DESI. He loved me, and if I did not return
His passion, die at once he'd only got to.

FLOR. Poor dear young man, of course you told him not to,
Or words to that effect?

DESI. I hardly know——

For really ere I'd time to tell him so,
A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,
The sun's bright face did like a nigger's seem.
My love was gone, and where he knelt I saw
A monstrous crab, that held me with one claw;

And raised the other to, what I suppose,
The horrid creature might have called its nose ;
But more I know not, for with terror frantic,
I shrieked and woke.

FLOR. How awfully romantic !
One question in my mind becomes the upper,
You're sure you didn't eat some crab for supper ?

DESI. Certain.

FLOR. Then there's no doubt of what it means—
In one week you will be out of your teens,
And of the Fairy Carabossa's power,
To foil whose malice, you have in this tower
Lived twenty years by candlelight—you know
That dreams by their contraries always go !
So yours reversing, I at once discover,
The monster crab will give place to the lover,
And on the day that ends her wicked charms,
You will slip through her claws, into his arms.

DESI. For this good fortune, so acutely told——

FLOR. You'll cross my hand with silver ?

DESI. No, with gold.

Accept this ring, the gift in earlier days
Of one of my eleven friendly fays ;
There is a certain virtue in't, but what,
I am ashamed to say I've quite forgot.
You'll find it out, no doubt, as you're so clever.

FLOR. At least, I'll keep it for your sake for ever.

Air—PRINCESS—“ *Thou art gone from my gaze.*”

He is gone from my gaze, whom I saw in my dream,
But to see him quite plain still in fancy I seem ;
I can't breathe his dear name, if upon him I'd call,
For I don't recollect to have heard it at all.
At the moment I might—but I thought, I confess,
More of his addresses than of his address ;
But there's one thing that's clear, that who'er he may be,
If he's spirit he'll love and wed no one but me.

Of this under-ground bower soon my leave I shall take,
How I long for the hour, sweet youth, for thy sake !

The deep plots and dark wiles, Love will foil, of the
 Crab,
 Who extends her vile claws, you and I, dear, to grab.
 Thou art gone from my gaze, but I will not complain,
 Ere long we shall meet, to part never again :
 Of no rival have fear, for whoe'er he may be,
 I've the spirit to love and wed no one but thee !

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess.

Enter GRAND DUKE and GRAND DUCHESS.

DESI. Father ! Mother !
 DUCH. Our only joy !
 DUKE. For we have got no other.
 DUCH. We've come ourselves to tell you the great
 news.
 DUKE. Out of ten sovereigns, daughter, you may
 choose
 A crown.
 DESI. Ten !
 DUCH. Ten ambassadors are here,
 Each with proposals for your hand, my dear.
 DUKE. Your choice, you know, on one alone must fall—
 You are aware you cannot marry all.
 DESI. Perfectly, sir, nor am I bound to choose
 One of the ten, I hope.
 DUCH. You'd not refuse
 Ten sovereigns in succession ?
 DESI. Yes, indeed,
 If they're bad sovereigns, madam.
 DUCH. Bad ones ! Read,
 Grand Duke, the list of their illustrious names,
 Sent in with all their portraits.
 DUKE. In such frames !—
 It is impossible to find ten finer !
 (*producing list*)
 First here's the Emperor of Chelsea China.
 DESI. A china husband !
 FLOR. Off with him I'd break.

- DUKE. The King of Chess !
 DESI. A king one cannot take.
 DUKE. The Doge of Tennis !
 FLOR. A sly doge, no doubt.
 DESI. And much too prone to *racket*, sir, about.
 DUKE. The Dey of All-Jeers !
 DESI. Hey-day, that's all joke.
 DUKE. The Sultan Meer-schaum !
 FLOR. Meer-shams end in smoke.
 DUKE. The Rajah Ram Jam Juggle Jib-a-hoy !
 DESI. The name's enough——
 FLOR. I wish *his* lady joy !
 DUKE. Ali Kampain, the Shah of——
 DESI. Pshaw ! pooh ! pooh !
 DUKE. The Khan of Cream o' Tartar !
 FLOR. Cannot do.
 DUKE. The Prince of Orange Marmalade !
 DESI. Too sweet.
 DUKE. The Duke of Mangel Wurzel !
 FLOR. Must be *Beet*.
 DESI. No more, I pray.
 DUKE. There are no more, and so
 I grant your prayer.
 DESI. Then tell 'em all to go.
 DUCH. Good gracious ! they'll be dreadfully enraged.
 DESI. Say that I'm flattered, but that I'm engaged.
 DUKE. Engaged !
 DUCH. To whom ?
 DESI. What can that signify ?
 'Tis a state secret—they'll know by-and-bye !
 In the meanwhile, a husband may be found.
 DUKE. To think that girl's been brought up under
 ground !
 As much diplomacy the child displays,
 As if she'd been in office all her days !
 DUCH. Where could she get her wit from ?
 DUKE. Not from me,
 I'm too much occupied with her to be.
 DUCH. The gift of some good fairies, I'll be sworn,
 Who have protected her since she was born.
 DUKE. It must be so, to use the words of Cato,
 When he agreed upon some point with Plato.

Enter STAFFHOLD.

STAFF. Another embassy is at the gate,
The envoy in a most excited state,
Craves an immediate audience in the name
Of Felix, Prince of Happy Land, whose fame
Has wafted been from Indus to the Pole.

DESI. Felix!

STAFF. His life's in danger!

DUKE. Bless my soul!

STAFF. A dream of the Princess Desiderata
Has moved him so he don't know what he's a'ter;
His state the Court physician's skill defies,
If the Princess refuses him, he dies!

DESI. A dream! and dying too for love of me!

FLOR. A strange coincidence there seems to be.

DESI. And Felix! I could almost vow I heard
That name too in my dream!

FLOR. Upon your word?

DUCH. What answer can we make in this sad case?

DUKE. That we would *not* die were we in his place.

FLOR. Pray is the Prince's portrait here on view?

STAFF. As large as life, and quite as natural too.

DUKE. A speaking likeness, eh?

STAFF. You'll think me weak, sir,
But sure as I'm alive I heard it speak, sir.

DUKE. What! with a voice?

STAFF. Sir, just as plain—in short,
Plainer than you hear people speak at Court.

DUKE. What did it say?

STAFF. Why, as they turn'd the stair,
It called out, "This side upwards, glass, with care."
The porters staggered, turned as pale as ashes,
And nearly dropp'd and broke it all to smashes.

DUKE. At such a picture we must have a peep.

FLOR. (*to PRINCESS*) If he's the young man you saw in your
sleep,

You'd know the face again?

DESI. Amongst a million!

DUKE. (*to STAFFHOLD*) Usher the envoy into the pavilion,
And bring the picture hither, that we may
Hear from its own lips what it has to say.

(*Exit STAFFHOLD*)

(*aside to each
other*)

Air—ENSEMBLE—“Jetty Treffz Quadrille.”

In Trafalgar Square
How we all should stare,
If the portraits there
Spoke like that we've sent for.*

FLOR. Many there are in the richest frames
Should have the power to tell their names ;
For so completely they're in-cog,
You can't believe the catalogue ;
Could they silence break,
For politeness sake,
We their words must take.
As to who they're meant for.

The picture is brought on and placed in the centre of the stage—The ATTENDANTS draw the curtains and discover the portrait of PRINCE FELIX, full length and size of life.

DESI. (*starting, and aside to FLORETTA*) 'Tis he, Floretta—
like as it can be !

FLOR. A prettier fellow I ne'er wish to see.

DUCH. Towards our daughter it turns both its eyes.

DUKE. It opes its mouth !

PORTRAIT. (*to PRINCESS*) Love Felix, or he dies !

DUKE. It spoke—I heard it speak with my own ears !

DESI. The same sweet voice !

FLOR. Its eyes seem full of tears !

Say something kind to it, for pity's sake ;
It sighs as if its very frame would break !

DESI. (*to PORTRAIT*) New life to Felix if her love can give,
Desiderata bids her Felix live.

FLOR. Look, look, what rapture now in every feature !

It understands you like a living creature.

PORTRAIT. (*to PRINCESS*) Sweet Princess, Felix lives for
you alone !

FLOR. Shew me a painting equals that for *tone*.

DESI. There's not an artist in the whole profession
Could shew one to surpass it in *expression*.

* “The Royal Academy” had removed there from Somerset House.

- DUKE. I do remember a wax doll I saw,
That mov'd its eyes, and said, "Pa-pa, Ma-ma."
DUCH. But this *chef d'œuvre* hears as well as talks!
FLOR. It beats all heads in crayons, ma'am, by *chalks*.
DUCH. (to PRINCESS) But do you really mean, child, what
you've said?
DUKE. Aye, have you made your mind up on this *head*?
DESI. Sir, in this portrait I the features trace
Of him I love.
DUKE. She says it to his *face*!
DESI. And whom I'll marry, if you've no objection.
DUKE. Marry, not I—we sanction your selection.
FLOR. (to PRINCESS) If the Prince only with the painter
vies,
In Love's *Heart Union* you've drawn the great prize.

Trio—PRINCESS, PRINCE, and FLORETTA—*Air*,
"Sally Snow."

- DESI. My poor heart's in such a pother,
I feel—I can't tell how—
PORTRAIT. I ne'er shall love another!
FLOR. Oh, of course he'll say so now!
ALL. Then farewell—farewell,
Farewell, till off we go:
Pray take care of yourself, my dear,
For the sake of self & Co!

DUCH. Where is the envoy?—There's no time to lose;
The Prince may die before he hears the news.

DESI. Oh, see him then, dear sir, without delay.

DUKE. Beg the Ambassador to walk this way.

(Exit STAFFHOLD)

Ensemble—AIR—"March of all Nations."

The Sovereign grand
Of Happy Land
His royal hand
Hath sent to proffer;
'Twouldn't do
For me or you
To say pooh-pooh
To such an offer!

Hark to the sound of trumpets and of drums !
 With us to treat a noble envoy comes ;
 With every honour let him welcomed be.
 Who comes to *treat* we're always glad to see !

The Sovereign grand, &c.

Enter AMBASSADOR *and* STAFFHOLD, *followed by* GUARDS.

DUKE. Your Excellency's welcome to our Court !

AMB. Sir, the illustrious line of——

DUKE. Cut it short.

AMB. Cut short the line of——

DUKE. No, but the address,

And come to business in two words or less.

AMB. In two words, then, the Prince——

DUKE. To cut it shorter,

Has popped out of his picture for our daughter,
 And been accepted.—You've our leave to go
 Back to your master, and inform him so.

AMB. Such prompt proceedings take my breath away !

DUKE. What matters if you've nothing more to say ?

FLOR. (*aside*) If all who for dispatch of business meet

Would do more and talk less, 'twould be a treat.

AMB. Sir, I rejoice, for the affair cries speed,

And you have made short work of it indeed.

Unparallel'd in contracts of this sort !

DUKE. What is *contracting*, pray, but making short ?

AMB. It glads me, sir, to hear this definition,

Because the other portion of my mission,

Might otherwise precipitate appear.

DUKE. Out with it.

AMB. Briefly, sir, by proxy here,

Her Highness without loss of time to marry,

And home to her impatient husband carry.

DUKE. By all means, this day week she shall depart.

AMB. Alas ! ere this day week, I fear his heart

Would cease to beat, so desperate his state——

A day, an hour, may seal my master's fate !

For the Princess incessantly he raves,

And neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor shaves.

DUCH. How touching !

DUKE. How unpleasant.

- FLOR. And how lazy.
 DESI. A poor young man for me gone downright crazy !
 AMB. Not many days to live the doctor gave him.
 FLOR. What can be done to *shave*—I mean to save him !
 DUKE. I'm positively puzzled how to act :—
 You're not aware of an important fact ;
 A spell upon my daughter has been cast,
 By an old crabbed fairy, which will last
 Till she is twenty. Seven more suns must rise
 E'er without danger one may meet her eyes ;
 If e'er that day the light of day she see,
 That very instant there's an end of *she* !
 AMB. Permit me to inquire what sort of end ?
 DUKE. Oh, something horrible, you may depend.
 But as exactly what I never knew,
 You will perhaps excuse my telling you.
 AMB. Under such circumstances, sir, to press you,
 Would be indelicate—I'll not distress you ;
 But with your leave, make one short observation.
 I had of this some previous intimation,
 And come prepared to meet the exigence ;
 We have had made, regardless of expense,
 A snug close carriage, which has not a chink,
 Through which "the garish eye of day" could wink,
 And I engage thus, safely under cover,
 To post her Serene Highness to her lover.

Air—AMBASSADOR—" *The Low Back'd Car.*"

When first I heard her Highness
 Shrunk from the light of day,
 I knew a glass coach wouldn't do,
 Nor yet a one horse shay.
 A very handsome cab I built,
 With doors and blinds so tight,
 Out of it she cannot be spilt,
 Nor in it take a sight.
 As she sits in that handsome cab
 She may laugh at that sour old crab
 For by day and by night
 'Twill be "Go on, all right,"
 While she sits in that handsome cab !

DUKE. Astonishing !

DUCH. A most ingenious plan !

FLO. (*to* AMBASSADOR) Sir, you are not an ordinary man !

AMB. Madam, I can but say, no more are you.

DUKE. The difficulty this quite pulls us through.

FLO. Removes it and the Princess both together !

DESI. My heart you've made as light, sir, as a feather !

DUKE. (*to* PRINCESS) By proxy you shall instantly be married,

And after sunset off in safety carried,
To the grand terminus of all your pain
Speed in his Excellency's special train.

AMB. A telegraphic message I'll dispatch,
To say you have consented to the match.

DUKE. Do so ; perhaps a shock of electricity,
May very much conduce to his felicity !

FLO. At all events I'll hazard this remark.

Would for me too it might produce a *spark*.

ENSEMBLE.

Air—ALL—“ *Agnes Polka*.”

Marry $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{me} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$, carry $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{me} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ off without delay, sir,

Only mark, in the dark keep $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{me} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ all the way, sir ;

Verily, verily, shall I dance the day, sir,

She may see the day begin.

AMB. In the dark to keep her quite,
Is a task by no means light ;
I must keep a look-out bright,
That no spark look in.

Marry her, &c.

(*Exeunt* GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS, PRINCES, followed by FLORETTA, AMBASSADOR, LADIES, and GUARDS.)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Glimpse of Happy Land, from the Palace of Sans-Souci.*

Enter COULEUR DE ROSE *and* PROSPERO.

PROS. The Prince recovered !

C. DE ROSE. Quite as well as you,

Or I.

PROS. Ecstatic tidings, if they're true.

C. DE ROSE. Of that there cannot be the slightest doubt,
Here's the official bulletin just out ;
(*reading*) " Prince Felix woke after a good night's rest,
Rang for hot water, rose, and shaved, and drest ;
And to his page with feeling said, ' Your hand, boy,
I am all right and jolly as a sand boy.'
No further bulletin will issued be,—
Signed, Esculapius Homeopath, M.D."

PROS. What can have worked so wonderful a cure ?

C. DE ROSE. Not the physician, that you may be sure.
A message came last night by telegraph,
Which made him better, by a better half ;
And thus the only and uncommon sadness
In Happy Land is changed to common gladness.

PROS. Common, indeed. We're all, 'tis but too true,
So happy that we don't know what to do !

Some crisis must be near. (*trumpet without*)

C. DE ROSE. The Prince behold,
Looking once more fresh as a four-year-old.

Enter PRINCE FELIX, *followed by four* PAGES.

PROS. Long live Prince Felix !

C. DE ROSE. Best of princes living !

PRINCE. Friends, give me joy.

C. DE ROSE. 'Tis hardly worth the giving ;
Every one has it, sir, in your dominions,
Where all your subjects hold the same opinions ;
A land of corn and wine, oil, milk and honey,
Where all is done for love and naught for money.
We hardly know whether your restoration,
Is to yourself cause of congratulation ;
For surfeited with bliss, the taste of grief
We fancied must be almost a relief.

PRINCE. You're right; at first I quite enjoyed each throe,
And revelled in the luxury of woe !
But after all, I can't say it's unpleasant,
To feel as jolly as I do at present ;
With the sweet prospect of a lovely wife
To share my careless throne and cloudless life,
Amidst a happy people who adore me,
And ministers who never cross or bore me.

C. DE ROSE. Sir, we regret to draw your grave attention
To the effect of what you're pleased to mention.
The people are with joy almost delirious,
Their gaiety is really getting serious ;
And it becomes our duty to point out
The evil lurking so much good about.
The Treasury is over stock'd with treasure,
The Bank is crammed with bullion beyond measure ;
Funds have gone up so desperately high,
None can sell out, because none in can buy !
Shares of all sorts are paying Cents per cent.,
There's scarce a landlord will receive his rent ;
Our tradesmen smiling give their goods away,
And think no sacrifice too great to-day.
Our manufacturers are in such feather !
They talk of leaving business altogether !
Fortunes are made too rapidly by farming !
We are so prosperous, it's quite alarming !

PROS. And while at home, our bliss is so abounding,
Foreign affairs are equally astounding !
Throughout the Fairy World, from ev'ry power,
Friendly assurances arrive each hour.
Our navy but for pleasure rides the seas,
Our standing army only stands at ease !
And I can't help the same opinion nourishing,
We shall be ruined if we keep so flourishing !

PRINCE. I feel the truth of what you've represented,
If folks can't grumble, they'll get discontented ;
Can any patriot devise some measure
To check this perfect plethora of pleasure ?

C. DE ROSE. One talked of calling, sir, a public meeting,
And earnestly the Government entreating,
To put some sort of burthen on their backs,
If it were nothing but—an Income Tax.

And as beneath no debt our own state labours,
 We might propose to pay off all our neighbour's.
 PRINCE. Not a bad scheme, for at the richest lockers,
 Tax gatherers are not too welcome knockers ;
 And if the nation must be sobered down,
 Such means might do it moderately brown ;
 I'll turn the matter over in my mind,
 But at this moment am too much inclined
 Myself to drain the cup of rapture dry,
 To cause my meanest subject one sad sigh.
 To horse, my friends !—'tis meet on such a day,
 That I should meet my better half, half-way !

(*Exeunt* COULEUR DE ROSE *and* PROSPERO)

Air—PRINCE—“*Happy Land.*”

Happy Land ! Happy Land !
 Your Prince's bride that is to be,
 With her train soon will gain
 The gates of Sans-Souci ;
 Rend with shouts the sunny skies,
 Hail the royal beauty ;
 With merry hearts and laughing eyes,
 Come pay to her your duty !
 Happy Land ! Happy Land !
 Nothing else you have to pay,
 Burthens none—save the one
 To your merry monarch's lay !—Lira la ! &c.
 What other land as much can say ?
 Happy Land ! Happy Land !
 A model state you sure must be,
 Rogues in grain—poor in pain—
 Are sights you never see.
 'Gainst the throne no rebels plot,
 Why should folks upset it ?
 Everything on earth they've got,
 Without wishing they may get it !
 Happy Land ! Happy Land !
 What to you is quarter day ?
 Merry Christmas you can keep !—
 You've no Christmas bills to pay !—Lira la, &c.
 What other land as much can say ?

(*Exit* PRINCE, *followed by* PAGES)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Black Gang Chine.*

Enter NIGRETTA and BLACK SLAVES.

NIG. Within a mile of Happy Land's gay borders,
 I come by mighty Carabossa's orders,
 To cross my hated rival's path to bliss,
 And make that mile to her good as a miss !
 I may not with this knife cut her to bits,
 But in the carriage curtains make some slits,
 Through which the light of day may on her shine,
 What then will happen is Fate's work, not mine.
 But this at least I know—there is no doubt of her
 Having the shine completely taken out of her !
 Approach, you slaves ! (BLACKS advance)

Now mind what you've to do.

The caravan will soon appear in view ;
 Salute the envoy as you've heard me mention,
 And by your melody attract the attention
 Of all the *suite*—whilst I prepare the bitter,
 By letting light into the lady's litter ;
 Rattle your bones, and on your banjos thrum
 Bravely !— (*march heard without faintly*)

A drum ! a drum ! the bride doth come !

March louder—NIGRETTA and BLACKS retire as the caravan enters, with the AMBASSADOR, FLORETTA, and the PRINCESS—*The latter in a covered litter, closely curtained.*

AMB. Command they make a halt upon this spot.

OFFICERS, Halt ! halt ! halt !

AMB. Halt ! zounds ! will you halt or not ?

FLO. How far is't called to Happy Land ?

AMB. If clear,

Its rosy mountains you might see from here.

(BLACK SLAVES advance with their instruments)

FLO. Mercy upon me !—what on earth are these

In toggery like those black bands one sees

In town, called Ethiopian Serenaders ?

And yet, perhaps, they're only masqueraders !

Sing you ?—or are you taught to play the bones

And banjos ?—Are you blacks from Torrid Zones ?

Or only lamp black'd blacks? you should be niggers,
 And yet I've known fools make themselves such
 figures,
 That were not so——

AMB. Speak if you can, you ninny!

BLACK. Ees, massa, we come here from Old Virginny.

We sing you lilly song, or play you tune——

Dan Tucker, Lucy Neal, or Old Zib Coon!

FLOR. (*to* AMBASSADOR) Whilst here we rest and take a little
 snack,

Suppose we hear these gentlemen in black.

It may amuse her Highness. (*going to carriage*)

Madam!

DESI. (*in the carriage*) Well?

FLOR. Are you asleep?

DESI. It's so dark I can't tell.

FLOR. Are you disposed to listen to a song?

DESI. Yes, if it's very good and not too long.

NIGGER MELODY.

*During which FLORETTA the AMBASSADOR, and all the
 ATTENDANTS and ESCORT gather round the singers.*

(*NIGRETTA advances to carriage*)

NIG. Now is the time!

(*cuts with her knife a large piece out of the side of the
 curtain, and the PRINCESS DESIDERATA is seen seated
 within*)

DESI. What do I see—the sun!

FLOR. Oh criminy, we're ruined and undone!

Music—Storm—The FAIRY CARABOSSA appears.

NIG. Victory!

CARA. Vengeance! Change thy form—begone!

(*to* PRINCESS) And live for ever hunted as a Fawn!

*Music—The PRINCESS vanishes, and a WHITE FAWN bounds
 out of the carriage, and disappears amongst the rocks—
 CARABOSSA departs with NIGRETTA—Storm increases to a
 hurricane—AMBASSADOR and ESCORT are swept off by the
 tempest—FLORETTA sinks swooning with terror on a bank—
 On a sudden the storm subsides, the music changes its*

character, the rocks open in all directions, and discover glittering Arcades and Alleys; planted with fruit trees and flowering shrubs of the most beautiful description, down which advance troops of FAIRIES, and lastly the FAIRY PINE-APPLE.

PINE. Fond, foolish parents, who my warning slighted
 The ill I feared has on your daughter lighted !
 Her faithful servant, though she couldn't save her,
 Has been protected by the ring I gave her.
 Bear her, ye Fairies, to the forest shade,
 Where the White Fawn her leafy home hath made ;
 There must they both in sad seclusion dwell,
 Till Fate, relenting, shall dissolve the spell !

Music—The bank on which FLORETTA has fallen changes to a couch of flowers, on which she is borne off by the FAIRIES.

Song—FAIRY PINE-APPLE—Air, “ Come with me to Fairy Land.”

Every land is Fairy-land,
 Where I dance—where I sing—
 Mistress of the Magic Wand,
 Servant of the Ring !
 Dark mountains cleaving
 Ope for me their golden bowers,
 Deserts up-heaving,
 Team with sunny fruits and flowers.
 Every land is Fairy-land, &c.

Old-fashioned fairies the world that would keep
 Crab-like crawling in foul and murky night,
 We're the spirits away to sweep ;
 Champions of purity, progress, and light !
 Every land is Fairy-land !

BALLET.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Wilderness in Hi-ho-che-vee.**Enter* TAN-TI-VEE *and* NATIVE HUNTERS.*Air*—TAN-TI-VEE—“*The Crystal Hunters.*”

In search of sport—of any sort,
 The Indian Hunter bounds along,
 And to his blind “untutored mind”
 It don’t appear he’s doing wrong,
 But wiser he will be some day,
 When for his license made to pay!

In search of sport, &c.

Enter PRINCE FELIX.

PRINCE. Friends, sportsmen, countrymen, and very rum’uns,
 Lend me your ears!

TAN. A most facetious summons.
 Perhaps the gentleman will next propose
 To borrow some good-natured person’s nose.

PRINCE. I ask you not to crop a single pair,
 I know you’ve literally none to spare;
 Your ears but figuratively I’d borrow,
 To pour into them a poor prince’s sorrow.

TAN. Were you a rich prince, we’d, to hear you, stay;
 But as you are a poor one, sir, good-day. (*going*)

PRINCE. Not poor in purse, witness the one I fling
 Amongst you! (*flings them a heavy purse*)

TAN. Oh, that’s quite another thing!
 We didn’t understand you, sir, before.

PRINCE. I feel indeed I’m on a foreign shore;
 Your language and your manners are most strange,
 The very sight of gold seems both to change.

TAN. Anything strange in that can you discover?
 I fancied it was so all the world over.

PRINCE. Not where I come from. Gold we value at
 Less price than merit.

TAN. Where on earth is that?

PRINCE. In Happy Land, where love's the only care.

TAN. (*to his companions*) Poor fellow, he's as mad as a March hare.

I thought so, when he gave us so much money ;
I like to hear him talk though, it's quite funny.

(*to PRINCE*) What lured you from that Happy Land away ?

PRINCE. Love ! which has led so many men astray.

To meet my bride I rode in royal state,
But scarce a mile from out the city gate,
A whirlwind rose, which swept away my train,
And carried me o'er mountain, and o'er plain,
Into this wilderness. About its ways
I've wander'd, as I may say, in a maze.
No food but nuts, if food you that can call,
Which really I'm not nuts upon at all.

TAN. Well, as it seems you can afford to pay—

What can we do to serve your Highness, pray ?

PRINCE. Say where I am, and which the nearest road,
By which I can regain my own abode ?

TAN. Why, *here* you are, but which the road to where
You say you dwell, that's neither here nor there.

PRINCE. Alas ! your information's very small,
It actually amounts to none at all :
This land must have a name ?

TAN. Oh yes, this place

Is called amongst us, Hi-ho-che-vee Chase ;
The famous hunting grounds, as you must know,
Of the great sporting tribe of Tal-lee-ho.

PRINCE. (*aside*) Methinks I've somewhere heard of "High-ho-Chivy."

What is your name, pray ?

TAN. My name is Tan-ti-vee,

A native chief, and to the manor born,
I trace my line from Nimrod, through French Horn !

PRINCE. (*aside*) A line through a French horn cannot be straight.

TAN. But we shall lose the game, if here we wait.

All sorts of folks come on our manor poaching,
There's a Grand Duke has just begun encroaching ;
And by-and-bye, no doubt, these new deer-stalkers
Will designate our tribe unlicensed hawkers,

And ride rough shod over the poor old nation,
In the true spirit of colonisation.

PRINCE. A Grand Duke! should it be my pa-in-law!

TAN. Can't say—because the chap we never saw. (*going*)

PRINCE. But will you leave me of the fact in doubt?

TAN. Well, take this bow and try and hunt him out.

(*Exeunt TAN-TI-VEE and HUNTERS*)

PRINCE. I fear this bow will be of little use,
'Twill scarcely serve to say bo! to a goose.

Air—PRINCE—“*Dearest May.*”

How horribly provoking to be taken up by Fate,
Transported without trial to this disunited state!
I've heard that when you take a wife for squalls you must
look out;
But such a squall as blew me here, I couldn't dream about.
Although she may have had the deuce to pay
'Twas not polite of Fortune quite
To raise the wind this way!

I took a bridle path on what I thought my bridal day,
And meant to make a honey-moon of all the moon of May;
But sadly have I lost my time, for by some fairy freak
I'm certain I've been blown into the middle of next week!

My train—despair!
I can't find anywhere!
I sooner might in Bradshaw light
On a train I wanted there!

(*Exit*)

(*music—The couch of flowers, with FLORETTA on it, glides on
guided by FAIRIES*)

FLO. (*waking and rubbing her eyes*) Bless me! I've over-
slept myself! oh! murder!

My lady's rung her bell, and I've not heard her!
What's this? and where? daylight! and out of doors;
Ah! I remember, those vile blackamoors,
And blacker mistress, with her base black art,
Who turned, like a poor deer, out of a cart,

My dear young Princess, to become the prey
Of the first wicked dog that runs that way!
Oh, wretched fate! *(clasping her hands)*

(music—The FAIRY PINE-APPLE appears)

Ugh! lud! who's this I see?

PINE. You needn't be alarmed, it's only me.

FLOR. Who's me, for goodness sake?

PINE. You ought to know,
Since you invoked my presence!

FLOR. I, how so?

PINE. By rubbing of that ring upon your finger!

Where'er I am, I ne'er a second linger,
But to the wearer fly with lightning speed.

FLOR. I didn't mean to do it, ma'am, indeed!

PINE. *(smiling)* I know, you never dream'd of such a
thing,

In wringing of your hands you rubbed the ring,
And I obeyed the summons. Now we've met,
What can I do to serve you?

FLOR. Let me get

My breath first, for you've taken that away.

PINE. You'd like to see your mistress, I dare say.

FLOR. Oh! yes, indeed, ma'am, if you'd be so good,
Of all things in the universe, I should!

*Music—Some fern and underwood open and discover the
WHITE FAWN couched in it.*

Ah! the dear creature! Might I nearer peep
Without disturbing it?

PINE. Yes!

FLOR. Could I creep
Just close enough to kiss it, madam?

PINE. Go!

FLOR. But won't it rise and run away then?

PINE. No!

FLORETTA *approaches the FAWN cautiously, stoops and kisses
it—The FAWN lifts its head, and seems to return the salute.*

FLOR. O joy! it knows me! See, it licks my face!
And big round pearly drops each other chase

A' down its innocent nose ! How can one cheer
 Its heavy heart ? Don't cry so, there's a *deer* !
 I'll stay beside, and pet, and wash, and curry it,
 And nasty dogs shall never come and worry it.

PINE. I have the power this poor Princess's fate
 In some degree, perhaps, to mitigate.
 At set of sun her shape regain she may,
 But be a fawn again at break of day ;
 If this small boon would gratify you, say so.

FLOR. And may she change back every night ?

PINE. She may so.

FLOR. Oh, then, with rapture we accept the boon !

PINE. 'Tis well. The sun is setting now. As soon
 As its last rays shall fade from sea and land,
 Desiderata shall before you stand. (*music*)

FLOR. 'Tis going ! going ! gone !

*At the moment the sun is supposed to set, the stage darkens,
 and the FAWN changes to the PRINCESS DESIDERATA.*

Oh, joy transcendant !

My darling mistress !

DESI. My attached attendant !

Help me to thank my fairy benefactress !

PINE. Nay, in this scene Floretta's the chief actress,
 Twice has the ring she wears displayed its might—
 But you will want some lodgings for the night ;
 So on the spot I'll build a model cottage,
 In which to make your beds and cook your pottage.

Music—Cottage appears.

Farewell, and of your time the best use make—
 With day, a fawn again you must awake.

Trio—PRINCESS, FLORETTA, and FAIRY PINE-APPLE.

AIR—" *A Life by the Galley Fire.*"

A life in a deer's attire,
 Where the coppice is thick and wild,
 Is not what { you'd } quite desire,
 { I'd }

Nor at all what suits this child.
 But { your } doom to mitigate
 { my }
 And assuage { your } servant's woe,
 { my }
 Each night { you'll } be *tête-à-tête*,
 { we'll }
 Though by day { you } must *doze a doe*.
 { I }

(*At the end of the trio exit FAIRY PINE-APPLE*)

FLOR. My feelings to describe I strive in vain,
 I never thought to hear you speak again !

DESI. And I can't tell you even with the tongue
 Which I've recovered, how my heart was wrung
 To find myself made such a beast by some one,
 And for a lady—worse than all, a dumb one !

FLOR. Oh, 'twas as wicked, madam, as improper,
 To put upon that lovely jaw a stopper ;
 On four legs it was bad enough to walk,
 But not to be allowed even to talk !
 The cruel stars what had you done to vex
 That they had no compassion for your sex.

DESI. And then the danger ! as a deer, *incog.*,
 Without a word left to throw at a dog !

FLOR. So shocking, too, to wander in your mere skin
 About the woods, although it was a deer-skin ;
 And feel that in the form that you possessed,
 You must be killed before you could be dressed.

DESI. Would I were dead, and made into a pasty !

FLOR. Nay, sweetest mistress, that wish is too hasty.
 Let's in and rest ; you'll find a bed of feather
 Much more agreeable than a bed of heather.
 If as a stricken deer you weep all day,
 At night let your poor *heart* ungallèd play.

Duet—PRINCESS and FLORETTA—*Air*, “*All around the
 Maypole*”—“*Midas*.”

All around the green wood here to trot,
 Sad lot !—Ev'ry day { you've } got !
 { I've }

Dawning morning gives {you } warning,
 {me }

Then { rest { you'd }
 Go { I'd } best in this cot,

Till around the green wood here to trot,

Sad lot!— { you're }
 { I'm } off like a shot!

(*Exeunt into the cottage*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of a Hunting Lodge, or Game-keeper's Hut.*

Enter GRAND DUKE, followed by PAGE.

DUKE. "To chase the deer with hound and horn,"
 one day,

The ballad says, "Earl Percy took his way."

And so far am I like that great Earl Percy.

But in the sequel it's quite vice-versy;

He died for glory, as that whim they call,

Now I for glory never died at all!

Still some resemblance e'en in that may be

Found in one sense between Lord P. and me.

'Twas the last thing he did, and 'tis most true,

'Tis the last thing that I intend to do!

To the black game of war I ne'er was partial;

My court is anything but a court-martial.

When I go shooting I do not desire

That anybody should return my fire;

I like a long shot at a stag of ten—

A buck that cannot shoot at me again!

And I've come here to get one—what's o'clock?

Enter STAFFHOLD.

Who's there?

STAFF. 'Tis I! the early village cock
 Hath thrice done salutation to the morn!

DUKE. Then blow those rogues! why don't they blow the
 horn,

And let us start?

- STAFF. You'll start, sir, fast enough,
When you have heard the tidings.
- DUKE. Don't talk stuff
To frighten me—you look as pale, for certain,
As he who drew one night King Priam's curtain,
And would have shouted "Fire!" but for choking,
While Priam's nightcap was already smoking.
- STAFF. Your loss, I fear, is great as that of Priam.
- DUKE. It can't be—he was not insured, and I am!
- STAFF. Your goods may be insured from fire or water,
But did your policy include your daughter?
- DUKE. Daughter—you didn't say my daughter—don't!
- STAFF. You haven't got one now, sir, so I won't.
- DUKE. 'Tis false! we lose a son who takes a wife—
Our daughter is our daughter all her life.
- STAFF. The whiles in Black Gang Chine a halt they
made,
A band of darkies sang a serenade;
To the wild air they sang an air succeeded,
Which was much wilder than the Princess needed;
It tore her carriage all to little bits,
Frightened the Guard of Honour into fits!
And when their scattered senses they collected,
No trace could of her Highness be detected.
- DUKE. The spell, the fatal spell! 'tis clear as day,
She's fallen a victim to that *shell-fish* fay!
She saw the light, and ah! "Light come, light go."
- STAFF. Some swear they saw a beautiful white doe
Into a thicket from the carriage bound.
- DUKE. Desiderata, for a thousand pound;
And I, and I, oh miserable sire,
Who was so eager at some deer to fire,
In luckless hour I might have shot my daughter,
And been for life transported for manslaughter!
Or lived to see the last of all my race,
Carefully stuff'd and stuck in a glass case.
But still she is in peril just as great,
Some desperate poacher on his own estate—
Some lawless Aboriginal intruder,
May through these woods already have pursued her!
And you stand gaping there, you rascal, run,
Muzzle each dog, and seize on every gun;

On pain of death, let any hunter dare
To fire, even at nothing, in the air.

(Exit OFFICER)

And you (*to* PAGE) for pen and ink this instant fly,

(PAGE *draws on table with writing materials*)

(*writes hastily*) Get this inserted in the "Hue and Cry,"

"Lost, stolen, or strayed on the high road to marriage,
A handsome young Princess, out of her carriage ;
Had on when she was last seen a plain white
Jacket of doe skin, fitting very tight ;
Vest and continuations of the same,
Goes on four legs, each of them being game.
Whoever finds and brings the pretty deer
Alive and kicking to her parents here,
Shall be rewarded"—not with dirty pelf—
We permit virtue to reward itself!

(Exit PAGE)

Duo—GRAND DUKE and STAFFHOLD.

AIR—"Dandy Jim."

STAFF. Those Bandy Blacks from Caroline,
They played upon the bones so fine ;
Whoever thought in Black Gang Chine
They'd kick up such a precious shine ?
Why did you let her Highness go ?
She'd the handsomest figure in the country O !
If she look'd in the glass, now she wouldn't know
Herself, unless somebody told her so !

DUKE. If on those Blacks my hands I lay,
With broken bones I'll make 'em play,
And accompany with a cat o' nine
The *tales* they bring from Caroline.
My daughter's chang'd into a doe,
By that wicked old "Lady in the Lobster" O !
If she look'd in the glass, now she wouldn't know
Herself, unless somebody told her so !

(*Exeunt* DUKE and STAFFHOLD)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Forest.**Enter FLORETTA.*

FLOR. Was ever a poor female so afflicted ?
 At daybreak, as the Fairy had predicted,
 Her Serene Highness bounded out of bed,
 Once more a poor unhappy quadruped !
 Skipped upon four legs all the room about—
 Scratched at the door with one, to be let out—
 And when I wouldn't, lifted up the latch
 With her own nose, and jump'd clean o'er the hatch !
 This way she ran—but it's no use my following—
 I'm downright hoarse with whooping and with
 holloing.

Air—FLORETTA—“ The Gipsy Tent.”

Beating about the bush,
 Wildly I go—
 Through the brush wood I brush
 After my doe !
 Some cruel bow may have
 Aimed at her breast.
 Some Richard Roe may have
 Caused her arrest !
 Beating about the bush, &c.
 Down run like rain dear,
 My tears from each eye,
 Hunting in vain dear,
 I go in full cry !
 Beating about the bush, &c.

(*looking off*) Footsteps !—a young man running through
 the wood.

What game's he after ?—I'll be sworn no good.
 I vow the horrid monster's got a bow !

Enter PRINCE FELIX, with bow and arrow.

PRINCE. Have you seen a white deer, ma'am ?

FLOR. Dear sir, no!

PRINCE. Did not one pass this way ? a doe—a hind—

A fawn—a——

FLOR. No, sir, nothing of the kind.
(aside) He has been hunting her!—I must invent
 Some story, which may put him off the scent.

PRINCE. Provoking! 'twas the prettiest little thing!
 I found it drinking at yon crystal spring;
 At sight of me it started—stood at gaze
 An instant—then in many pretty ways
 Expressed—it really seemed—joy at our meeting
 But still as I advanced, it kept retreating,
 Until perceiving me about to fling
 Around its neck this little silken string,
 It cleared the bushes at a bound, and flew
 Like lightning from me!

FLOR. Very proper too.

PRINCE. Proper! I took my bow——

FLOR. You didn't shoot?

PRINCE I didn't mean, of course, to kill the brute.

FLOR. 'The brute!

PRINCE. If not a brute, what should it be?

FLOR. If you *have* killed her, you're the brute, not she.

PRINCE. Civil, I vow—but moderate your ire,
 And hear my story out—I didn't fire;
 She was too quick for me, and in the brake
 Had vanished ere a sure aim I could take.

FLOR. A sure aim! Why, then, there! you own you would
 Have killed the poor dear creature, if you could.

PRINCE. You silly woman, I have told you *no*.
 I am a crack shot both with gun and bow;
 And if I get a chance again, you'll see
 I'll pin it, through one ear, against a tree,
 And so catch it alive.

FLOR. Let me catch you
 At such a trick; you'll catch it if I do.

Duo—PRINCE and FLORETTA.

AIR—"In sen ricco."

PRINCE. I shall not stand upon trifles,
 To secure that fawn so white,
 I am a captain in the Rifles,
 And a crack Toxopholite!

FLOR. You may crack about your shooting,
But if any such young rake
Come for venison here freebooting,
A fine hash of it he'll make.

PRINCE. Pistols too, as well I handle,
If you've someone to shew fight,
I can snuff out a wax candle,
At twelve paces any night.

FLOR. In that horrid way don't chatter,
If that fawn you better knew,
Instead of popping at her,
You would be for *popping* to.

PRINCE. Hush!

FLOR. I won't hush!

PRINCE. For your life, not a word,
A rustling in that bush I'm sure I heard.

Music—The head of the FAWN appears for an instant above the bush, the next minute it is seen to leap through a gap, and is lost amidst the trees.

PRINCE. Yes! there it is—and there! yoicks! gone away!
(*aims and shoots*)

FLOR. Murder! he's going to shoot. Oh, don't, sir, pray!

PRINCE. Hit her, or my name isn't Felix!

FLOR. What!

Felix, Prince Felix?

PRINCE. Yes!

FLOR. Then if you've shot

That fawn, and nailed it bleeding to a tree,
You've done for Mrs. F. that was to be. (*runs out*)

PRINCE. I've done for Mrs. F! The woman's mad!

And who is Mrs. F. suppose I had?

Pooh, bother Mrs. F! Whilst here I'm guessing
That crazy wench my venison will be dressing!

(*music—Exit PRINCE, after FLORETTA, hastily*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A deeper part of the Wood.*

Enter PRINCE FELIX, *meeting the* AMBASSADOR.

AMB. Prince Felix !

PRINCE. Ha ! that voice ! that face ! Count Klever !

AMB. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

PRINCE. What wind has blown you into this strange wood ?

AMB. Alas ! an ill wind, sir, that blows no good.

PRINCE. I would not hear your enemy say so,
For better friend than you it could not blow.

AMB. It took me up and whirl'd me heav'n knows whither !

PRINCE. Just such a wind it was that blew me hither,
And having lost entirely my track,
I'm through this forest hunting my way back.
But where's my bride ? by the same favouring gale,
Did she come too ?

AMB. What tongue shall tell her tale ?

PRINCE. Dead !

AMB. Worse !

PRINCE. False !

AMB. Worser ! if the dreadful rumour
Be true, her Highness has become——

PRINCE. A Bloomer !

AMB. No, but as much unlike to womankind,
Whate'er she was afore, she's now a *hind* !

PRINCE. A hind !—a female of the genus Cervus !

AMB. White as the driven snow !

PRINCE. Your words unnerve us !

F. stands for Felix ! then it was no fib !

I've sent an arrow clean through my own rib !

AMB. Shot the Princess !

PRINCE. Too sure I am I hit her !

AMB. Ah, see, they bring her wounded on a litter.

Music—HUNTERS *enter, bearing the* WHITE FAWN *on a litter, made of branches of trees ; an arrow is through its ear and fore foot.*

PRINCE. (*rushing to the* FAWN) Oh ! pardon me, thou
bleeding lump of *doe* !

That you were some one else, how could I know ?

Enter FLORETTA.

FLOR. Yes, you're a nice young man, see what you've done!

You a crack shot, why you're not half an one.

You said you'd pin her ear but to a tree,

You've pinned it to her foot, you monster, see!

PRINCE. That was no fault of mine, indeed! 'tis clear

She must have raised her foot to scratch her ear.

AMB. I cannot draw the arrow from the wound!

FLOR. With loss of blood already she has swoon'd!

AMB. Have you some salts?

FLOR. No, but in such a quarter

There can't be lack of *hartshorn* or of water!

PRINCE. She's better! see, she opens her fawn-like eyes!

I trust 'tis not a case of "Doe demise!"

FLOR. Oh, yes! I never nursed a young gazelle,

But just as it began to know me well,

And love me, it was sure to——

AMB. Pray no more——

We really have heard that so oft before.

FLOR. The envoy! no one else would have the face.

My grief was blind—I did not see your grace;

What can you now say to excuse your master?

This wound cannot be healed by your Court plaster.

Music—Enter GRAND DUKE and Suite.

DUKE. Where is the fellow who has shot a deer,

Despite our proclamation?

FLOR. Sir, he's here!

DUKE. Have you a license taken out, or no?

PRINCE. I have no license.

DUKE. Seize him!—take his bow!

I'll teach his young idea how to shoot

In my preserves!

PRINCE. Your power I do dispute!

I am a Sovereign Prince as well as you——

Felix of Happy Land!

DUKE. Can this be true?

FLOR. As true, sir, as that here your daughter lies,

By this fool's bolt soon shot!

PRINCE. In that disguise,

How could I guess——

DUKE. My daughter!—this—distraction!
Oh! I'll have sanguinary satisfaction!
Prince, or no Prince!

PRINCE. But where's the proof 'tis she?

FLOR. The sun is setting and you'll shortly see!

AMB. If we see shortly, we shall be short sighted!

PRINCE. The sun has set, and we're the more benighted.

*Music—The stage grows dark, the FAWN disappears, and
DESIDERATA is seen seated on the litter, with an arrow
through her wrist and ear.*

FLOR. There, there she is! and see, oh, sight of fear!
The fatal arrow through her wrist and ear!

DUKE. Desiderata!

DESI. Father! I've heard all!

On Felix wherefore should your vengeance fall?
Ladies have had their ears pierced oft before—
His well-aimed arrow would have done no more,
But, by ill-luck, just at the very minute,
I raised my hand—

FLOR. (*pathetically*) And so put your foot in it!

DESI. Forgive him, sir, as I do!

PRINCE. Generous fair,
I never shall forgive myself, I swear!

DUKE. And will you still consent to be his wife?

DESI. Sir, has he not secured my hand for life?

DUKE. Secured it! *skewered* it, I should say.

PRINCE. Sweetheart,
A skilful surgeon will extract the dart.

FLOR. You must make haste, then, for, I grieve to say,
She'll be a fawn again, at break of day;
And though to-night she wants but two feet merely,
On three to-morrow she'll go very queerly.

DUKE. What, change again?

DESI. Alas, 'tis but too true.

Enter CARABOSSA and NIGRETTA.

Therefore, sweet Prince, I am no wife for you,
One so much given to change must never marry.

(*music—CARABOSSA and NIGRETTA come forward*)

CARA. Certainly not!

DUKE. The Crab, and with old Harry!

CARA. Here is a bride will suit Prince Felix better.
She'll never change !

FLOR. (*aside*) Colour I grant.

PRINCE. Nigretta !

NIG. Yes, faithless Prince, whose hand you sued for.

PRINCE. Never,

As I'm a gentleman ! Bear witness, Klever,
Was't not my father's act, unknown to me ?

AMB. It was, and to object he left you free.

DUKE. And you objected ?

PRINCE. Certainly.

NIG. And still

Object ?

PRINCE. Decidedly, and ever will.

AMB. (*to FLORETTA*) Though he can't wash her white, he
might soft soap her.

FLOR. (*to AMBASSADOR*) He's sadly wounded her black-
amour propre

CARA. Beware ! her rival's fate is in my hands,
Consent, or I destroy her where she stands !

PRINCE. Mercy ! spare her and take my wretched life !

CARA. Felix ! accept Nigretta for your wife,
And I Desiderata's friend will be.

PRINCE. You will, then—

DESI. Hold ! no sacrifice for me,
Whatever fears may shake my woman's frame,
I've been a deer, and trust me, I'll die game !

DUKE. Heroic girl ! she cannot be my daughter !

PRINCE. We'll die together, then !

AMB. Is there no quarter

From whence some power may to their rescue spring ?

FLOR. Ha ! how could I forget ! The ring ! the ring !

(*music—Rubs the ring on her finger rapidly*)

*Enter FAIRY PINE-APPLE and advances between the lovers and
CARABOSSA.*

FAIRY PINE-APPLE *waves her wand, and the scene changes to*

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Golden Pinery.*

PINE. In Oberon's high Court I've been to day,
Arrest of judgment in this cause to pray.

He has most carefully looked through the pleadings
 And I his order bring to stay proceedings.
 Against this pair you have no ground for action,
 Excessive damages in satisfaction,
 You have already in one case obtained,
 And your black client's plea can't be sustained
 Of breach of promise—e'en if undisputed,
 For this young Prince she clearly is *non-suited*.

CARA. I say of justice this is a denial!

PINE. Then move this higher Court for a new trial.

FLOR. By all means. I'm a party to this suit—

Pray grant a rule and make it absolute;
 And during Christmas Term each night you sit,
 Let's have a well-packed jury in the pit;
 Meanwhile, of course, we'll take, if you'll allow,
 A special verdict in our favour now.

FINALE.

AIR—"The Gipsy Tent."

DESI. Your Christmas game-laws
 Were never severe—
 Hold me not cheap,
 Because I've been a deer.

FELIX. Timid as any fawn,
 In any shape,
 From shafts by censure drawn,
 Let her escape.

FLOR. Though shallows and flats may have
 Perill'd our bark,
 Let her, for show, pray have
 Letters of *mark*!
 Don't let her stranded be,
 Here in the Strand—
 Happily landed see
 Our "Happy Land!"

(*music*)

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

THE
GOOD WOMAN IN THE
WOOD;

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Monday,
December 27th, 1852.

THE GOOD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

My official connection with the management of the Lyceum Theatre terminated at the close of the season 1851-52, when I made arrangements to leave London, and reside with a married daughter and her husband, a clergyman, in the county of Kent. I had nevertheless engaged to write the Christmas piece for that year, and chose for my subject the little-known, but amusing story, "*La Bonne Femme*," by Mdlle. de la Force.

Time had begun to tell upon Madame Vestris, who had entered her fifty-sixth year, and with that good taste which never deserted her felt that what are professionally termed "breeches parts" upon a rather *lucus a non lucendo* principle were no longer be *fitting* a lady of her age. When not personating a fairy prince, or the young hero of the story, she had latterly played the waiting-maid of the heroine, but in "*La Bonne Femme*" I saw a character in every respect suited to her appearance, style, and capacity. She, fortunately, took the same view of it, and was certainly the most perfect "Good Woman in the Wood" that the ingenious authoress of the fairy tale could have herself imagined. The young Princes and Princesses found adequate representatives in Miss Eglinton and Miss Julia St. George, Miss Wyndham, and Miss Agnes Robertson (now Mrs. Dion Boucicault), who, as Princess Sylvia, *alias* Lirette, was a fascinating *ingénue*, and gave early promise of the reputation she so deservedly enjoys as one of the most natural actresses that ever adorned the English stage. "The Good Woman in the Wood" ran sixty-five consecutive nights.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING BRUIN (surnamed the "Bear," a
Usurper) MR. FRANK MATTHEWS

QUEEN GRIZELDA (his Unhappy Wife, Widow
of a Prince of Trance-Sylvania) MISS ELLIS

PRINCE SYLVAN (her Son by her First Husband,
and now presumptive Heir to the Throne of
his Step-Father) MISS EGLINTON

PRINCESS SYLVIA, *alias* LIRETTE (her Daughter
by the same Marriage, but lost in Infancy) MISS ROBERTSON

PRINCE ALMOND, *alias* FINFIN (Son of the late
King Philbert the Fair, and rightful heir to
his crown) MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE

PRINCESS OLIVE, *alias* MYRTIS (Daughter of
King Philbert) MISS WYNDHAM

DAME GOLDENHEART (Relict of the late Sir
Gallant Goldenheart, and commonly called
the "Good Woman in the Wood") ... MADAME VESTRIS

RATSBANE { Creatures of King Bruin } MR. SUTER

EAVESDROP { } MR. TEMPLETON

ABADDUN (an Evil Genius) MR. HORNCastle

THE FAIRY FRAGRANT (Queen of Bloom Land
and Ruler of the Butterflies) MISS MARTINDALE

GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF LAKE LUCID MISS ROSINA WRIGHT

DENIZENS OF BLOOM LAND: Mesdames Wadham, Mars, C. Ford,
Webber, Martin, Van Hollen, Hunt, Flood, Barnes, F. Barnes,
Henderson, Shaw, Julie, Medex, Gale, Sickle.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

Painted by Mr. Beverley, Mr. Meadows, and Assistants.

ACT FIRST.

Cottage of the Good Woman in the Wood.

THE HOUSE OF ROSES.

AUDIENCE CHAMBER IN THE PALACE OF KING BRUIN.

Interior of the House of Roses.

ATMOSPHERIC LINE TO BLOOM LAND,

AND

Basaltic Terminus,

ON THE BORDERS OF LAKE LUCID.

ACT SECOND.

Magic Oak and Boundary of Bloom Land.

CABINET DES FÉES AND FAIRY LIBRARY.

CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

MAGNIFICENT TESTIMONIAL

Presented by the Whole Fairy Company to the

GOOD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

THE GOOD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Cottage and Garden of the Good Woman in the Wood.*

Enter FINFIN, followed by MYRTIS.

MYR. Dear brother Finfin, prithee don't give way so,
You'll cry your eyes out if you weep all day so ;
Why for the loss of a poor starling fret ?

FIN. 'Twas given to me by my dear Lirette,
And she will think I held her present light.

MYR. How was it that you didn't hold it tight ?

FIN. It was so tame—you know as well as I,
To hop the twig I never thought 'twould try ;
Came when 'twas called, did as 'twas bid, and would
Have shut the door behind it, if it could.

MYR. Well, never mind—be comforted, dear brother,
I'll see if I can't catch for you another.

FIN. It won't be that she gave me. I could never
Love it so much, or think it half so clever.
A flock of starlings can't my peace restore,
For dear Lirette will never love me more !

Enter LIRETTE.

LIR. That's quite true, brother—for I don't know how
Lirette could love you more than she does now.

FIN. What, though I've lost the bird you gave me ?

LIR. Pshaw !

Spite of the proverb, I declare I saw
Two in the bush just now, well worth the one
You had in hand—and sure as any gun
I'll catch them for you.

MYR. So I offered too,
 But nothing I could say to him would do.
 FIN. I own it. Myrtis might have talked for years ;
 One smile from you has dried up all my tears.
 Why should that be ?—both sisters and both kind,
 Yet only dear Lirette I seem to mind.

Air—FINFIN—“ Phillis is my only joy.”

Lirette is my only joy !
 Her I never vex nor teaze.
 If I lose my game or toy
 She alone can soothe or please.
 If in the blues
 I mope and muse,
 Lirette, smiling and beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before !

Myrtis is to me as kind,
 But her kindness cheer me won't !
 If she likes me—I don't mind ;
 She may lump me—if she don't !
 Why this should be
 I can't well see,
 One still slighting,
 While delighting
 In the other more and more !

Lirette is my only joy, &c.

MYR. The fact is, we don't want another starling,
 We want another brother—a nice darling,
 That would love me, and make of me a pet,
 Exactly as you do of dear Lirette.

FIN. } That's it ! we do !
 LIR. }

FIN. Let's all run, and ask mother
 To find us, instantly, another brother.

LIR. Yes ! yes ! I'm sure she will, she is so good ;
 She found us three, you know, here in the wood,
 When we were little tiny babies—why,
 To find a fourth should she not now go try ?

MYR. Aye ! but I shouldn't care for one so small,
I want a brother who is quite as tall
At least as Finfin, who can walk and chat.

FIN. Ah ! I don't think they're found as big as that.

LIR. You must have patience, Myrtis, till he grows up,
And bring him, just as I have brought this rose up.
(*as she is about to gather a rose from the tree, she pricks
her finger with a thorn*) Oh !

FIN. } What's the matter ?
MYR. }

FIN. Oh ! a nasty thorn
Has pierced her precious little finger ! torn
The skin, and drawn the blood ! Quick, let me bind it.

DAME is heard singing outside.

LIR. It is not much ! here's mother ! never mind it !

Enter DAME.

DAME. What do I see ? One of my pets in pain ?
(*runs to LIRETTE*)
Let mother kiss and make it well again. (*kissing her*)

FIN. Will kissing cure it ? Oh, my stars, how prime !
Won't I remember that another time.

LIR. Dear mother, why do flowers so sweet and gay
Have horrid thorns to prick one's finger, pray ?

DAME. To warn you, when at pleasure you would snatch,
Beneath it lurking you may find "Old Scratch !"

FIN. It only shews me that, to fear a stranger,
He who would gain the prize must scorn the danger.

DAME. Finfin ! I will not have you be so bold !

LIR. Nay, dearest mother, don't poor Finfin scold.

DAME. I will ! I must ! he really has such notions,
He fills my heart with all sorts of emotions.

LIR. So he does mine ; but then they're all so charming.

DAME. Lirette ! (*aside*) Good gracious ! This grows more
alarming !

(*aloud*) You must not be so fond of one another.

FIN. Not fond of Lirette ?

LIR. I ! not love my brother ?

DAME. Love him ? yes, surely, as a sister may.

LIR. Law ! can I love him any other way ?

DAME. (*aside*) "Oh! les enfans terrible!" I protest
 I scarcely know what course will be the best.
 Of all the questions that e'er posed a nation,
 None puzzle one so much as education.
 How far to stock young people's heads with
 knowledge is
 A stumbling block amongst the heads of colleges.
 And a poor dame like me must needs be beaten,
 With what would bother e'en a dame at Eton!

Air—DAME—"We gather shells."

While some believe youth good for naught,
 Unless they're crammed with every lore;
 And others think they should be taught
 Perhaps to spell—but little more;
 There are who say, "He does as well,
 "Whose brains no schooling e'er beguiled;
 "My father never learned to spell,
 "Yet left a fortune to his child."

There's now a college in the Strand,
 Where learning's ladder climb you may—
 And ragged schools on every hand,
 Where what you learn is hard to say.
 For education naught we grudge!
 Still out one shells—for wisdom wild!
 And soon for "Wise as any judge,"
 You'll say "As learned as a child."

To trust them with the truth I've qualms about it,
 Yet fear to trust them longer much without it.
 They must not rest under a false impression
 Now they've arrived at years of *in-discretion*.
 (*aloud*) Children, I've got a story to relate.

ALL THREE. A story! O, delightful! (*coming forward*)

FIN. Do just wait

Till I have put this chair for you—we'll sit
 Around and hear it, mother, every bit.

(*places chair for DAME in the centre of the stage—she sits*)

LIR. (*seating herself at her feet*) Finfin, sit next to me.

FIN. Yes, that I will!

DAME. Indeed you won't! sit there, sir, and sit still,
If it be possible, or you shall go
Into the corner and not hear it.

ALL THREE. Oh!

DAME. Well, then, be quiet.

LIR. We'll be mute as mice.

FIN. Now, mother, do begin! Oh, ain't it nice.

DAME. Once on a time there lived a king and queen,
Who were the happiest couple ever seen,
Blessed with two charming babes they loved so dearly,
They smothered them with kisses very nearly.

FIN. Isn't it capital?

LIR. Now, Finfin, don't.

DAME. Perhaps, as Lirette asks you, sir, you won't.
This good king had a brother very cruel,
Who one day put some poison in his gruel.
And soon as ever the poor king was dead,
He clapped the crown on his own wicked head.

LIR. Oh, what a naughty man!

FIN. The vile old thief!

MYR. And the poor queen?

DAME. She died, alas, of grief.

LIR. And the two little darlings, whom their mother
And father used with kisses so to smother?

DAME. The tyrant had no taste for such sweet habits,
He smothered them with onions, just like rabbits.

FIN. And ate 'em like an ogre?

DAME. He knows best
What he did with them after they were dressed.
I only know that dished by royal warrant,
The infant heirs were no more heirs apparent.
And their bad uncle to their realms so fair,
Succeeded as King Bruin, called "the Bear."

(rises)

LIR. Oh! you don't mean to say the story is o'er?

DAME. No, I come now to what concerns you more.
The wicked king having thus gained his ends,
Snugly about him quartered all his friends,
His foes he quartered also, I confess,
But hanged them first, which made them like it less.
At least, so thought the widow of a knight,
Who for the good king fallen had in fight.

So moved her quarters to a forest deep,
 And strove to keep herself by keeping sheep.
 One morn, when looking for a lamb astray,
 She came where 'neath a lime tree sleeping lay
 Three little children.

LIR. Little children ?

MYR. Three ?

FIN. Just as you found Myrtis, Lirette, and me ?

DAME. Exactly ; for it is of you I speak.

FIN. And it was you who went the lamb to seek ?

Why, then the brave knight was my father !

DAME. No !

Nor am I, dears, your mother.

ALL THREE. Don't say so.

FIN. You must—you shall be !

LIR. We will have no other.

We're old enough to choose now—arn't we,
 brother ?

FIN. If we belonged another mother to,
 Why did not she find us instead of you ?

DAME. Because, poor soul, it was her fate to lose you.
 But here's a point that may still more confuse you.
 You may not all, perhaps, the children be
 Of the same mother.

FIN. Not Lirette and me ?

DAME. How can I tell ? Three helpless pickaninies,
 Wrapped in three mantles, worth three hundred
 guineas,

With golden chains and lockets round your necks.

(Each as I found it still the wearer decks.)

A name, as I suppose, on each was set

In jewels, " Finfin," " Myrtis," and " Lirette."

I brought you home, and up as mine.

LIR. And so

We are, and will be. I should like to know
 What more we want. I'm sure, if I could gain,
 By rubbing this small locket on my chain,
 Whate'er I wished, as that young Arab scamp,
 Aladdin, could, by rubbing his old lamp,
 I should be puzzled what request to make,
 Unless I wished just for mere wishing's sake,
 As I'm so fond of them—A House of Roses !

Music—The cottage changes to a pavilion formed entirely of roses.

FIN. And there it is, right slap before our noses.

DAME. Ne'er till to day was such a house "on view !"

The furniture is all of roses too.

Of damask roses all the curtains fair—

Of China roses all the crockery ware.

With carpets of moss roses 'neath one's feet,

And rooms that are in every sense "*en suite.*"

MYR. What if my locket had such virtue in it.

FIN. Wish something—anything to try—this minute.

MYR. I wish this poor little potato patch

Was a fine garden, our new house to match.

Music—The scene changes accordingly—In lieu of the small garden and wood, magnificent pleasure grounds extend as far as the eye can reach, with statuettes, fountains, terraces, &c., &c.

DAME. Of some illusion we are sure the sport

I'm in a maze, as though at Hampton Court !

Cremorne and Rosherville combined are there.

Paterre ne'er painted such a fine *parterre.*

With parks and grounds to walk, or hunt, or fish in,

Who can deny we had good grounds for wishing !

LIR. Now, Finfin, try your locket.

FIN. Well, then. Here !

I wish some prince would come to hunt the deer

In that fine park by which our garden girt is,

And fall head over ears in love with Myrtis.

MYR. Law ! Fall in love with me ?

LIR. Head over ears ?

Wouldn't it hurt him ?

DAME. Very much, my dears.

(*to FINFIN*) What of such follies, pray, sir, should you know ?

FIN. I've heard you talk of princes doing so

In fairy tales, and so I wished—

(*hunting horns in the distance*)

DAME. Why, hark !

Somebody *is* a hunting in the park.

MYR. And here's a young man coming up this path.

DAME. One of you quickly wish he was at Bath.

MYR. I couldn't ; I've not got the heart to do it ;
He is so handsome !

DAME. There ! I felt ! I knew it !

(hunting horns nearer)

Enter PRINCE SYLVAN.

PRINCE. Madam, I beg you twenty thousand pardons ;
But I presume you own this house and gardens.

DAME. I own I occupy them, sir, at present.

PRINCE. An occupation, I presume, most pleasant.

Your daughter, I presume, *(looking at MYRTIS)* the rose
most blooming
Of all the bower.

DAME. Sir, you are too presuming.

PRINCE. Forgive me, 'tis a habit on me grown,
Since I've been heir presumptive to the throne.

DAME. A Prince !

PRINCE. Prince Sylvan, step-son to King Bruin.

FIN. What, the bad King ?

DAME. Boy, this will be our ruin.

FIN. I'll wish him gone directly——

DAME. 'Tis in vain.

He struck poor Myrtis—she struck him again.

LIR. Dear mother, when ?

DAME. This moment—at first sight !

FIN. Well, if he struck her first, she served him right.

LIR. And look where yonder, underneath the trees,
He begs her to forgive him—on his knees.

DAME. *(seeing PRINCE SYLVAN, who has followed MYRTIS up
the stage, kneeling to her)* Myrtis ! Prince Sylvan !
What are you about ?

PRINCE. About to marry.

DAME. What ! my leave without ?

PRINCE. I'm told you are so good—you'll not say no ;
To get the licence and the ring I go.

DAME. Rash Prince ! you will not act so madly !

PRINCE. Won't I !

(Exit PRINCE)

DAME. Myrtis, you don't mean that you love him?

MYR. Don't I!

DAME. I'm a dead woman! He'll bring Bruin here!
And Bruin soon will bring me to my bier!

FIN. But if we wish him not, why then he can't.

DAME. Well, there's some little hope in that, I grant.
And on that little I must needs rely,
Since Fate has put her finger in the pie.
But if you love me, and would 'scape perdition,
Wish nothing more without my full permission.

Quartette—DAME, LIRETTE, FINFIN, and MYRTIS—“*Carry me back to Old Virginny.*”

DAME. If little folks had all their wishes
What folly they'd oft betray.

FIN. I have but one, and oh! to get it—

DAME. Ah! don't you wish you may?

LIR. No, let's wait till time's propitious.

MYR. Or till we need help more.

ALL THREE. And then we'll wish whate'er you wish us.

DAME. { And wish no wish before.
I then may wish you'll further wish us
Than e'er we were before.

(Exeunt into cottage)

SCENE SECOND.—*Room in Palace of KING BRUIN.*

March and flourish—*Enter* KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, COURT,
and GUARDS.

KING. Though yet of our late brother, who has been
So long defunct, the memory's so green,
That we have subjects who dare still look blue
When that grave subject is alluded to,
This is to give you all a gentle hint,
Not to presume at acts of ours to squint
Through spectacles of any hue but those
Made by our order of “*Couleur de Rose* ; ”

And sold to suit all ages and conditions,
 By "Wink and Company," the Court opticians.
 "*Verbum sat sapientiam*"—you're aware
 'Tis not for nothing we are called "The Bear."

QUEEN. That's the bare fact !

KING. Madam, I think you spoke !
 I trust you didn't mean that for a joke ?

QUEEN. Joke ! I know better what becomes your wife ;
 I never was more serious in my life.

KING. Humph ! That may be ; but yet no proof it
 brings.

Some people's jokes are very serious things.

But now, our cousin Sylvan, and step-son——

PRINCE. (*aside*) A little more than cozened ! I am done
 Unutterably brown, if all be true,
 I've heard since my return——

KING. One word with you ;
 Since we have pitched on you to carry down
 The steps of time our sceptre and our crown,
 We've taken the first step, and deigned to make
 Choice of a wife for you.

PRINCE. I'd rather take
 That step myself——

KING. It isn't what you'd rather——
 You'll take no step but what suits your step-father ;
 And I repeat, I've chosen for you, so
 You'll choose our choice whether you choose or no.

PRINCE. And that choice is ?——

KING. The Princess Uglymug,
 The only daughter of the great Rumjug,
 Emperor of Japan.

PRINCE. Oh, Day and Martin !
 Japan ! Why she's as black as jet for certain.

KING. Black ! What put such a notion in your head ?
 To call her black proves you not deeply read.
 The Japanese have rich complexions, ninny !
 Their sovereign is as yellow as a guinea ;
 His daughter's cheeks are of the same bright hue.
 Her hair and eyes are black——

QUEEN. And her teeth too.

KING. Madam ! you'll keep your tongue within your own,
 Or you shall hold your jaw without the bone !

To argue were our dignity beneath ;

(to PRINCE) You'll marry her in spite, sir, of her teeth.

PRINCE. Marry a yellow wife ! An ugly——

KING. Stuff !

Her father comes down handsome—that's enough.

She brings so much cash with her, I shall hold

Yours is the guilt if mine is not the gold.

PRINCE. What, I'm to have the wife and you the money ?

KING. Of course——

PRINCE. Such course is too coarse to be funny!

Let me be guilty sooner than be base——

Not all Japan can varnish such a case.

KING. How ! you object ?

PRINCE. In *toto*, sir—in *limine* !

KING. Thunder and lightning !

QUEEN. (*aside*) Here's a storm ! Oh, criminy !

PRINCE. I've pledged my hand already.

KING. Pledged ! You can't——

You haven't got an uncle or an aunt.

They're both as dead as herrings, and without

My leave, 'tis treason anything to spout.

PRINCE. I've popped, sir, to a maid I met of late.

KING. I'll make the poppet eat the duplicate.

Where hangs she out ? Speak, sir—or fly and bring
her,

That I may hang the belle before you ring her.

PRINCE. Nay, then you shall hang me before I tell.

KING. Ha ! something like a rat we think we smell.

You have been hunting, sir, to-day, we hear,

And found, perhaps, where someone's lodg'd a deer ;

What is this story they have told the Queen,

About some cabin ?

PRINCE. " Uncle Tom's " you mean.

KING. Uncle Tom Noddy's ! I don't mean a novel,

But a most novel cottage, hut, or hovel

Built all of roses.

PRINCE. (*aside*) I've been too loquacious.

KING. Speak, madam, you, as he is contumacious !

QUEEN. Sir, of the story I know nothing more——

'Tis a one-storied house, with a ground floor.

KING. Don't think to floor me, madam, by this game.

Who is the landlady, and what's her name ?

QUEEN. She has no name, sir—as I understood,
They call her “The Good Woman in the Wood.”

KING. What! a good woman with a head on—pshaw!
A sight on earth nobody ever saw.
I don’t believe it, but the truth I’ll test,
I’ve no doubt bad enough she’ll prove at best.
And if I find she’s been this boy’s enthraller,
I’ll make her look much more like what they call her.

TRIO—“*Firefly.*”

KING. Right about,
I’m without
Any doubt,
Where about
We shall rout
Your rara avis out!
Young or old,
Shall her bold
Head be rolled
Off her should-
-Ers if sold
We are this lout about.

QUEEN and PRINCE.
As I feared what he has heard,
He’s as savage as a bear about;
Pop, oh Fate, ere ’tis too late,
A muzzle on his snout.

KING. Right about, &c. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of the House of Roses.*

Enter FINFIN.

FIN. “You may not all one mother’s children be”—
So mother said this morning to us three;
And in my ears the words for ever jingle,
And make the very tips of them to tingle.
Oh! if I only at the truth could get,
Which sister is not mine——

(*a STARLING which has flown in answers “LIRETTE,”
“LIRETTE”*)

FIN. Lirette ! who spoke ? what voice was that I heard ?
(*turns and sees STARLING*)

My stars ! my starling ! oh, my truant bird !
If that be true—and you've returned to aid me,
It is the best return you could have made me !
Lirette, you positively then assert, is
Not my sister. It is——

STAR. " Myrtis ! Myrtis !"

FIN. O joy ! from whence such tidings could you bring ?
What's here—a note tucked underneath your wing ?
(*taking and opening it*)

Words set to music ! Lucky for the setters
I learned my notes as early as my letters !
But sure the lines which are to music set,
Are from the crowquill of——

STAR. " Lirette !" " Lirette !"

Air—FINFIN—" *Prima Donna Waltz.*"

" If it be really true (*reading from paper*)
You love me as I love you,
Never was seen
The knife so keen
Can cut such a love in two !
So I'll be yours if you'll be mine,
And send by flying post a line,
To say I've no objection—objection,
To be for life your Valentine.
If by return you don't decline
Returning my affection !—
For oh !

If it be really true, &c."

FIN. O, soothing syrup to my aching breast,
Thus folded to my heart be ever pressed !

Enter DAME.

DAME. What is the paper you are so hot-pressing ?
Foolscap, I fear—a much too fit head dressing
For such a silly boy ! So—mighty fine,
Upon my word ! Why, it's a Valentine !
And in Lirette's hand-writing—this ensues
From teaching her to mind her P's and Q's !

Duo—DAME and FINFIN—“*Mother, he's going away.*”

DAME. What is it you're doing, you bad boy?
 I really must send you to school;
 With grief I perceive, like a mad boy,
 In love you'll be playing the fool!
 Here's Myrtis, too, spinning a yarn, I
 In vain would its folly display—
 I suppose you all think you can carney
 Me over with kisses and blarney?

FIN. But, mother—

DAME. Oh, bother!

FIN. But, mother, of youth it's the way.
 And under the rose—as we are, I suppose—
 Dear mother, you did so one day.

DAME. If I did so, I now know much better.
 Lirette I'm astonished at quite!
 How dare she go write you a letter,
 Which you know, sir, to read wasn't right.
 'Twas only last week she protested,
 When I asked her her pen to essay,
 That to write was a thing she detested,
 That her hand on a pen never rested.

FIN. But, mother—

DAME. Oh, bother!

FIN. But, mother, it's Valentine's Day!
 And betwixt—at the most—
 You and me, and the post!
 You've sent one yourself, I daresay!

DAME. St. Valentine I'll have no more discourse on.

(flourish)

Talking of Valentine—why here comes Orson,
 I do believe—

KING. *(outside)* Halt!

DAME. To his growl I'd swear.
 It is the old original Black Bear!

Flourish—Enter KING, attended.

KING. Are you the woman of the house?

DAME. I am.

KING. The Good Woman?

DAME. They say so.

KING. That's a flam.

DAME. A flam! At least, sir, 'tis not of my telling.

KING. Is that your only title to this dwelling?

Have you no deeds to shew?

DAME. 'Twould boasting be

To speak of my deeds—they must speak for me.

KING. Woman! I ask have you a lease?

DAME. Great sir,

I am a forty shilling freeholder.

KING. I will bet forty shillings that's a fib.

This house of yours is, I suspect, a *crib*.

What have the Woods and Forests been about

To let our Crown lands thus for nothing out?

Who was the architect?

DAME. A perfect stranger.

It was run up like magic.

KING. There's the danger.

This way the houses they run up in town,

The next fine day to come with a run down.

Yet, notwithstanding rents in every wall,

The rent's the only thing that doesn't fall!

And was it, pray, out of our royal woods

You picked your sticks? Who gave you all your
goods?

This furniture so florid in design—

The Exhibition furnished naught so fine?

DAME. The same good friend.

KING. Name him.

DAME. I ne'er heard mention

Of names. It was a delicate attention

To a poor widow and her orphan chicks,

Left, without fixtures in an awful fix.

KING. Oh! you have chickens, have you?—very good.

And, pray, is this young cock one of your brood?

FIN. I am, old bear.

KING. Old bear!

DAME. That's not polite.

FIN. I don't care! Does he think this cock won't fight?

KING. Here's a game chicken we in time must check!

Seize him, and wring the strutting bantam's neck.

DAME. Oh, mighty monarch! Hear me for him plead!
The child's a perfect innocent.

KING. Indeed!

You have some more young innocents, no doubt?

DAME. Two daughters, sire—so young they're not yet out.

KING. Not out! 'Tis false, and your confusion shews it.

They are out and their cunning mother knows it.

Have they not been to the Crown Prince presented?

DAME. An accident that could not be prevented.

'Twas he, alas, who came to court—not they.

KING. To court a lass no doubt you mean to say.

Go, drag before us this fine brace of minxes!

We'll find the riddle out though 'twere the sphinx's.

(music—GUARDS exeunt, and return with LIRETTE and MYRTIS)

Now! which is the young witch which witched our son so?

LIR. Oh! as if either of us could have done so!

KING. Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"—my wig and gaiters!

Here's a preparatory school for traitors. [8b].

Upon this plot of ground there's too much reason

To think these groundlings have been plotting treason;

On which ground we shall shortly find a spot

Where by our order rubbish may be shot.

FIN. But——

KING. But me no buts!

DAME. It is useless suing!

The time is past to talk of buts to Bruin!

*Quintette—DAME, FINFIN, LIRETTE, MYRTIS, and KING—
"Lucia di Lammermoor."*

DAME. This the cruelest of blows is!
Smash must go the House of Roses;
He'll dispose of all its posies,
As of so much bankrupt stock.

LIR. Murder may be meditating,
We've no chance but emigrating!

FIN. By our timbers amputating,
We alone can cut the block!

MYR. On our lockets calculating,
We may yet his fury mock!

KING. Up the traitors lock,
While I here take stock !

(Exeunt DAME, FINFIN, LIRETTE, and MYRTIS, guarded)

KING. To let, and with immediate occupation,
In a most eligible situation,
A villa residence—within a mile
Of town—and furnished in the newest style !
I couldn't fancy a more pleasant seat,
When from the toils of state I would retreat ;
'Tis very rarely that a king reposes,
As here I may do on a bed of roses.

(music—seats himself on the bed—the roses change to thorns)

Oh ! Oh ! that wicked widow ! Plague upon her !
Is this the way to stuff a seat——of honour !
Where is the bell ? I'll for the beldame ring ! *(music)*
And—— *(the bell rope changes to one of nettles)*

Ugh ! confound it ! nettles ! How they sting !
A pretty hand I've made on't with these swell ropes,
I'll hang the bell hanger in his own bell ropes !

(sinks in arm-chair—it changes to one of thistles)

Thistles ! and *(it breaks and he falls on the floor)* down !
(rising and coming forward) Will any body dare
To call that to my face an easy chair !

STAR. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

KING. Laughed at ! where is that grinner ?
He shall grin through a halter before dinner !

STAR. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! a good joke ! a good joke !

KING. It's that audacious bird ! It laughed and spoke !

As plain as Yorick's did ! Ah, now I see !

The widow is a witch, and this must be
What is called her familiar—I should say

Her *too* familiar—laughing in this way

At my expense ! For such familiarity

I'll put a stop, my friend, to your hilarity.

Here's what shall teach you to be less a talker,

I'll soon walk into you, young fellow ! *(draws pistol)*

STAR. Walker !

KING *fires—The STARLING flies away unhurt, but a quantity of branches and brambles fall from the roof of the cottage and enclose the KING in a cage.*

KING. Missed him, by Jupiter ! Holloa ! Od rot it,
I've brought down everything, and never shot it !

Music—Four IMPS, armed with long thorns, appear, and poke at him through the branches, from which he in vain endeavours to extricate himself.

Oh ! you young imps ! how dare you poke your fun
At me ! Help ! Murder ! Treason ! Don't—adone !

IMPS *disappear as the GUARDS enter hastily, followed by DAME, FINFIN, LIRETTE, and MYRTIS—GUARDS release the KING.*

DAME. What is the matter, mighty ursus major ?

KING. Oh, you vile sorceress ! I'll bet a wager
These are your tricks ! but you shall play no more of
'em !

A stake and faggots, rascals ! seize all four of 'em !
The witch shall burn alive—with all her brats !

DAME. We're lost, though we'd as many lives as cats !

FIN. Mayn't we wish now ?

DAME. There cannot be a doubt of it.
In such a scrape——

FIN. I wish, then, we were out of it !

Music—Clouds envelope the KING and his ATTENDANTS, who disappear amidst them.

LIR. We are ! we are ! Our foes are out of sight.

MYR. Have they retreated—or we taken flight ?

DAME. We're rising, I declare, o'er wood and hill !
Our prospects, though, are rather cloudy still.

FIN. What joy to find we're all alive and hearty.

MYR. I wish Prince Sylvan though was of the party.

PRINCE SYLVAN *appears through clouds.*

PRINCE. Sweet Myrtis !

MYR. Oh ! he heard me through the cloud.

DAME. Young ladies shouldn't wish so very loud.

LIR. Where are we going ?

FIN. I can't understand.

LIR. I wish it were into some fairy-land,
Where we might find protection.

DAME. I should stare
Just now to find *protection* anywhere.

Change of music—Clouds disperse and discover

SCENE FOURTH.—*Basaltic Terminus on the borders of Lake Lucid.*

The FAIRY FRAGRANT enters in a car drawn by ELVES with garlands of roses, and accompanied by FAIRIES.

FAIRY. (*to LIRETTE*) You wished, fair maid, in Fairy-land to be.

You have your wish—a fairy-land you see.

LIR. I can't imagine a more fairy scene.

FAIRY. 'Tis called the Land of Bloom. I am its queen,
Protectress of the Flowers—and likewise
Ruler of all the tribes of butterflies.

(*to DAME*) You're the Good Woman I so much have heard of.

DAME. A fairy queen I mustn't doubt the word of.

FAIRY. Of these young people I know all the history.

DAME. Indeed! Oh, then you can clear up the mystery.

FAIRY. I can and will—in confidence to you.

Meanwhile, to prove that what I say is true,
Know 'twas I placed the three babes in the wood,
To two of whom as godmother I stood,
And gave them those three lockets—worthless here—
Where we have all we wish for—naught to fear.

(*taking the lockets from them*)

FIN. Have all we wish for! Oh, then—joy divine—

Lirette will be my wife.

PRINCE. (*with MYRTIS*) And Myrtis mine!

FAIRY. 'Twas settled by your parents long ago,
And I my promise gave it should be so.
Therefore, strike hands, and choose your partners all,
Flare up and join the Union Fairy Ball. (*music*)

BALLET.

TABLEAU AND END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Boundary of Bloom Land—(In the centre of the stage the magic oak).*

Enter FAIRY FRAGRANT and Train, with FINFIN, MYRTIS, LIRETTE and SYLVAN.

(Music—The FAIRIES trip round the line of demarcation, beating the oak with their wands as they pass and exeunt)

FAIRY. Thus once in ev'ry year we go the rounds,
 And of our fairy parish beat the bounds.
 Behold this ancient oak, my youthful friends,
 It is the spot where my dominion ends.
 Within the circle we have traced to-day
 Nothing can come to injure or dismay ;
 But step beyond it half a blade of grass,
 And I won't tell you what mayn't come to pass.
 So, for your own sakes, recollect my order,
 Let no temptation lure you o'er the border.

Air—FAIRY—" Pour Bertha"—Prophète.

Let me advise, " Be merry and wise,"
 Of pleasure be prudence the warder ;
 " Merry and wise," remember, implies
 You mustn't go over the border !

Clearly it the truth expresses,
 Danger waits on all excesses ;
 Lightly you may leap the bourne,
 But once past there's no return.
 No, no, no, no.

Seen from within this line appears
 A fragile wreath of roses—
 But a return from wild careers,
 An iron chain opposes !

Out beyond that tree who launches,
 Treason finds in all its branches.
 Would you taste of joy divine,
 E'er in pleasure keep the line !

PRINCE. We will in all our best obey you, madam.

FAIRY. I can expect no more from sons of Adam.

(Exit FAIRY)

LIR. I'm sure we are in all our best to do so.

Atleast, I never was so dressed, were you so? (to MYRTIS)

MYR. I never felt so happy, which is better.

FIN. Lurette! I never answered your sweet letter.

LIR. Well! now by word of mouth you can reply.

FIN. I can; so take it from my lips. (kissing her)

LIR. Oh, fie!

Do you call that, sir, keeping within bounds?

FIN. To speak my rapture words were empty sounds.

PRINCE. (to MYRTIS) Permit my lips so to express my passion?

MYR. With all my heart—I'll not be out of fashion.

FIN. Our promised brides, in this sweet vale of flowers,
Grant us your leaves to build our nuptial bowers.

LIR. First let the banns be published, sir, amid them;
There's no one in this parish to forbid them.

MYR. No; even mother now says we may marry.

PRINCE. Then why postpone so sweet a *partie quarée*?

Come, name the day, on your fond swains take pity.

FIN. To Sylvan I say ditto, in a ditty.

Air—FINFIN—"Com é bello."

In this land of bloom and beauty,

All to bless your fond lover is courting,

Flowers that hint their gentle duty,

Brilliant beings around us sporting.

Butterflies in bridal splendour,

Here their snow-white wings display;

Blue bells ring a fairy peal so tender—

Haste, then, dearest—name the day!

Blush not, dearest. The roses jealous,

May not be perhaps so zealous.

But the orange showers her blossom

To crown thy brow and deck thy bosom.

In the myrtles ringdoves cooing,

Sweet Epithalamiums play;

All to Hymen's altar wooing,

Haste, then, dearest—name the day!

(Exeunt FINFIN and LIRETTE, MYRTIS and SYLVAN)

(*Music—the magic oak opens on the side beyond the boundary, and ABADDUN appears*).

ABAD. Come, here's a little job for me at last,
 I have been idle for a long time past.
 Mortals each other with such hate pursue,
 They leave an evil genius naught to do ;
 Malice and envy have so darkly dyed 'em.
 The devil himself looks almost white beside 'em,
 Out of this oak had I not something carved,
 Like other geniuses I might have starved ;
 But here is innocence to court temptation,
 And guilt to drive to deeper desperation.
 (*stamping*) Arise !

KING BRUIN *rises on a couch asleep.*

Awake !

KING. I've slept till all is blue.
 Holloa ! where am I ? (*sees ABADDUN*) Who the deuce
 are you ?

ABAD. Abaddun !

KING. You look like it—ev'ry view in.
 And what may be your business ?

ABAD. Mischief, Bruin !

KING. That I can credit, too—but just allow
 Bruin to ask for whom you're brewing now ?

ABAD. For you.

KING. For me ! “ For ” means “ against,” I fear.

ABAD. No ! I'm your friend—a genius !

KING. O dear !

A friend in need, then, you will prove, if any,
 For I ne'er knew a genius worth a penny.

ABAD. The Fairy Queen of Bloom Land is my foe,
 As she is yours.

KING. Mine ! Is she really, though ?

ABAD. Behold those youthful swains and shepherdesses,
 Paying to one another their addresses.

KING. My step-son, Sylvan ! who went off sky-larking !
 And that vile trio——

ABAD. Know you who they are, King ?
 Two of them are the children of your brother.

KING. What ! those I gave Catspaw, the cook, to smother ?

ABAD. The same. The third is Sylvan's sister, carried
Off by this Fairy, that she might be married
To your right royal nephew yonder !

KING. Living !
Warning to quit, then, me they'll soon be giving !
Curse on that cook—he's put me in a stew—
Is there no hole that you can pull me through ?

ABAD. Perhaps ! What will you give ?

KING. Name your own fee.

ABAD. (*grasping his hand*) Done ! it's a bargain !

KING. (*shuddering*) Am I sold, or he ?
No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy.
(*sinks on couch*)

ABAD. Finish your nap—I will attend your *levée*.

*The couch descends again with BRUIN—Music—ABADDUN
takes from the hollow of the oak tree a toy, in the shape of a
duck, superbly gilt and painted, with jewelled eyes and crest.*

Now, by my art, to make this wooden toy chuck—
Carved out of magic oak—a fine decoy duck.

*Music—Places DUCK on the stage—It becomes animated, and
walks about quacking.*

*Air—ABADDUN—"Com' é gentil" (with duck obligato
accompaniment).*

"Com' é gentil !"

To hear thy bill—*Quack, quack !*

Thus at my will—*Quack, quack !*

That charming sound produce ;—*Quack, quack !*

Our fav'rite spell !—*Quack, quack !*

For who so well—*Quack, quack !*

As we can tell

Of quacks the use ?

Of mischief what a dearth if sent a packing
Were ev'ry thing on earth that takes to quacking !

The grave physician—*Quack, quack !*

The academician—*Quack, quack !*

The politician who turns his coat each day—*Quack,
quack !*

In each condition—*Quack, quack!*
 Such imposition—*Quack, quack!*
 The poor magician
 Quacks less than they!
 Both high and low we hear the sound of quacking—
 The Budget mustn't sneer at "Turner's blacking!"

In education—*Quack, quack!*
 In representation—*Quack, quack!*
 In emigration it goes a wondrous way—*Quack, quack!*
 In ev'ry station—*Quack, quack!*
 Through all the nation—*Quack, quack!*
 My conjuration
 Find favour may,
 By quacking half the town is money making—
 From "Life assuring" down to "Undertaking!"
Quack, &c.

ABAD. (*to DUCK*) You know your duty—so to words a truce
 Go like a duck, and don't act like a goose.

(*DUCK flies off*)

Now, my proud Fairy, I may spoil your match,
 And turn your shepherd's glee into a catch!
 Aye, see! the hunt is up—the sport's begun—
 Well waddled, duck—I'll back you ten to one.
 Lirette is first—a lady takes the lead,
Dux femina facti, I may say indeed. (*retires*)

LIRETTE *enters, pursuing the DUCK, which disappears
 amongst some bushes.*

LIR. I've lost it; but I can't be far behind it!
 Finfin ran t'other way, so he won't find it.
 Oh! if to catch it I should have the luck—
 I never in my life saw such a duck.
 It looks all gold and jewels in the sun,
 A "Duck of Diamonds," if there e'er was one;
 And not a wild duck either—seemed quite tame,
 But timid, and, I thought, a little lame.
 I've heard of lame ducks, but I question whether
 When really lame, if they're in such fine feather.

Where has it got to? underneath this shrub?
 Poor thing—perhaps it's gone to get its grub.
 And for its capture that's another reason,
 To feed on grubs 'gainst butterflies is treason!
 And if the Fairies knew it, they'd be huff'd,
 And have the pretty creature killed and stuffed
 With sage and onion—horrible surmise,
 The very name brings tears into my eyes.

Air—LIRETTE—"Zauberflote."

My darling duck! the very thought of stuffing
 Bird so divine, would almost break my heart!
 Moses and Nicoll, spite of all their puffing,
 'Twixt them can't shew a pair of ducks so smart!
 Yet, if the Fays found reason,
 To truss thee up for treason,
 The word most sage in season,
 Lost would be on grounds like these—
 Decide between the lady and the larder.
 Live, duck! or, if you disregard her,
 Die and repose in *peas*.

The DUCK re-appears.

There! there it is again. Now do stand still.
 You darling duck! Here dilly, dilly, dill!
 That naughty Finfin frightened it so much, it
 Won't let me come quite near enough to touch it.
 But I will catch it—if I hunt all day,
 Go for it any lengths, or any way.
 Yes! such a dainty duck a prize to make,
 I'd take a voyage round the world—like Drake.

(hunts the DUCK, who runs under the oak)

Nay, mine you must and shall be—willy, nilly!
 Here dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly!

(follows the DUCK round the oak, across the border, and pounces on it)

Ah! now you're caught.

ABAD. *(aside)*

And so are you.

(a branch of the tree catches hold of LIRETTE)

LIR.

Ah, me!

Enter FINFIN.

FIN. Lirette, Lirette ! She's past the fairy tree.
Return !

LIR. I can't ! I'm held as tight as wax.

FIN. Oh, if I knew but where to find an axe.

(an axe appears in the air)

LIR. There's one for axing—close enough to touch thee.

FIN. The handle towards my hand—come, let me clutch thee.

(the axe eludes his grasp)

I have thee not ! and yet I see thee still.

Handle thy blade at any risk I will,

My love to rescue from that hateful bough.

(pursues the axe across the border, and is caught by another branch)

ABAD. *(aside)* Ah ! my fine blade, 'tis you are handled now

FIN. My eye my other senses was the fool of—

A magic tool I have been made the tool of !

LIR. Oh, most false axe ! to cut ere you could catch it.

Some fiend who lies like truth has thrown the hatchet.

Enter PRINCE SYLVAN and MYRTIS.

MYR. Oh, Sylvan ! see, Lirette and my poor brother,
Dangling beside, not after, one another !

PRINCE. Haste we to rescue them—

LIR. Take care ! take care !

Of one false step across that line beware.

FIN. Take warning by the rash step we have taken,

Nor by a rasher think to save our bacon.

PRINCE. Fly for the Fairy, she may bring them aid !

MYR. What ! when her orders they have disobeyed !

No, never will I shew so white a feather ;

For good or ill let us all hang together.

*(music—She crosses the border, followed by PRINCE—
they are both seized by branches in the same way—
ABADDUN advances)*

Enter DAME, followed by FAIRY FRAGRANT.

ABAD. Victory!

(stage grows dark—Thunder and lightning—clouds envelope ABADDUN with the four Prisoners, who gradually disappear in them)

DAME. Help! Stop thief!

FAIRY. Stern fate forbids!

DAME. What! when they've kidnapped all my precious kids?

FAIRY. They are beyond my power to recover;
The fairy landmark they have jumped right over.
Their future fate, I fear, will be a sad 'un,
For they are in the power of Abaddun.

DAME. Then after him to go I am a good 'un!

FAIRY. Stir not a step. *(touching her)*

DAME. *(immovable)* Sure both my legs are wooden!
O cruel godmother, who stood to two of 'em,
Must I stand too—as if I nothing knew of 'em?
Is this your promise?—this your gracious boon?
Are you the sponsor—and make me the spoon?

FAIRY. Hush, my good woman; keep your temper,
pray;

It is too good to lose in this weak way.
For disobedience they are punished sadly,
But what I can do for them I'll do gladly.

DAME. And what may that be?

FAIRY. Can't tell till I look,
By spirit lamp light, in my magic book.

DAME. Oh, must I stop to pore o'er musty books,
When my poor lambs are hung on tenter hooks?

FAIRY. Come to my cabinet, this state affair
To settle with the Queen in council there.

Music—The clouds disperse and discover

SCENE SECOND.—*The Cabinet des Fées.*

On the shelves of a richly-ornamented book-case are seen volumes with titles in transparency, "The Golden

Branch," "King of the Peacocks," "Island of Jewels," &c.—On a desk in centre of stage is a volume, closed, without a title.

FAIRY. Behold the famous "Cabinet des Fées"
And "Fairy Library," which, I dare say,
You've often heard of. Round you on the
shelves,
All richly spell-bound by my fairy elves,
The volumes stand whose magic-woven pages
Have charmed the children of all times and
ages.

DAME. Some I perceive whose titles I know well.
I've told them often, and I've found them tell.

FAIRY. Those are the stage editions—done for
certain ;

Those yet to do are kept behind the curtain.
This book contains the story of yourself.

(pointing to the one on the desk)

DAME. I see, then, I'm not yet upon the shelf.

FAIRY. To read it I began not long ago,
How it will end are you resolved to know ?

DAME. Of my own fate I would not read a line,
But that of others is bound up with mine ;
And therefore humbly hope that it will suit your
Book, to say what is "looming in the future !"

FAIRY. Sit then, whilst I find out how the adapter
Has worked the story up in the last chapter.

(opens book on desk)

DAME. *(aside)* Thus, at a boarding school, the eager
maid

Through the three-volumed novel cannot wade,
Till she has peeped to see if Lady Anne
Does marry after all "that charming man !"

FAIRY. What do I see ! what words my pain could
paint ;

If I were not a fairy I should faint !

DAME. What *do* you see ? Speak ! Don't suppose I'm
nervous.

Has fate resolved to pickle or preserve us ?

FAIRY. Alas ! I haven't got the heart to tell you ;
Were you a giantess the blow would fell you !

DAME. I'm short in stature—that I don't deny,
But put my monkey up, I'm six feet high!
Whate'er my lot, let fortune smile or frown,
I am a lot not easily knocked down!
Malice may wound or boobyism bore me,
But it must be a precious thump to floor me.

FAIRY. Well, then, prepare for woe.

DAME. I am prepared!

FAIRY. The page is blank on which so long I've
stared.

DAME. Blank! Why then, wherefore so blank should you
look,

If we are neither booked nor brought to book?

FAIRY. Because, although imperfect just the last at,
There is a sentence which I stood aghast at.

DAME. 'Gainst *me* let any sentence be recorded.

What fate to my poor wards has Fate awarded?

FAIRY. They're in the paws of the usurping Bear.

DAME. And no brave friend to cry "paws off" is there!

FAIRY. He will cry "heads off" certainly for two.

They can be only saved by me, or you.

DAME. Then we're all right, and Bruin's beaten hollow!

FAIRY. I beg to say that don't exactly follow.

The stars have made a fearful stipulation;

One of us two must take their situation—

And perish in their place.

DAME. Which shall it be?

Decide yourself—it's all the same to me.

FAIRY. Well, I confess I can't go quite that pace.

There's a slight difficulty in my case:

If I would perish for them—which I wouldn't—

I am a fairy, and, of course, I couldn't.

DAME. Then why distress yourself to that amount?

FAIRY. It is entirely on your account.

DAME. Oh, my account I'll in a moment settle:

Fate rings out an appeal to my *belle* metal—

And I will answer as becomes a woman.

Who can say more—is none!

FAIRY. It seems inhuman

To let you go to certain execution.

DAME. I go to execute my resolution.

FAIRY. They're not your children.

- DAME. That weighs not a pin.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
 Of these poor orphans I'm the sole asylum ;
 And if my life subscription in can tile 'em,
 I'll pay it down with pleasure, and will dare
 For those dear lambs to go the entire—Bear ;
- FAIRY. You are as brave as you are good—receive
 This sprig of thyme, 'twill bring you a reprieve
 At the last moment, if you should repent.
- DAME. Pray keep your thyme—it were but time mis-
 spent—
- FAIRY. Reject it not ! unguarded by this spell
 The tyrant would but take your head as well.
 This leaves him not the liberty to choose,
 They cannot fall—if you stand in their shoes.
- DAME. Ah ! that's two other shoes—so if I may
 I'll "take your *thyme*, Miss Lucy," as they say,
 But I suspect there's no more time to spare.
- FAIRY. Time flies, you know, that thyme will take you
 there.

(Exit FAIRY)

Air—DAME—"Nelly Bly."

As I fly through the sky,
 With my new brougham along,
 I'll sweep the cobwebs, like that dear
 Old woman in the song.
 Those who would my darlings snub
 Shall better manners learn ;
 I'll teach the Bear a dance so rare,
 'Twill give their luck a turn.

Heigh over ! fly over
 Fairy-land and sea ;
 To pass my thyme
 I'll sing a rhyme
 To nigger melody.

Long as I have a voice,
 Ev'ry fear above,
 I'll vote for those I value,
 And I'll stick to those I love.

With them I hand and heart
Am as sure to be
As yonder ball at "One" to fall
By electricity.*

Heigh over! fly over
Fairy-land and sea;
To pass my thyme
I'll sing a prime
New nigger melody.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Palace of KING BRUIN.*

(*Same as Scene Second, Act I.*)

Enter KING hastily, meeting RATSBANE.

KING. Ratsbane!

RATS. Your Majesty disordered seems!

KING. Oh, Ratsbane, I have had such horrid dreams!

RATS. Shadows, my liege, the brain's gallantry show.

KING. Shadows, I fear, that coming troubles throw.

I have supped full of horrors all the night—
Dreamed of the devil, and waked in a fright.

RATS. The supper full of horrors, I suppose,
Was that you took before you went to doze.

KING. I saw the two brats Catspaw had to smother!

RATS. You'd two Welch rabbits following one another.

KING. That's true. Od'rabbit 'em! my heart's at
ease—

Good Ratsbane! I forgot the toasted cheese!
This settles of such brain-sick stuff the question,—
Fools call it conscience—wise men indigestion.
But still with Catspaw I a word would speak—

RATS. With Catspaw, sire—you had him hanged last
week.

KING. I had forgot that too!

* At Charing Cross. The first constructed.

- RATS. Such trifling things
May easily escape the minds of kings.
- KING. What did I hang him for?
- RATS. Nobody knew.
Perhaps because you'd nothing else to do.
- KING. I don't remember—but it's no great matter,
As he is hanged of course he cannot chatter.
And oh, my Ratsbane! if those babes are living!
- RATS. Why should you think so?
- KING. I've a strange misgiving.
The Queen, too, had a daughter—Sylvan's sister.
One morning, just about that time, we missed her.
- RATS. 'Twas rumoured she was stolen by a fairy.
- KING. Have you heard anything to the contrary?
- RATS. Never.
- KING. No more have I—but rather deem
I saw her last night in that same bad dream!
If so—Oh, Ratsbane! there's more fish to fry
Than is dreamed of in your philos—
- RATS. O fie!
To King so great can infants cause alarms!
Particularly when they're not in arms?
- Duo—KING and RATSBANE—"Giles Scroggins."*
- RATS. Consider, first—you've got the crown—
- KING. Right! Tol de riddle, lol de ray!
- RATS. That you are up—and they are down—
- KING. Right again! Tol de rol, de ray!
- RATS. *Two* Kings of Brentford!—*one* had squealed;
But with no Richmond in the field,
It cannot be your *Kew* to yield!
- KING. Very right! Tol de riddle, lol de ray!
- RATS. Possession's nine points of the law—
- KING. Right! Tol de riddle, lol de ray!
- RATS. 'Twas in a dream those brats you saw—
- KING. Right (perhaps?) Tol de rol, de ray!
- RATS. But say they live, and should shew fight—
Upon your side have you not might?
And, having that, pray, what is right?
- KING. Right? All—Tol de riddle, lol de ray

KING. My bosom's comforter !

Enter EAVESDROP.

What news with thee ?

EAVES. Prince Sylvan——

KING. Ah !

EAVES. Returned——

KING. Alone ?

EAVES. With three
Young strangers in exceedingly strange dresses !

KING. (*aside*) Ratsbane ! Prince Almond and the two
Princesses.

RATS. So much the better—they are in your power !

KING. Arrest and send them all to the Black Tower !

RATS. Prince Sylvan ?

KING. He and all—shop the whole lot of them !

The sons of guns—I'll very soon be shot of them !

Away !

(*Exit RATSBANE*)

EAVES. My liege ! without there is a bevy

Of lords in waiting to attend your levee.

KING. Admit them !

(*Exit EAVESDROP*)

We are primed to meet the worst !

ABADDUN *rises.*

ABAD. I have the *entrée* and crave audience first.

KING. (*aside*) There couldn't be a worse, I must admit !

(*aloud*) Where did you come from ?

ABAD. Pray don't mention it.

KING. What did you come for ?

ABAD. For my fee—I claim it,
For service done—you promised I should name it.

KING. Well ! name it.

ABAD. Just accept that little bill. (*handing him a slip
of paper*)

KING. To oblige you, most certainly I will. (*puts it in his
pocket*)

ABAD. No joking ! I've your royal word—stand by it.

All four are in your power.

KING. I don't deny it.
 ABAD. "Name your own fee," you said. I have and want it.
 KING. Name it!—that's true. I never said I'd grant it.
 ABAD. A quibble! Bruin, give the devil his due!
 KING. No, no. The devil take me if I do!
 ABAD. Done by a clod of clay! I feel quite dizzy.
 KING. If you've no more to say, I'm very busy.
 ABAD. Accept that bill. I ask you once again.
 KING. Thou troublest me—I am not in the vein!
 ABAD. Enough. Next time 'twill be my turn to sell!
 KING. Till then we bid you heartily farewell.

(ABADDUN *sinks*)

Having done him, I have no more to do! (*music*)

Enter COURTIERS, &c.

My lords and gentlemen——

Enter DAME.

A lady, too!

DAME. Prepare thy brow to frown! Know'st thou me yet?

KING. By all our stars! the mother of the set
 Of traitors we have just now sent to quod!

DAME. 'Tis even so; though you may think it odd,
 I come, with my own head their heads to ransom.

KING. Well, I must say that is uncommon handsome!

DAME. My head to flatter, if 'tis your intent,
 I grieve I can't return the compliment.
 I come to bully Bruin—not to praise him!
 To bait the bear——

KING. As yet you but amaze him!

DAME. I've that to say will more your bear pole puzzle,
 Despite the rage which loads it to the muzzle!

KING. (*repressing a movement*) Let her alone—she shall
 have rope enough!

Such fustian cannot ruffle me.

DAME. That's stuff!

Your conscience pricks you, spite of all your scorns;
 It isn't the first time you've sat on thorns!

KING. Ha! Dare you own you set your royal guest
on——

DAME. A seat 'twould not become me here to jest on.
But there are sharper points behind to weather;
I now come to unseat you altogether!

KING. How!

DAME. Aye, usurper, to that end I came!
Prince Almond rightful King I here proclaim!
Heir of the poisoned Philbert——

KING. Seize and smother
The witch!

Enter QUEEN hastily.

QUEEN. My liege!

KING. The Queen?

DAME. Aye, there's another
Poor victim! Madam, you had once a daughter.

QUEEN. Oh, yes! and I've just heard she's doomed to
slaughter.

Good woman, can you tell me of her whereabouts?

DAME. She's now in the Black Tower, ma'am, or there-
abouts.

KING. Villains, will no one stop that woman's mag?
(*aside*) She's letting every cat out of the bag.

(GUARDS *advance, but are repulsed by DAME, who points
the sprig of thyme towards them*)

DAME. No one can stop my mag unless I choose!

I came to stand in your poor captives' shoes.

KING. Stand in their shoes! No, you shall fall to boot.

QUEEN. This is past bearing. Bruin, you're a brute!

KING. Look to the Queen! (*an OFFICER advances*)

QUEEN. I'm going with my daughter.

(*faints in the arms of OFFICER*)

KING. She faints. Go! (*aside to OFFICER*) Pop her in a
butt of water,

And keep her under till you're sure it's over.

(*they bear out QUEEN*)

When she is gone Bruin may live in clover.

(*aloud*) As to that vixen, with her arms akimbo,
To the Black Tower with her—there, in limbo,
To wait, with the whole crew of rosicrucians,
The most excruciating executions. (*music*)

(*Exit, attended*—DAME waves the sprig of thyme, which drives off the GUARDS)

DAME. Now, Fairy Thyme, prove, without any humming,
You're the good time that's been so long a coming.

Air—DAME—“*The Last Polka.*”

Fairy Thyme ! in the Black Tower !
Magical sprig
Prove that you twig.
Fairy Thyme ! now is the hour—
The right time of day, my flower !

Bolt and bar useless are,
Out of the black hole here
I could soon bolt the moon,
If not on parole here.

Fairy Thyme, &c.

Hobbs, the Yankee, without humming,
In less time can't pick a lock ;
To my friends this good Thyme coming,
Will shew I know what's o'clock !

Fairy Thyme, &c.

(*Exit*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Prison Court of the Black Tower*—FINFIN,
LIRETTE, MYRTIS, and PRINCE SYLVAN in chains, and
fastened by other chains to rings in the wall.

Quartette—LIRETTE, FINFIN, MYRTIS, and PRINCE—
“*Olga Waltz.*”

ALL. Why did misfortune sell me,
Upon my wedding day ?
FIN. Now chained to a wall,
LIR. In sorrow we squall

- MYR. This burden which all
 PRINCE. The little boys bawl.*
 FIN. And though rather more tall
 Than those very boys small,
 We are forced to sing smaller than they.
- ALL. Why did misfortune sell me, &c.
- LIR. Eventful day! Thy happy dawn augments
 My sorrow at this sad chain of events.
- MYR. Is this the way I hoped to change my state,
 Or these the bonds in which I'd speculate?
- PRINCE. Sad bonds! bad change! which, like some base
 stock jobbery,
 Belie the proverb of "Exchange no robbery!"
- FIN. How close the parallel 'twixt our careers,
 And that of bubble companies appears.
 A cunning juggler is the scheme's projector,
 And a lame duck the principal director.
 Lured on by quacking till there comes a call
 On some few holders to pay up for all,
 You find beyond the mark you've blindly toddled,
 The "*plant*" has caught you, and the duck has waddled.
 In smoke dissolves the fairy-like prospectus,
 Friends can all blame, but deuce a one protect us.
 Pockets cleaned out, and body popped in prison,
 How many a fool in our fate looks on his'n.

Music—Enter DAME through wall.

- DAME. Lucky for you that you have one friend still
 To your poor backs, with both the power and will.
- PRINCE. The dear good woman!
- MYR. Come with us to fall?
- FIN. In the same boat!
- LIR. Bound to the same black wall!
- DAME. No, I'm not bound, except by obligation,
 Your white bait brought me to this Blackwall Station;

* A nigger song to this tune, beginning

"Why did my master sell me,
 Upon my wedding day,"

Was extremely popular at that date.

I'd a free passage hither, and, no doubt,
Most easily could work my passage out.

FIN. Our wonder with our hope your words increase.

LIR. The tyrant has not battered at your peace?

DAME. I come to snatch you from his fatal hug,
And break about his ears his black stone jug,
Fear not for me—I'm armed to bear and brave all,
My own extinguisher! but yet your save-all!

FIN. Your own extinguisher! Opaque remark!
Put out yourself, and leave us in the dark!

DAME. No, in a blaze of triumph you will rise!
But lo! here Bruin comes—now ope your eyes,
And shut your mouths, and see how I will laugh
To scorn the bear and all his ragged staff.

Enter KING BRUIN and GUARDS.

KING. Locks, bolts, and bars, who's making here so free?

DAME. Don't agitate yourself—it's only me.

KING. Ho! Ratsbane! Eavesdrop! Hangdogs! what the
deuce!

Here's Mrs. Thingumbob, out on the loose!

(RATSBANE and EAVESDROP enter hurriedly)

Plotting, no doubt, a general jail delivery.

RATS. Sire, we've just made the wonderful diskivery;
In the strong room with fetters I confined her,
But stone won't stop—nor iron help to bind her.
Through granite walls she walks her chalks with ease,
As if the blocks were but of chalk or cheese.

EAVES. By watch and turnkey neither sound nor step heard.

KING. *(to DAME)* Zounds! are you Jack-a-Lanthorn, or Jack
Shepherd?

DAME. You have said all along I was a witch;
Are you astonished I behave as *sich*?

KING. We'll try you for one in a brace of shakes.
That flagstone covers a pit full of snakes.
As it mayn't easy be to hang or burn you,
Into that vault 'tis our intent to turn you,
And leave it to the vipers and the vermin
The question of your witchcraft to determine.

DAME. I'm ready 'gainst your serpents to be pitted,
But first I'll see you for your crimes committed

By the just judgment of the rightful King—
Prince Almond!

KING. Up, slaves, with that flag, and fling
The traitress in!

DAME. Your flag she'll first haul down.
To the true sovereign yield your stolen crown!

(as she points the sprig of thyme to FINFIN the chains fall from him and the others, and KING appears in chains himself)

(to NOBLES and GUARDS) Upon your marrow-bones,
you rebels, all,
And hail King Almond loud as you can bawl!

(they shout)

(to FINFIN and the others) Live for each other—now I
die for you.

FIN. Never say die—you never used to do!

DAME. You are restored, the Fates my prayers have
heard,

And a good woman never breaks her word
Were I to waver 'twould unchain the bear—
All would be "as you was" and "as you were."
'Tis true I'm not your mammy nor your pappy;
But what's the odds so long as you are happy.

FIN. Odds that against the world I'd sooner take,
Than you should lay your life down for my sake.

LIR. Yes! rather let us all the vault, vault in.

DAME. I must go in alone—for *you* to win!
So hence I cast the thyme that's been my stay;
In such a cause, 'tis not time thrown away!

(flings the sprig from her, and is about to jump into the vault, when ABADDUN rises from it, and the FAIRY FRAGRANT enters and stops her)

FAIRY. Hold you! *(to ABADDUN, who seizes KING)* And
you hold him, and hold him fast!

KING. The devil!

ABAD. He will have his due at last.
I keep my promise better far than you:
I said I'd find a hole to pull you through!

And here it is. (*drags him into vault*) When to its
 mouth I've got 'em,
 My friends must through ; for it has got no bottom !
 (*sinks with KING in his grasp*)

FAIRY. (*to DAME*) 'Twas but to try your heart. As true as
 bold !

In nature, as in name, 'tis sterling gold !
 Go on and prosper—as all persons should
 Who act like the Good Woman in the Wood !

(*waves her wand—The scene changes to a magnificent
 testimonial, presented by the whole FAIRY COMPANY
 to the GOOD WOMAN IN THE WOOD*)

FINALE—" *Last Polka.*"

FIN. Fairy time comes but once a year !
 Welcome it here !
 Greet with a cheer
 The friend who beside us so bravely has stood—
 The Good Woman in the Wood !

DAME. Once again,
 We would fain
 Fairy laurels gather,
 You alone, to house or throne,
 Can make our title "good."

ALL. Fairy time comes but once a year, &c.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.





Very truly Yours
W. B. Buckstone

MR. BUCKSTONE'S ASCENT

OF

MOUNT PARNASSUS.

A PANORAMIC EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Easter Monday,
28th March, 1853.

MR. BUCKSTONE'S ASCENT OF MOUNT PARNASSUS.

In 1853 Mr. Buckstone became the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, and paid me the compliment of requesting me to write a piece introductory to the audience of the new management, which was to commence at Easter. As it was not to be a fairy tale, and would not, therefore, interfere with an engagement I had made to write one for Madame Vestris for the following Christmas, I willingly acceded, and Albert Smith's famous entertainment, "The Ascent of Mont Blanc," being at that time in the midst of its prosperous career, I fancied a sort of travesty upon it would form a capital vehicle for one of those *Revue*s in which I had been fortunate enough to amuse the public on several previous occasions.

Having communicated my project to Smith, and received from him his cordial and flattering sanction, I lost no time in its execution, and on Easter Monday Mr. Buckstone made his "Ascent of Mount Parnassus" with perfect success. In this piece, as in many others, I took the opportunity of promulgating opinions which might be serviceable to the best interests of the Drama; but heartily as they were approved by the crowds that nightly listened to them, six and twenty years have elapsed, and the lines written in 1853 might be spoken in 1879 with equal applicability to English theatricals. Still the Drama is without a temple, and the manager has the same unanswerable excuse for the exhibition of anything that will enable him to pay his salaries on a Saturday.

An amusing incident occurred during the run of this piece which, though I have related it in my "Recollections," may be unknown to many of the subscribers to these volumes. In the second scene the stage represented the room at the Egyptian Hall in which Albert Smith gave his entertainment, and Mr. Caulfield, capitably made up to personate him, exchanged a few words with Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who played "Fortune." By way of a frolic, Smith determined that he would some evening take Mr. Caulfield's place and personate himself without apprising Buckstone of his intention. Accordingly, one evening, having privately taken Mrs. Fitzwilliam into his confidence, his own performance terminating at ten, affording him just time enough to reach the Haymarket before the scene was discovered, and no change being required in his dress, on the cue being given Smith appeared in *propria persona*, to the astonishment and mystification of the little manager, who alone had been carefully kept in ignorance of the matter, and the immense amusement of the whole company, assembled at the wings to witness the effect. Smith was immediately recognised by the audience, who received him with repeated cheers, and in obedience to an unanimous call he made his bow to them at the end of the scene, addressing a few words to them in explanation, and retired amidst hearty laughter and applause both before and behind the curtain. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, who had not acted for me since she played in "Success" in 1825, was not only of the greatest assistance to me by her intelligent acting and delightful singing, but in putting the piece on the stage, to which she brought the experience of her excellent management of Sadler's Wells Theatre.

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. BUCKSTONE (Sole Lessee and Manager; his first appearance in that character)	MR. BUCKSTONE
SPIRIT OF FASHION	MR. W. FARREN *
FORTUNE	MRS. FITZWILLIAM

FAVOURITES OF FORTUNE.

SPIRIT OF "MONT BLANC"	MR. CAULFIELD
SPIRIT OF THE "CORSIKAN BROTHERS"	MR. BRAID
SPIRIT OF DRURY LANE	MISS E. CHAPLIN †
SPIRIT OF THE LYCEUM	MISS E. ROMER
SPIRIT OF "UNCLE TOM" (from the Adelphi)	MR. EDWARDS
SPIRIT OF "GLI UGONOTTI" (from the Royal Italian Opera)... ..	MR. H. CORRI

IMMORTALS.

CASTALIA (Nymph of <i>the</i> Fountain, and Resident Directress of Mount Parnassus, "the Gentle Spirit that pervades the Spot")	MISS L. HOWARD
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THE NINE MUSES (painted by themselves).

CLIO... ..	MRS. COE
EUTERPE	MISS E. BROMLEY
POLYHYMNIA	MISS GRANTHAM
URANIA	MISS ARCHER
CALLIOPE	MISS A. VERNON
ERATO	MISS E. WOULD'S
MELPOMENE	MISS G. LESLIE
THALIA	MISS A. VINING
TERPSICHORE	MISS LAIDLAW

The Illustrative Views have been Painted from Original Sketches, by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL, who accompanied Mr. Buckstone to the spot where they are exhibited.

* *Junior* then; now a worthy successor to the reputation of his celebrated father.

† Now Mrs. Edward Fitzwilliam, widow of the composer and arranger of the music in the piece, and well-known to the public as a valuable member of the late Haymarket company.

GENERAL VIEW OF MOUNT PARNASSUS.



- 1.—Modern Greek Village of Krissa.
- 2.—Ruins of the Acropolis of Krissa.
- 3.—Gorge of the Pleistis.
- 4.—Schiste, and "the Sacred Way."
- 5.—Delphi.

- 6.—Convent and Chapel of St. John.
- 7.—Castalian Spring.
- 8.—Corycian Gave.
- 9.—Liakura.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

Gallery of Illustration.

Introduction—a Study (after nature),—Mr. G. Morris.

Exhibition Room of "The Ascent of Mont Blanc,"

At the Egyptian Hall (after Albert Smith).

The Stage has been arranged to represent

A Swiss Châlet,

Of nearly the actual size of the Original, from a Model furnished expressly by Mr. G. Morris; the various Rustic Decorations from the (Hay) Market Room; the Plants and Flowers from the Maison Marché au Foin, Rue Suffolk, Londres. The Gas arrangements by Mr. Talby.

Copy of the celebrated Duel Scene in the "Corsican Brothers,"

As exhibited at the Princess's Theatre. Act 1st supposed to be in Act 2nd or Act 2nd supposed to be in Act 1st.

(Mr. O'Connor.)

View of the Gold Diggings in Drury Lane Theatre.

THE ASCENT,

(Panorama by Mr. Charles Marshall).

General View of Mount Parnassus,

Departure of Mr. Buckstone by the stage, and arrival by the same conveyance at the

Village of Krissa, near the Gorge of the Pleistus.

Commencement of the Ascent by the Schiste, and the "Sacred Way,"
or old original Gradus ad Parnassum.

Visit of Mr. Buckstone to the Ruins of the City of Delphi

And Modern Greek Village of Kastri, the Site of the Ancient
Temple of Apollo.

Convent and Chapel of St. John,

On the Road to the Castalian Spring. Arrival and Halt of the Party
at the CASTALIAN FOUNTAIN.

Temporary Resuscitation of the Muses by Good Fortune, and intro-
duction of the "Tuneful Nine" to Mr. Buckstone—Present condition
and habits of the Muses described by themselves—Resumption of the
journey and curious passage into the natural

Crystal Palace in the Corycian Cave.

SIXTY STADIA ABOVE DELPHI.

THE HAUNT OF PAN AND THE CORYCIAN NYMPHS.

Mr. Buckstone is fortunate enough to assist at one of the "Frantic
Orgies" of the Nymphs, who "madden on the summit of Mount
Parnassus," and witness

A Cloven Pas Seul,

By PAN, MR. JOSEPH MARSHALL. Tremendous Chasm or Crevice in
the Cavern, affording a dazzling view of the

*Snowy Peak of Liakura, the Summit of Mount
Parnassus, and Apollo's Seat by Sunrise.*

Perilous situation of Mr. Buckstone and all the party. Desperate
resolution to continue the Ascent of Mount Parnassus (if permitted to
do so by the public) and

"Coming Down" of the Curtain.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION,

TO

ALBERT SMITH, Esq.

MY DEAR SMITH,

Accept the Dedication of a Dramatic Trifle, the idea of which was suggested by your deservedly popular Entertainment. I have taken great liberties with you : but “whom can a man take liberties with, if not with his friend ?” And let me hope that in so doing I have not forfeited the claim (which I assure you I value) to subscribe myself YOURS,

Most sincerely,

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

MR. BUCKSTONE'S ASCENT OF
MOUNT PARNASSUS.

SCENE.—*A Study.*

Chair and table, with wine and dessert on one side, and another table with writing materials and a pile of MSS.

MR. BUCKSTONE *discovered seated at table, with a book in his hand, reading.*

MR. B. (*reading*) "When energizing objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?"*

(*laying down the book*)

Well! mine's an energizing one, for certain—
At a fair profit to draw up my curtain
Nightly for forty weeks—and I shall view it
As quite a prodigy if I should do it.
How to begin? My brain I'm sick with spinning!
"Nothing so difficult as a beginning,"
Says my Lord Byron—and the truth, I vow,
Never appeared to me so clear as now.
What shall I open with? what sort of thing
Will hit the public hard, and money bring?
I can't say I've no choice. (*pointing to MSS.*) Here's
a small pile
Of manuscripts, of every sort and style—
Tragic and comic—classic and romantic.
To look at 'em's enough to drive one frantic!

* Dr. Busby. Address written for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre. *Vide* Moore's "Life of Lord Byron," vol. ii., p. 177.

What will it be to read 'em?—Only think—
 To wade through all that waste of pen and ink!
 But done it must be—therefore let me try
 A sample—take the first that meets my eye.
(takes MS. from the pile, opens first leaf and reads the title)

“Arsenic: a tragedy in fifteen acts
 And forty tableaux, founded upon facts.”
 A drama of the class they call exciting,
 And full, no doubt, of very racy writing.
 Will fifteen acts of arsenic make a hit?
 Why it's enough to poison all the pit,
 And can't be very wholesome for the stage.
 For strong effects, however, there's a rage;
 And such a dose as this, 'twill be agreed,
 Must produce very strong effects indeed!
 The public like the wonderful and wild;
 The Drama won't draw if you draw it mild;
 Managers mustn't murder be afraid of!
 So I'll sit down, and see what arsenic's made of.
 If with it I can't start my speculation,
 It may be useful at its termination.

(sits at table, and begins reading MSS.)

“Act the first: Scene the first.—A chemist's shop
 In the Old Bailey—clock strikes midnight.”——

Enter FASHION from panel.

S. OF F. Stop!

MR. B. Stop! Who and what am I to stop for—eh?

S. OF F. For Fashion.

MR. B. *(jumping up and throwing down MSS.)*

Fashion! you don't mean to say
 That you are Fashion! Take a seat, sir, do;

(offers chair—FASHION sits)

We have reserved ones specially for you,
 And hope you'll take 'em all—once be it said
 That Fashion fills them, and my fortune's made.

S. OF F. How do you mean to entertain us, pray?

You don't suppose we'd come to see a play?

MR. B. Not see a play, when you're a play-house at?
 What would you see there?

- S. OF F. Anything but that.
How the man stares! why you must surely know
Fashion has long ceased to the play to go,
Except by fits and starts.
- MR. B. That is too true ;
But now a fresh start's given the Drama to,
By royal patronage. "The play's the thing,"
And goes to Court.* If that won't Fashion bring
Back to the play, why nothing will.
- S. OF F. *Mon cher,*
That is a very different affair.
The Drama when presented by Court favour
Is in Court dress—and on her best behaviour.
She doesn't venture to try on the crown
The airs she gives herself before the town.
Great people little parts do not refuse ;
The actors mind their P's as well as Q's ;
The author's language you hear every word of ;
"Sudden indisposition's" never heard of.
All do their utmost—all is point device ;
And we pay—nothing—and don't mind the price.
- MR. B. But——
- S. OF F. Pardon me, the story's but half told.
Of the medallion the reverse behold :
We are in town, and wish to see the play—
We dine late. (MR. BUCKSTONE *about to speak*) This
is not your fault, you'll say.
We'll make a sacrifice—we've heard some fellow
Is really not so bad in, say, "Othello."
We take a cutlet at the club at six,
We're in our box at seven—the time you fix ;
We have the pleasure, if your band is middling,
To sit through twenty minutes' moderate fiddling.
Something or someone's not quite ready—so
In spite of stamp and whistle on they go.
At last, before the curtain, with a face
Long as a minister's just out of place,
You come, and throw yourself, with much verbosity,
Upon a British public's generosity.
"Othello's" got a cold—or not his salary,

* An allusion to the performances given at Windsor Castle.

And snaps his fingers at box, pit, and gallery ;
 And so, some shocking muff will do his best,
 Or the play's changed to something we detest ;
 With scenes and dresses all the worse for wear ;
 If it's not new, the manager don't care.
 Then through some stupid farce we try to laugh,
 And pay young Sams* two guineas and a half.

MR. B. (*rises*) Nay, really you're too hard upon us, sir,
 An accident will now and then occur
 In the best managed—Why, there's your delight,
 The opera—changed almost every night !
 Do their Othellos never have sore throats,
 Or Normas lose their voice for lack of notes ?
 Are ballets never shorn of half their graces ?
 For whitebait dinners, or the Ascot races ?
 And talk of waiting—what's the *entr'acte*
 At the French play ? Why should we be attacked
 When foreigners may come and—

S. OF F. (*rises*) My good friend,
 Don't lose your temper, for you may depend
 You'll want it several times during your season.
 Our neighbours' errors form the poorest reason
 For persevering in our own. You make,
 Like other managers, a great mistake.
 Though at some follies we politely wink,
 Fashion is not the empty fool you think ;
 We don't run after anything that's new,
 Or foreign unless there is talent too ;
 If we are pleased with it beyond the minute,
 Rely upon't, there is some merit in it ;
 The highest point of art it may not touch,
 But it's amusing—and that's saying much.

MR. B. But what perhaps may Fashion entertain,
 Won't please the million.

S. OF F. There you're wrong again ;
 Fashion is not a few men about town,
 Swells out of luck, and green young gents done
 brown ;
 Nor is it merely rank and wealth and station.
 Fashion has taste, refinement, education ;—

* The well-known librarian of St. James's Street.

Do anything that's first-rate of its kind,
Fashion amongst the million you will find.

MR. B. It's very easy to say, do it—where
Is it to come from?

S. OF F. Ah!—that's your affair;
I've talked so much already, to say more
Might make me what I most abhor—a bore.
So let me see your programme when it's out,
And if it promise—'twill do *that*, no doubt,
We'll see what Fashion can do for the play,
Good morning, Mr. Buckstone—*Bon succès*.

Air—FASHION—“*Les Fillettes de St. Cloud*.”

Bon succès—bon succès—
Do not be *découragé*;
But recollect my hints to-day,
When you make your *coup d'essai*;
Do the best that you can do.
Never puff—it's *mauvais goût*—
Keep your word the public to,
And let the public puff for you.
Au revoir—Au revoir,
Bon succès, and bon espoir.
Who can tell what Fashion may
Even now do for the play?

(*Exit FASHION*)

MR. B. Do for the play!—It's done for, sure enough,
If I'm to credit all that precious stuff.
Talking is mighty fine, but let him try
To do it—I should like to see him—why,
I could tell him, if I could calculate
On plays and actors being all first-rate,
And everybody doing what they're told,
And nobody to ever have a cold,
Or on a Saturday expect their money,
I should think management was twice as funny.
I'm puzzled more than ever what to do;
I might rout out a play as good as new,
But one as new as good is something really
To which my way I do not see so clearly.
Come to my aid, oh, Fortune!—now or never!

Music—Scene opens and FORTUNE appears in a car, a gilt wheel in her left hand.

FOR. I've no objection to aid good endeavour.

MR. B. Fortune!—are you the goddess men pursue so,
And come to help me?

FOR. (*advancing*) Come to try to do so,
But don't depend on me—remember this,
I'm sometimes called good Fortune, sometimes Miss.

MR. B. Miss-fortune! don't say that, you look too kind.

FOR. Alas! I've the misfortune to be blind. (*takes off her bandage*)

MR. B. What! with those eyes—then why a bandage wear?

FOR. Oh, a mere metaphorical affair;
The stupid painters fancied, I suppose,
That I might see an inch beyond my nose
Without it. Nonsense! Did you never find
A manager to his own interest blind,
Whose eyes seemed sharp enough? Have you not
known

Actors who saw no talent but their own,
Or authors who could grin like Cheshire cats
At their own jokes—to others blind as bats!
Not only on the stage, but the world through,
Eyes you'll find little have with sight to do.

Air—FORTUNE—“The first time at the looking glass.”

I'm not more blind
Than half mankind—
I might say nearly all, sir;
How few there be
Themselves can see
Who blind their neighbours call, sir.
If Fortune puts a fool in place,
Or gives a knave a pension,
Is she more blind in such a case
Than others we can mention?

There's Cupid who
They paint so, too,
How oft he laughs with me, sir,
At human moles,
Poor purblind souls,

Pretending they can see, sir !
 Nay, boasting of perception keen,
 Till suddenly reminded,
 By some sad fall how much they've been
 By Love or Fortune blinded.

However, here I am—for good or bad
 You've got a chance not always to be had.
 If you're afraid of Fortune, let her go.

MR. B. No ! I'll accept your aid—come *wheel*, come woe.
 So shew me first what Fashion's been to see ;
 And Fortune crowned with special favour——

*Music—At a sign from FORTUNE the scene changes to the room in the Egyptian Hall, fitted up as a Swiss Châlet, for Mr. Albert Smith's Entertainment, "The Ascent of Mont Blanc"—The SPIRIT OF MONT BLANC appears in the rostrum through door, as much like Mr. Albert Smith as possible.**

S. OF M. B.

Me !

MR. B. You—who are you ?

S. OF M. B.

The Spirit of Mont Blanc.

To witness my ascent has now been long
 The fashion.

MR. B. True ; but then that's not a play.

FOR. No, it's an *entertainment*.

MR. B.

In its way——

S. OF M. B. I hope I'm not in yours at any rate.

MR. B. What do you mean, sir, to insinuate ?

S. OF M. B. Nothing ; I mean exactly what I say,
 I hope I'm not in anybody's way.

I struck out for myself a path quite new,
 And have succeeded—may you do so too.

MR. B. Mont Blanc's a noble mountain. Sir, your hand !

I've often heard how very high you stand,
 And have no doubt you'll keep your proud position.

S. OF M. B. I've gained the summit, sir, of my ambition.

MR. B. And mine is *summat* like it—slippery ground,
 And very up-hill work, as lots have found,

* See Preface.

FOR. Home with many more crowns he will go.
 Aye, aye, O—aye, aye, O. He's making, I'm told—
 Aye, aye, O—aye, aye, O—A mountain of gold.

Exit SPIRIT OF MONT BLANC—Scene closes.

MR. B. That mountain has a very liberal spirit,
 And all his views consideration merit.
 What if I altered mine and really took
 A leaf as he suggests out of his book—
 Throw over bodily the worn-out Drama,
 And open with a pan—or diorama
 Of my adventures in some foreign land?
 I want no company—I need no band—
 No actor—and no author but myself;
 If I succeed I pocket all the pelf,
 Except what goes for scene painting and rent.

FOR. I've seen the town with scene painting content.

MR. B. But then to make a tour I must have time,
 And up what other mountain should I climb?
 Mount Ætna, Mount Vesuvius, something frightful
 The public generally think delightful!

FOR. They've had an earthquake in the Regent's Park,*
 But there the public are left in the dark!
 It happened such a time ago, there's no one,
 Who wasn't swallowed up, the scene to shew one.

MR. B. "My personal adventures in a crater"
 Would be a title with attraction greater,
 Or "Mr. Buckstone's views of a volcano,
 Accompanied by himself on the piano."

FOR. Write down the titles—look at them by turns.

MR. B. (*going to table*) As Brutus says, "How ill this taper
 burns." (*snuffs it*)

*Music—He sits down to write—the stage gets very dark,
 and the SPIRIT OF THE CORSICAN BROTHERS rises,
 and crossing, as in the drama of that name, touches
 MR. BUCKSTONE on the shoulder—He starts up.*

* The diorama of the earthquake at Lisbon, A.D. 1755, when upwards of 60,000 persons perished. It was exhibited at the Colosseum.

- MR. B. What in the name of Fortune are you at?
 FOR. You wanted something frightful—look at that.
 MR. B. It does look very horrible and ghastly.
 Is it a ghost?
 FOR. It is.
 MR. B. And whence from, lastly?
 FOR. From The “Princess’s,” where he made a hit
 In a terrific duel.

Music—The SPIRIT points to the back of the stage, the scene opens and discovers the tableau of the Duel Scene in the “Corsican Brothers.”

- MR. B. Wait a bit!
 He made a hit—then who hit him again,
 And killed him?
 FOR. I’ll endeavour to explain,
 But it would puzzle one far from a dunce.
 That gentleman’s two gentlemen at once;
 “*The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,*”
 He plays first one man’s part and then the other’s—
 At the same time and in two different acts.
 MR. B. Stop! First—at the same time—in two. If facts,
 He must be something extra supernatural,
 I can’t make out whatever at you’re all.
 FOR. The supernatural is all the rage—
 More than a hundred nights he’s walked the stage.
 MR. B. What, one after another—both together—
 I mean—no—pshaw! I really don’t know whether
 I’m on my head or heels. Speak, sir, are you
 And that dead gentleman the same, or two?
 S. OF C. B. (*in imitation of Mr. Charles Kean*) I am his
 spirit, come to shew me how
 He, that is I, was killed to-morrow, now.
 MR. B. I give it up. It is not to be done!
 “Two single gentlemen rolled into one”
 I comprehend—but as to the chronology,
 It’s out of sight of electro-biology!
 S. OF C. B. Can’t you suppose a simultaneous action?
 MR. B. No—but it seems that you gave satisfaction
 Twice in one piece, and therefore had good reason
 To run through one another all the season.
 What more could manager or actor prize?

S. OF C. B. And as a ghost I found a way to rise
 Better than ever ghost arose before.
 I opened for the town a new trap-door,
 And took 'em in by that.*

MR. B. You lucky chap !
 The very thing I want is a new trap !
 All our old clap-traps are worn so threadbare.

S. OF C. B. Mine came from France—half our stage comes
 from there.

(*music*—SPIRIT *sinks and scene closes*)

MR. B. I'll take that ghost's word for a thousand pounds !
 We take French leave to build upon French grounds,
 And for one sculpture, by an English master,
 We get a hundred casts in Paris plaster.
 What shall the English Drama now uphold
 Upon the scene of all its triumphs ?

FOR. Gold !

Music—*Enter* SPIRIT OF DRURY LANE.

MR. B. Gold ! Is it possible ?

S. OF D. L. Yes ! once again
 Gold is produced in heaps at Drury Lane.

Air—SPIRIT OF DRURY LANE—" *Cheer, boys, cheer.*"

Cheer, boys, cheer ! no more of empty benches,
 Pits full of gold reward a modern play,
 Which not a mere translation from the French is,
 But sterling ore, dug out of English clay.

Authors of England, driven to desperation,
 Seek not for food upon a foreign shore ;
 Nor to Australia dream of emigration.
 Dig here in England and flourish as of yore !

Cheer, boys, cheer ! Old Drury Mother Goose is !
 Here, boys, here, the golden eggs abound.
 Cheer, boys, cheer, for gold the stage produces !
 Here, boys, here, is the true Tom Tickler's ground !

* A novel contrivance by means of which the ghost's appearance was rendered very effective.

*The scene changes to that of the Diggings in the Play of
"Gold," at Drury Lane.*

MR. B. Home-made too, and not smuggled in from
France;

Come! for the Drama, then, there is a chance!

FOR. Yes, while gold lasts—but fast away it fritters,
And on the stage "all is not gold that glitters!"

S. OF D. L. And whose fault's that, if not your own, Miss
Fortune?

FOR. That's right! abuse the power you all importune.
The fact is that good Fortune turns your brain,
And then with you I'm Miss Fortune again.

S. OF D. L. Because of every other hope bereft
The Drama is to Fortune's mercy left.
So much is she your slave, that e'en the weather
Can ruin all the theatres together!
The State no temple to the Drama gives—
She keeps a shop, and on chance custom lives,
From hand to mouth. What cares she for disgrace,
While Basinghall Street stares her in the face?
Will any manager, who's not a ninny,
To walk the stage give Roscius one poor guinea,
When he can double his receipts by dealing
With a man-fly, who walks upon the ceiling?*

FOR. Well, here is one at least who can't repine
At Fortune.

Enter SPIRIT OF THE LYCEUM.

MR. B. The Lyceum! Ah, a fine
And lively spirit—full of animation!
What do you play?

S. OF L. "A game of speculation." †

MR. B. That's a game most of us with spirit play;
But none, I own, with spirits quite so gay
As you.

* This was Mr. Sands, the "American air walker," then exhibiting at Drury Lane as a "man-fly." A similar performance was given in 1838, and alluded to in "Drama's Levée," *vide* vol. II.—EDS.

† The popular comedy by the late Mr. G. H. Lewes,

- S. OF L. Oh, my good spirits never flag.
I'm game for anything! The world may wag
Just as it will. Before the wind I sail!
- MR. B. How do you raise it?
- S. OF L. By a fairy tale
Sometimes, but Fortune knows at what expense!
And sometimes by a long Chain of Events.*
- MR. B. Ah! I remember—in eight acts! (*goes to table*)
here's one
In fifteen, that should have a longer run. (*shewing
the MS.*)
- S. OF L. "Arsenic!" faugh! If such poison should succeed,
The Drama will become a drug indeed!
Give me fun, splendour, music, dancing, dress,
Those are the elements of my success.
Nothing that can the most fastidious shock!
- MR. B. You're a Phenomenon!
- S. OF L. "In a Smock Frock."†
- S. OF D. L. A blouse you mean—I'm up to your French
priggings.
- S. OF L. Go to the d——! A-hem! I mean "the
diggings."

Air—SPIRIT OF LYCEUM—"Nelly Bly."

Gaily I run with my
"Good woman" along,
And devils, blue or black, defy
With splendour, mirth, and song!
Fly over, try over
Fairy-land, and see
What scenes are there,
Which can compare
With those of Beverley!

MR. B. Talk of the devil, as you did just then,
Who are these very black old gentlemen?

* Produced at the Lyceum, 12th April, 1852. It occupied the whole of the evening.

† Farce by William Brough, produced at Lyceum, 13th December, 1852.

Music—Enter SIX UNCLE TOMS.

- 1ST U. T. Lor, massa, don't you know whar I come from ?
 MR. B. "Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle"—Tom!
 But here are half-a-dozen uncles more!
 1ST U. T. Anoder nigger, too, outside de door;
 But him on horseback, so him can't come in.
 MR. B. On horseback!
 1ST U. T. Ees. Him through horse-collar grin
 At Astley's.
 MR. B. Mercy on us, with what fury
 Has this black fever raged! The Olympic, Drury,
 Adelphi, Marylebone, Victoria, Surrey!
 Against each other running hurry-scurry.
 Whipping their Topsy's up in ways most scurvy,
 And turning the poor Drama topsy-turvy!
 Why this plague's come upon her, Fortune knows.
 FOR. 'Cause she's so wicked, massa, I suppose.

Air—FORTUNE—"Poor Old Ned."

Of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" who has not had a sight?
 Who of Topsy the name does not know?
 If any one could wash a blackamoor white
 It would be Mrs. Beecher Stowe.
 It's a very good book we know,—we know,
 And has made us our noses to blow,
 But they've worked him so much, I wish poor Uncle Tom
 Was gone where all good niggers go.

Wherever you travel, wherever you stop,
 Uncle Tom his black poll's sure to show;
 With his songs, polkas, waltzes, they fill every shop,
 Till like Topsy, "I 'specs they must grow!"
 The stage had enough of Jim Crow—Jim Crow.
 A jumping and a "doing just so,"
 And 'twould be quite a blessing if poor old Tom
 Would after that good nigger go.

- MR. B. But what has brought all these good folks to me?
 FOR. My latest favourites you wished to see.
 These are a few—but I could shew you more.

MR. B. I've seen enough. Pray shew them all the door !
*(music—Scene closes—Exeunt all but FORTUNE and MR-
 BUCKSTONE)*

One word in private—pray the question pardon,
 Has Fortune quite deserted Covent Garden ?

FOR. Oh, dear no ! Fashion's on the point divided,
 But Fortune has the question quite decided.
 Its English spirit long ago expired,
 But there's a foreign one, now much admired,
 Which from the old Italian Opera flew,
 At Covent Garden to set up a new.
 Behold him.

SPIRIT OF ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA *rises.*

MR. B. He's a very foreign air.
 Parlate Italiano ?

S. OF I. O. Ja, meinherr.

MR. B. That's not Italian !

FOR. No, that's German.

MR. B. Oh !
 Sprechen sie Deutsch ?

S. OF I. O. Un peu, monsieur !

MR. B. Hollo !

That's French, and no mistake ! Why, you can't be
 Th' Italian Opera, surely ?

S. OF I. O. Signor, si.

MR. B. Well, if you say so ; but I tell you what,
 I should call you the Royal Polyglot.

FOR. Remember, he is the interpreter, man,
 Of a French opera, written by a German,
 Into Italian for our stage translated !

MR. B. Is that the case ?

FOR. With the most celebrated.
 They say " Les Huguenots " and " Le Prophète,"
 Is the Italian opera of this date.

Air—SPIRIT OF ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—"Piff! Paff! Piff!"

"Piff! paff! piff! paff!"

It can not much matter

In what tongue we utter

Such words as the latter,

Which all tongues can sputter.

Italian or German, French, English, Malay,
 However you mumble 'em,
 Rumble 'em, grumble 'em,
 "Piff! paff! piff!" means no more,
 Than "Piff! paff! piff!" did before.
 Piff! paff! piff! paff! &c.

Translator, adapter,
 Ring changes they may—
 To the end of the chapter,
 "Piff! paff!" you must say.
 Piff! paff! &c.

MR. B. My ears are sick of all this horrid jargon,
 The Drama to be saved is much too far gone!
 My mind's made up—Mont Blanc has done the trick,
 And to my first idea I will stick!
 Up or down something wonderful I'll go!

FOR. For ups and downs Fortune is famed, you know.

MR. B. What mountain famed in history or fable
 Is there on earth which no one has been able
 Lately to scale? For soon each cockney will
 The Peak of Teneriffe like Primrose Hill!

FOR. There's Mount Parnassus. I think you may swear
 Nobody lately has gone high up there.

MR. B. Parnassus!—O, kind Fortune! what a thought!
 Of all the places, just the one I ought
 To go to! Only think if I should pop
 On a new poet!

FOR. 'Twon't be near the top.

MR. B. But anywhere in the right road, he'd be,
 Just at this moment, a great catch for me!
 So off I start for—pooh! it seems absurd;
 But it is such a time since I have heard
 News from that classic quarter. In reality,
 I've quite forgotten its precise locality.

FOR. Somewhere in Greece. But Fortune, I confess,
 Seldom of poets knows the right address;
 She sometimes hears their names from reputation,
 But rarely visits their poor habitation.

MR. B. I have engaged a painter—very knowing—
 To *marshal* me the way that I was going;
 He shall sketch out a route for me.

FOR. He's got
A sketch already made upon the spot,

Music—Scene draws and discovers a distant and general view of Mount Parnassus—(see page 262.)

And one more classical I never saw ;
It's hard if such a painter cannot *draw*.

MR. B. "O thou, Parnassus!—which I now survey,
"Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
"But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
"In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!"
If there be any spirit in you left,
If of all poetry you're not bereft,
Assist a manager who fain would rise
By honest means and worthy enterprise.
And from your summit take as something new
Of our poor stage an elevated view ;
And giving to his scenes a higher tone,
Improve the Drama's fortune—and his own !

Music—CASTALIA appears.

CAS. Thy prayer is heard!—To guard his sacred hill
Apollo left in it a spirit still ;
The nymph of the old pure Castalian fountain,
With pleasure sees new pilgrims to the mountain,
Which he whose words you quoted struck his
lyre on,

The latest, greatest English pilgrim, Byron !
His words have drawn me hither like a spell !

MR. B. Then you are she he has described so well,
In language which can never be forgot ;
"The gentle spirit that pervades the spot
Sighs in the gale—keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious
wave!"

CAS. I am, and ready to become your guide
To all the marvels on the mountain's side,
"Which others rave of though they know them
not !"

Shew you "Apollo's long-deserted grot,—
The Muses' seat—and which is now their grave !"

MR. B. Their grave ! could nothing the poor damsels
 save
 From death?—I thought they were immortal
 ladies,
 Whom fate itself could not consign to Hades.

CAS. Out of their lives they have been nearly
 worried,
 But they are not quite dead—they're only buried.

MR. B. Buried alive?

CAS. Yes, in a sort of swoon ;
 But any genius could awake them soon.

MR. B. And haven't you got any genius here ?

CAS. In Greece !—there may be, but it don't appear ;
 And if you wait for one the hill to climb,
 You'll lose, I fear, a precious deal of time.

MR. B. And I have none to spare.—So come, kind
 friends.

Good Fortune, help me, won't you ?

FOR. That depends.

Better not trust to me—my wheel may take
 An awkward turn—my foot some slip might
 make.

Keep to the right—that path with zeal pursue,
 And ten to one good fortune follows you.

CAS. Now then, we'll set at once out on our road,
 And I'll describe the journey *à la mode*—
 De Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who hand
 You up Mont Blanc—or through "the Holy
 Land."

Air—CASTALIA—" *Follow, follow, o'er the mountain.*"

Follow, follow, up the mountain,
 By the ancient " Holy Way,"
 And I'll lead you to the fountain,
 Where the Muses used to play.

All the marvels of the mountain,
 You will see upon your road ;
 And the spirit of the fountain
 Shall describe them *à la mode*.

Follow, follow, all in turn, sir,
 Touching temple, spring, and tree,
 From the fountain-head you'll learn, sir,
 If you follow, follow me !

(*scene changes*)

(*assuming the tone of an exhibitor*) You are already
 where you wished to go ;

We have left London by the stage, you know,
 And have arrived by a now common process,
 In Greece—that portion anciently called Phocis,
 Which Strabo said was in two parts divided
 By Mount Parnassus.—Strabo mind—not I did,
 For Strabo's wrong—at least the point's disputed,
 But there are two points which can't be refuted,
 And those are the two peaks you see there still,
 Which gave the name of "forkèd" to the hill.

FOR. No wonder Grecian bards so praised its bowers ;
 We have no mountain to fork out for ours.

CAS. The summit being always capped with snow,
 The poets called it "snowy."

MR. B. Did they though ?
 That must have cost them very serious study.
 Our Snow Hill's called so 'cause it's always
 muddy.

*Scene begins to move, exhibiting first the modern Greek village
 of Crisso and Acropolis of the ancient Crissa,* and then the
 Schiste and "Sacred Way")*

CAS. We're now descending by the old highway.
 The soil is barren. †

FOR. So too many say.

* "At the base of the lofty crags where the Crissa of Homer stood, which preserves in its modern name of Crisso, and in the huge polygonal walls of its acropolis, the memorials of its ancient greatness."—*Wordsworth's "Greece."*

† "After we had crossed this valley we began to ascend Parnassus by the Pass of Schiste, having lofty precipices on each side of us. . . . The remains of the old pavement of the 'Via Sacra' are seen in different parts of the route, and indeed the whole route from Lapadea to Delphi. The road now, become stony and very bad, was indeed the more difficult, by offering a continued acclivity."—*Dr. Clarke.*

CAS. But pleasant prospects, which the eye still mock,
Lure the young pilgrim on from rock to rock,
And so he rambles on, dreaming and rhyming.

MR. B. Unless by chance he breaks his neck in
climbing.

CAS. We're now approaching the famed site of Delphi.

MR. B. Oh, that's a sight I long to see myself, I
Must confess!

CAS. You'll find it worth a visit.

(scene stops, exhibiting a view of Delphi)

MR. B. It isn't much like the A-delphi, is it?

CAS. 'Tis now called Castri,* and was once named
Pytho,

But no one seems exactly to know why, though.
Here stood the famous Temple of Apollo,
Whose oracles the old world used to swallow,
Spouted by priestesses who had the vapours.

MR. B. Our oracles are now the daily papers.

FOR. You've oracles in all the clubs in town,
Whose prophecies are gulped as glibly down;
And like the ancient ones of which you spoke,
Having begun in vapour—end in smoke.

(scene moves)

CAS. This steeper path will next our footsteps bring
To the old source of the Castalian spring,
Which I've the honour now to represent,
Though far from feeling in my element.

(scene stops, exhibiting the Castalian Fountain)

Behold of poetry the famous stream,
At once the inspiration and the theme.
An ancient fig tree o'er it throws its shade.†

MR. B. As if "a fig for poetry" it said!

CAS. Here in Homeric days Latona's daughters
Came with their dear papa to drink the waters.

* "It was beginning to grow dark as we drew nigh to Castri, the name of a wretched village now occupying the site of the sacred city."
—*Dr. Clarke.*

† "Upon the left hand a large wild fig tree, sprouting above the water of the fountain on that side of the basin, spreads its branches over the surface of the rock."—*Dr. Clarke.*

MR. B. And isn't there a single Muse about
To answer, if a manager sings out?

CAS. Let Fortune try her power of invocation;
I live in hopes of their resuscitation.

Air—FORTUNE—" *O Fortune, à ton caprice.*"

Fortune, who to her caprices
Oft has made the Muses bow,
Feels, as bullion fast increases,
Art might rise in value now.
Gold, no more a chimera,
May appear the poet too ;
Fate a golden era
For the Muses may renew.

Fortune, &c.

Music—" *Robert le Diable*"—CLIO, EUTERPE, URANIA,
rise—POLYHYMNIA *enters slowly from the side avenue*
in the rock, veiled, and CALLIOPE, THALIA, MELPO-
MENE, TERPSICHORE, and ERATO rise, also veiled, like
the nuns in "Robert le Diable"—*They fling off their*
veils, and appear with their proper emblems)

MR. B. All nine, by Jupiter ! Come just the nick in !
They look alive—(TERPSICHORE *makes a pirouette*)—
and one of them is kicking !
(*to CASTALIA*) Oblige me by an introduction.

CAS. (*bringing forward CLIO*) Clio,
The Muse of History.

MR. B. A lady I owe
Much information to, on matters past.
I hope you haven't written us your last.

CLIO. Alas, my time is past in looking o'er,
And contradicting what I wrote before ;
So many errors in me are detected,
I don't know when I shall stand quite corrected.

MR. B. "Your modesty's a flambeau to your merit,"
I wish historians all had the same spirit.

- CAS. Euterpe, the enchanting Muse of Music.
 MR. B. The world I'm sure will never be of you sick.
 EUT. I'm sick of it ; through crowded concerts wading,
 They walk me off my legs now promenading ;
 And though they do profess extreme devotion,
 How few there are who have of me a notion !
 The Ancient Concerts, where so high I stand did,
 Are now shut up, and all my band disbanded,
 And rival operas to jangling harps
 Strain their "harsh discords and unpleasing
 sharps."
- CAS. The Muse of Rhetoric—fair Polyhymnia.
 MR. B. Fair Polly who ?
 CAS. A lady who will trim you,
 If you have any words with her.
 MR. B. Not I !
 A word from her may serve me by-and-bye.
 CAS. Urania, of Astronomy the Muse.
 MR. B. Then you know all the stars and won't refuse
 To tell me if you've any for the stage meant,
 Who may just now be out of an engagement ?
 URA. For the light business they've high terms above,
 And won't come down for money or for love.
 MR. B. Ah ! the old story ! but we must resist 'em,
 The ruin of the stage is that star system !
 CAS. Calliope—Erato—the two Muses
 Of Poetry.
 CAL. Behold to what base uses
 We've come at last. In lieu of epics writing,
 Puffs for Whitechapel tailors I'm inditing—
 While my poor sister here gets not a thankye
 For any song that isn't nigger-yankee.
 FOR. Byron, Moore, Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth,
 Scott,
 Are gone—but we've a Poet Laureate got,
 Who wears the laurel and enjoys the wine.
 ERA. Poets in place are rarely known to shine.
 The crown bestows the laurel ; but, alack,
 'Tis from the Muses that they get the *sack*.
 CAS. Thalia and Melpomene—
 MR. B. Pooh ! stuff !
 I know those Muses, I'm sure, well enough—

You don't pretend to tell me these be they ?

MEL. We were so, mortal, when there was a play.

MR. B. Well, now I hear your voice, and look again—
But, Lord! how you are altered.

THA. 'Tis with pain

That we admit it.

FOR. You've had much to try you.

MR. B. You haven't got a tragedy now by you,
Or comedy, or some dramatic oddity,
That can be called good Haymarket commodity ?

MEL. Is there a chance of seeing it well acted ?
For lately we've been driven quite distracted.

MR. B. Well, I won't promise—I'll do all I can.

THA. There's no complaint of you, my little man.

MEL. I almost fear to ask and yet I must,
Is Shakespeare living still, or in the dust ?

MR. B. Shakespeare! We call him the illustrious
stranger ;

He has been drooping—but he's out of danger,
And gone to Sadler's Wells and the Princess's
For change of air—I may say scenes and dresses.

CAS. Terpsichore, the Muse of Dancing.

MR. B. You

I know are thriving.

TER. I've too much to do.

Dancing is quite a mania now in town ;
Each night to some casino drags me down,
Where I am pulled by fast young men about,
And with eternal polking quite worn out.
Then at the opera, where I was renowned,
Between two stools I've fallen to the ground.
At one they say the ballet only bores,
At 'tother I'm turned fairly out of doors !

MR. B. Well, in the Haymarket with me, you may
Still cut a figure in a quiet way.

I shan't attempt to rival my great neighbour,
But I'll find cash, if you'll find legs and labour.

TER. I'll muse upon your offer.

MR. B. Don't say no! (*scene moves*)

CAS. Remember, you have higher still to go.
Here we must quit the pure Castalian wave,

And now ascend to the Corycian Cave,*
 Where still in fancy the rapt pilgrim sees
 Pan sporting with the fair Corycides.

(scene stops and discovers the Corycian Cave)

Music—Entrée of PAN and NYMPHS (CORYCIDES and THYADES)—Ballet and grotesque dance of PAN.

MR. B. Oh, this is capital! What forms and faces!
 Such Coryphées can never want good places!

FOR. Engage them for the ballet every one—
 There's nothing like legs if you want a *run*.

MR. B. And such a Pan—so classically funny!
 In "Midas" he would bring a mint of money!
 I'll have him too!

FOR. I grant he'd be a catch,
 But an Apollo you must find to match.

Music—The back of the cave opens and discovers the Summit of Parnassus,† on which APOLLO is seen enthroned and surrounded by the rays of the rising sun)

APOL. Behold him!

ALL. Mighty Phœbus!

MR. B. Can it be?
 And will you really, sir, engage with me?

APOL. Yes, if you come up to my mark.

MR. B. I'll try!
 But I'm afraid your figure's very high.

* "Having arrived at the foot of the mountain on the northern side of the valley, we ascended more than half way to its summit, when a small triangular entrance presented itself, conducting into the great chamber of the cavern, which is upwards of 200 feet in length, and about 100 high in the middle. Drops of water from the roof had formed large calcareous crystallizations rising at the bottom, and others were suspended from every part of the roof and sides. . . . 'The inhabitants of Parnassus' (says Pausanius) 'esteem it sacred to the Corycian Nymphs and particularly to Pan;' and Mr. H. Raikes discovered an inscription in the cavern to the following effect:—'Eustratus, son of Dacidomus, of Ambryssus, to Pan and the Nymphs who frequent these places together.'"—*M. W. Leake*, vol. ii.

† "The highest summit, anciently Lycorea, and now Liakura."—*M. W. Leake*, vol. i.

- CAS. As far as you have come, the road is easy ;
 But from this spot you'll find the journey tease ye.*
 The odds are you will get some awkward tumble.
 But if you would succeed, toil on—don't grumble.
 Apollo has descended once, you know,
 To earth, but that was very long ago.
 By mortals he was little understood.
 Now, if secure his service mortals would,
 They must spare neither toil of brain nor limb,
 But of Parnassus climb the steep to him !
- MR. B. It's worth the struggle, if it can be done !
 There's nothing new, we know, beneath the sun.
 So if on novelty we mean to feast,
 As high as Phœbus we must go, at least.
 As manager the rubicon I've passed,
 "And set," of course, "my life upon a *cast*."
 I wish to keep the Drama up, and so (*to Audience*)
 With your permission on I'll boldly go ;
 And from Apollo learn the highest ways
 To those fine arts which may the Drama raise.
 The goal's in sight ! some checks I must endure,
 But give me your *assent* and mine's secure !

FINALE—"Unfurl the Gipsy Tent."

- MR. B. Oft of the mountain in labour you've heard,
 Which but gave birth to a mouse so absurd ;
 Now of this mountain I beg of the House,
 To spare for my sake the ridiculous mouse ;
 Here let us nightly go up with the town,
 And with applause let the curtain come down.
- CHORUS. Here let us nightly, &c.
- CAS. And if the mountain to please has a way ;
 Still as the fountain permit me to *play*,
 Rise in our favour, for you are the sun,
 In whose bright beams I would merrily *run*.

* Literally as well as metaphorically, for Pausanius observes, "From the cave to reach the summits of the mountain is difficult even to a man on foot. The summits are above the clouds, and the women, called Thyades, madden on them in the rites of Bacchus and Apollo."
 —"Pausanius in Phocis."

Warm the poor fountain with fear icy cold,
Tip of our mountain the summit with gold.

CHORUS. Warm the poor fountain, &c.

S. OF F. (*entering*) Fashion forgive, if I've failed to portray
Of your spirit refined all the *air distingué*.
Young in my art, with ambition I burn,
High life to draw, from the life let me learn ;
Sit to us nightly in box or in stall,
And Spirits of Fashion we soon shall be all.

CHORUS. Sit to us nightly, &c.

FOR. Fortune herself at your mercy you see,
You must decide what her fortune's to be,
Here with her wheel on the turn has she stood,
If not amiss let her stay here for good,
If in her favour the turn should appear,
Good Fortune will smile upon every one here.

CHORUS. If in our favour, &c.

CURTAIN.

THE
CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC;

*An Introductory Extravaganza and Dramatic
Review.*

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Monday,
17th October, 1853.

THE CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC.

Mr. Alfred Wigan having become the lessee of the Olympic Theatre in 1853, requested me to write for him a "*Lever de Rideau*" for a similar purpose to that which I had written for Buckstone—an introduction to the public of the new management. The piece will tell its own tale to my readers, and I may therefore spare them a preamble to the (play) bill. A glance at the cast will shew that the host of talent engaged in its representation insured the most perfect delivery of the dialogue on which the success of a piece without action, scenery, or description alone depended, and I had on this occasion, for the first time, the advantage of the assistance of that admirable artist, the late Mr. Robson, who personated in it "the Spirit of Burlesque," and most pointedly gave my opinion of his mission, an opinion to which he subsequently afforded the strongest support by his own powerful interpretations of the "Yellow Dwarf," "Prince Richcraft," and "Zephyr" in the extravaganzas I wrote for the Olympic. I was never prouder of a success than I was on this occasion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MATTER-OF-FACT PERSONS.

THE NEW LESSEE (a notorious Fact)...	...	MR. ALFRED WIGAN
HIS WIFE (an absolute Fact)	MRS. ALFRED WIGAN
STAGE CARPENTER (a plain Fact)	MR. DEAL
A BOY (in Fact)	THE CALL BOY

PERSONS OF IMAGINATION.

FANCY (on her way to a Fancy Ball)	MRS. T. G. REED (<i>née</i> MISS P. HORTON)
TRAGEDY ...	The Play-Household Brigade.	MRS. CHATTERLEY
COMEDY ...		MRS. STIRLING
BURLESQUE ..		MR. F. ROBSON
OPERA... ..		MISS CORRI
BALLET ...		MISS WYNDHAM
MELO-DRAMA...		MR. SANDERS
PANTOMIME ...		MISS STEVENS
HIPPO-DRAME		MISS E. TURNER
SPECTACLE ...	MR. EMERY	
GHOST OF THE OLD ITALIAN OPERA (bearing a great bodily resemblance to a celebrated Basso)	SIGNOR GALLI
HARLEQUIN	MR. FRANKS
CLOWN	MR. H. COOPER
PANTALOON	MR. LINDON
COLUMBINE	MISS HENDERSON
THE TRUE BRITISH SAILOR	MR. MORTON
SYLPHIDES	MDLLES. HOWARD & GRAHAM

The Tents of Real Canvass, painted, as well as the other Scenes (if not better) by Mr. Dayes.

The Gentlemen's Uniforms by that uniformly Civil though occasionally Military Tailor, Mr. Brown.

The Ladies to "dress up" under the command of Mrs. Curl.

The Accoutrements by Mr. Moreland.

The Machinery by Mr. Sutherland, of the Royal Olympic Engineers.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

SCENE I.

THE BARE STAGE.

A Scene never before exhibited on such an occasion at this or any other Theatre.

SCENE II.

RICHARD THE THIRD'S TENT,

Exactly in the wretched state in which he left it. Followed by *AN EFFECT OF FANCY.*

SCENE III.

Experimental Camp of the Combined Forces of the British Drama,

On the Stage of the Olympic Theatre ; and

REVIEW OF THE PLAY-HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE ;

In which, amongst other brilliant manoeuvres, will be exhibited, by the kind permission of Spectacle, whose Marquee will be thrown open for that purpose,

Tableau 1.—MACBETH MEETING THE WITCHES.

Period, 1053. Costume, 1853.

MACBETH 1ST	MR. WHITE
MACBETH 2ND	MR. WATSON
MACBETH 3RD	MR. HART
BANQUO	MR. LESLIE
THE THREE WITCHES...	MESSRS. BLACK, WHITE, & GREY

*Tableau 2.**SKATING SCENE from the OPERA of "LE PROPHÈTE."*

Skaters—MISSSES MEDEX, TURTLE, CARTER, and WOOD.

Tableau 3.—GROUP FROM "SARDANAPALUS."

SARDANAPALUS... ..	MR. VINCENT
MYRRHA... ..	MISS MARSTON

SCENE IV.

THE PAVILION OF FANCY,

A Fancy Sketch for the Last Scene, got up on the shortest notice, and perfectly regardless of expense.

FEU DE JOIE. STURM MARSCH FINALE,

And Royal Salute by the whole Olympic Division, in presence (it is hoped) of GENERAL Approbation.

THE CAMP AT THE OLYMPIC.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Stage at the Olympic Theatre.*

Enter MR. and MRS. WIGAN, arm-in-arm.

MR. W. Well, come what may, at least behold us here!
I hope you're satisfied? (*to MRS. WIGAN*)

MRS. W. So far, my dear,
The house is ours. We've nothing now to do
But——

MR. W. Fill it. Do you call that nothing, too?

MRS. W. Well, it's not much. The theatre is small,
And Lord John Clapham said he'd take——

MR. W. A stall!

MRS. W. Well, love, that's one—and one——

MR. W. (*checking her*) "*Friend*," you would say,
"Makes many." I devoutly wish it may,
However, we are in for it, and so
It's no use *talking*, we must *act*!

MRS. W. I know
We must act, and I come resolved to play——

MR. W. All the best parts.

MRS. W. If they are in my way.

MR. W. And yours is such a taking way, my dear.

MRS. W. Come, Mr. Impudence, you needn't sneer,
There *was* a time, to which I *could* allude——

MR. W. Nay, don't be angry.

MRS. W. Then don't you be rude.

MR. W. I'd not the least intention. Don't let's squabble!

But as you've got me into such a hobble——

MRS. W. *I* got you

MR. W. Well, no matter then, since *we*
Have got into it, let us, pray, agree
Upon some plan, at least, to get well out of it.
You think we shall succeed?

MRS. W. I've not a doubt of it!

MR. W. Bless the dear women! they're such sanguine souls
Whilst men in doubt stand scratching their dull polls,
They, by mere force of will, their ends achieve!
"Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut," I do believe!
And so at once to business. I have got
An opening piece, of which I like the plot.

(takes MS. out of his pocket)

(reading title) "The Camp at Chobham."

MRS. W. Law! Why that's been done
At the Adelphi!*

MR. W. A piece—not this one.

MRS. W. But the same titles—

MR. W. More attractive make 'em.

When titles are so catching people take 'em
Just as they do the measles—from each other.
And 'bout this Camp there has been such a pother,
The name alone is money sure to bring.
So here, you man! fly-catching at the wing—

(a CARPENTER advances from between wings)

Shew us a pair of flats.

(CARPENTER smiles) What do you mean

By grinning? Get me out, sir, a tent scene!

(aside) Of flats, I'll swear, that rascal meant to say
We were the biggest pair he'd seen to-day.

(a tent scene is put on)

What's this?

CAR. King Richard's tent, sir.

MR. W. That will do.

It's so old that it's actually new.

"Methinks the ghosts of all who've Richard murdered"
Arise before me! Our cause won't be furthered
Much by such actors. (to CARPENTER) Two chairs, if
you've got 'em!

(CALL BOY brings forward two old broken chairs)

* By Mark Lemon, 30th June, 1853.

One with three legs—the other with no bottom!

“This is a sorry sight!”

MRS. W. “A foolish thought
To say a sorry sight”—you rather ought
To think it a good omen here.

MR. W. How so?

MRS. W. If we can't *sit* we *must stand*!

MR. W. Oh! oh! oh!

You've got the inventory of the dresses;
What regimentals are there in the presses?

MRS. W. (*producing a paper and reading from it*) “Uniform
coats, one red, one green, one blue.”

MR. W. I don't call that quite uniform. Do you?

MRS. W. (*continuing*) “Three guns, two bayonets, one
sword and belt.”

MR. W. How about hats?

MRS. W. Ah, there the pinch is *felt*!

Only one cocked hat!

MR. W. Humph, that won't go far
To carry on, as we may say, the war;
Although at Astley's half-a-dozen horses
And twenty men play all the British forces!

MRS. W. I'll tell you what, we'll have *one* man well dressed,
And let the audience fancy all the rest.

MR. W. Ah, if we could bring Fancy to our aid!

FANCY *rises from trap, in a jester's costume.*

FAN. Fancy you can. It's done as soon as said.

MR. W. “Angels and ministers of grace defend us!”

What does this novel stage effect portend us?

MRS. W. “Be thou a spirit of health or goblin”——

FAN. Hum!

MR. W. “Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts
from”——

FAN. Mum!

I'm Fancy.

MRS. W. Only fancy that!

MR. W. Who'd guess,

In such a habit——

FAN. It's a fancy dress.

MRS. W. A fool's—saving your presence.

To be brushed up by even Fancy's wing.
 "The Camp at the Olympic" is the thing!
 Here all the Drama's forces we'll review,
 And see what troops will flock her standard to.
 At Fancy's call, the Play-Household Brigade
 Shall turn out for inspection on parade!

(to MR. WIGAN) You as Field-Marshal shall command in chief.

(MR. WIGAN *retires through tent, and immediately re-enters in a Field Marshal's uniform with bâton*)

(to MRS. WIGAN) You as "White Sergeant" come with the relief.

(MRS. WIGAN *goes off, and re-appears in white dress*)

Changing that horrid every day dress
 For one which may your brevet rank express
 In Fancy's Army. Here begins my reign;
 Current I make "the coinage of the brain,"
 And General Orders issue from this station,
 Now the Head-Quarters of Imagination. ✓

Trio—FANCY, MR. and MRS. WIGAN—"Rat-a-plan."

Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan!
 To arms! to arms! ye mighty spirits muster!
 Here pitch your tents—your standards here unfold.
 To arms! to arms! the British Drama's lustre,
 At Fancy's call shed round us as of old!
 To arms! the Drama's cause uphold!
 Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan!

A new campaign the Drama here prepare for,
 With souls in arms and eager for the fray,
 Your fights are all sham fights, you know, and therefore
 At soldiers sure you can't object to play.
 To arms! the magic call obey.
 Rat-a-plan! Rat-a-plan! &c.

Scene changes to the Camp of the Combined British Dramatic Forces; on one side are the characteristic tents of TRAGEDY, MELO-DRAMA, and OPERA; on the other those of COMEDY, FARCE, and PANTOMIME—In the centre is the large and splendid pavilion of SPECTACLE. ✓

Music—(grand march) Enter TRAGEDY from her tent in the costume of LADY MACBETH, 1753, a letter in her hand.

FAN. First in the field, old English Tragedy
In stately hoop and train "comes sweeping by!"
As in the British Drama's palmy day,
When people took an interest in the play!

MR. W. A letter in her hand! why then the dame is——

FAN. The wife of the ambitious Thane of Glamis!

MRS. W. Lady Macbeth! In Dollalolla's dress!

TRA. (*reading the letter*) "They met me in the day of my success."

MR. W. That must have been a hundred years ago,
To judge from a costume so rococo!

TRA. (*indignantly*) In my day, sir, judgment, and power,
and feeling,

With confidence to public taste appealing,
Received the crown—no matter what its fashion,
It *was* the crown!

MR. W. Well, don't be in a passion.

TRA. Not in a passion! when I see the State
Of Denmark rotten! When I hear the fate
Which hath befallen both the classic domes,
'Neath which my votaries once found their homes!
Where Garrick, monarch of the mimic scene,
His sceptre passed from Kemble down to Kean;
Where Cibber's silver tones the heart would steal,
And Siddons left her mantle to O'Neil!
The Drama banished from her highest places
By *débardeurs* and "fools with varnished faces,"
Sees foreign foes her sacred ruins spurning,
Fiddling like Neros while her Rome is burning!

FAN. The times have changed; but there is still a stage,
And one on which Macbeth has been the rage!

TRA. Macbeth! Is't possible! O, hie thee here,
That I may pour my spirit in thine ear!

Music—The pavilion opens and discovers "The Blasted Heath," same as at the Princess's Theatre, with the Three Witches—MACBETH and BANQUO in the costume worn at that theatre—Temp. 1853.

FAN. Behold, he comes!

TRA. "Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!"
Can that be he?

FAN. In heavy marching order.
Not as when Garrick used to meet the witches—
In gold-laced waistcoat and red velvet breeches;
(GARRICK *appears as* MACBETH *with the daggers*)

Nor as in Kemble's time, correct was reckoned,
Accoutred like "the gallant forty-second,"

(KEMBLE *appears as* MACBETH, *with target and truncheon*)

But as a Scottish chieftain roamed scot-free—
In the year one thousand and fifty-three.

Trio—MR. and MRS. WIGAN and FANCY—"Auld Lang
Syne."

My auld acquaintance I've forgot,
If ever he was mine;
Is that the way they clad a Scot
In days o' Lang Syne?
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll look on him wi' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne!

TRAG. "My countryman—and yet I know him not!"

MR. W. More like an antique *Rum'un* than a Scot!

TRA. A Scotchman, and no kilt?

MRS. W. Don't Macbeth say,
"We've *scotch'd* the snake, not *kilt* it!"

MR. W. Oh, don't, pray!
(*scene closes*)

Air—FANCY—"The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

Through their habits conventional managers
broke,
To make old plays go down they new habits
bespoke;
The old-fashioned Scotchman no longer we see,
Except as a sign for the sale of rappee.
So pack up your tartans, whatever your clan,

And look a new "garb of old Gaul" out, my man;
 For the stage in its bonnet has got such a bee,
 It's all up with "The Bonnets of Bonny Dundee."

FAN. But see, where brilliant Comedy appears,

(*music—Enter COMEDY from her tent, in the costume of
 LADY TEAZLE*)

Blooming as brightly as in former years,
 Invincible, with powder, paint, and patches,
 Loaded and primed—her eyes the lighted matches—
 Ready to play upon a yawning pit,
 She brings up the artillery of wit!

COM. Wit! oh, my dear, don't mention such a thing!
 Wit on the stage what wit away would fling?

There are so few who know it when they hear it,
 And half of those don't like so much as fear it.

Wit! If to theatres for wit they'd come,
 Would Farquhar, Congreve, Wycherly be dumb?
 Or even the poor devils now-a-days,

Who can't help scribbling, hawk their hapless plays
 From house to house, to hear the sentence chilling,
 "Your piece is clever, but won't draw a shilling."

MR. W. Then, what will draw?

COM. O mercy! Tell me, pray,
 What horse will win the Derby, sir? You may,
 I'm sure, as easily as I tell you
 What the dear British public will come to!
 Just what they like—whatever that may be—
 Not much to hear, and something strange to see.
 A Zulu Kaffir,* with his bow and quiver;
 A Pigmy Earthman, from the Orange River;
 An Aztec Lilliputian, who can't say a
 Word, from the unknown city Iximaya.
 Any monstrosity may make a hit,
 But no one's fool enough to pay for wit!
 Or if he be, in theatres why seek

* As this work is passing through the press there is a similar exhibition at St. James's Hall, another confirmation of the trite old saying that "History repeats itself."—EDS.

For jokes, when *Punch* is but a groat a week ! *

MR. W. No wonder that in such a situation
Your spirits flag !

COM. My only consolation
Is that all sorts of folks are now so funny,
My dulness will be soon worth any money.
E'en Tragedy—my sister there—sad soul,
Has recently become so very droll,
That the judicious few her acts who see,
Laugh at her more than at poor Comedy !

TRA. (*advancing on her*) Madam ! This irony !——

COM. Oh, lud ! she'll bite !

MR. W. Part them ! they are incensed !

FAN. A jest so light

Should not to any serious censure doom her ;
Like Mr. Sulky—she “ will have her humour.”

TRA. Will she, indeed ? Then I'll forgive her gladly,
For lately she has wanted humour sadly.

COM. Now who's ironical, dear sister, pray ?

“ Oh, sister, sister ! sister ev'ry way !”

MR. W. Come, come, be friends ! The Drama's foes to
rout,

The word should be “ fall in ” and not “ fall out.”

Air—MR. WIGAN—“ *We have been friends together.*”

You have been friends together,
Together money made—

* A slight mistake, which brought forth the following good-humoured protest from *Punch*.:—

“ A PENNY SAVED AND A PUNCH GOT.—Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Planché, and will trouble that gentleman to request Mrs. Stirling to make a slight addition to an exceedingly proper observation she offers as ‘Comedy,’ in the very pleasant piece ‘The Camp at the Olympic.’ Mrs. Stirling remarks, in her very happiest stage manner—

‘ And who for wit in comedy would seek,
When *Punch* himself is but a groat a week ?’

To prevent unhappiness and misconception, would Mr. Planché add something of this kind ?

‘ Fourpence, I mean, to country friends supplies him,
The favoured Londoner for *threepence* buys him.’

With this addition ‘The Camp’ will become a charming little piece.”

EDS.

When tragedies and comedies
 To crowds were nightly played !
 And though the word may make you start,
 The fact you must allow,
 You have been—damned together !
 Shall a light word part you now ?

MRS. W. Talking of humour—where on earth has fled
 Our broad old English farce ? or is he dead ?

FAN. No, but too homely for this polished age,
 He's lately taken French leave of the stage ;
 But there's a substitute still more grotesque
 We often find for him—he's called Burlesque.

TRA. Don't name the wretch ! I hate him with a hate
 Known only on the stage ! He mocks my state ;
 Mimics my voice ; my words mis-quotes, mis-matches,
 A vice of kings ! a king of shreds and patches !

(flourish of penny trumpets heard)

FAN. He comes ! I know his trumpet !

TRA. Too ! too ! too—
 Well I remember it ! Support me, do !

MR. W. Tragedy ! shew me where's the actor strong enough ?

TRA. Then I shall fall ! *(sinks into a chair)*

MRS. W. Alas, I've thought so long enough !

*Charivari—Enter BURLESQUE in the costume of King Arthur
 in "Tom Thumb."*

BUR. "Call up our cavalry from Horselydown !"
 Queen Tragedy, I'll fight you for a crown !

Air—BURLESQUE—"Such a fine King as I!"

Such a fine King as I,
 Don't care for your frowns a fig !
 Folks laugh till they're ready to die
 At the wisdom that's in—my wig !
 For Burlesque is up ! up ! up !
 And Tragedy down ! down ! down ! O !
 Pop up your nob again !
 And I'll box you for your crown, O !
 Toll rol der rol loll, &c.

Your Hamlet may give up his Ghost,
 Your Richard may run himself through,
 I'm Cock-of-the-Walk to your cost,
 And I crow over all your crew!
 For Burlesque is up! up! up!
 And Tragedy down! down! down! O!
 Pop up your nob again,
 And I'll box you for your crown, O!

Toll rol der rol loll, &c.

TRA. Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee
 Unreal mockery, hence! I can't abide thee!

BUR. Because I fling your follies in your face,
 And call back all the false starts of your race
 Shew up your shows, affect your affectation,
 And by such homœopathic aggravation,
 Would cleanse your bosom of that perilous stuff,
 Which weighs upon our art—bombast and puff. ✓

MR. W. Have you so good a purpose then in hand?

BUR. Else wherefore breathe I in dramatic land?

MRS. W. I thought your aim was but to make us laugh?

BUR. Those who think so but understand me half.

Did not my thrice-renowned Thomas Thumb,
 That mighty mite, make mouthing Fustian mum?
 Is Tilburina's madness void of matter?

Did great Bombastes strike no nonsense flatter?
 When in his words he's not one to the wise,
 When his fool's bolt, *sparcs* folly as it flies,
 When in his chaff there's not a grain to seize on,
 When in his rhyme there's not a ray of reason,
 His slang but slang, no point beyond the pun,
 Burlesque may walk, for he will cease to run.

MR. W. Although your trumpet, sir, is but a penny one,
 You blow it, I confess, as well as any one!

COM. I vow the wretch to common sense pretends!

BUR. Don't mention it, I beg, e'en among friends.
 Like Mr. Snake, though here the truth I own,
 I should be ruined if abroad 'twere known.
 I live as that same worthy does aver,
 Upon the badness of my character.
 If once of common sense I was suspected,
 I should be quite as much as you—neglected.

TRA. "That's wormwood !"

MR. W. Hark ! what means that prelude grand ?

(*music*)

Enter ENGLISH OPERA as Mandane in "Artaxerxes," with German Band.

FAN. 'Tis English Opera !

MRS. W. With a foreign band !

FAN. She takes the best her music book that suits.

She always had French horns and German flutes.

COM. Has she forgot her native wood-notes wild ?

FAN. She hasn't chirped them since she was a child.

TRA. You mean "When music, heavenly maid, was young,"

"And first in early Greece—she—she——"

BUR. (*prompting her*) "Gave tongue." (*TRAGEDY sits down disgusted*)

FAN. But not in Opera like that before us,

The Greeks had none.

TRA. They'd Tragedy !

MR. W. And Chorus !

FAN. Yes ! *spoken*, so that you heard every word ;

A sort of chorus now that's never heard.

MR. W. But let us hear what Opera has to say,

Or rather sing, in her own cause to-day.

OP. (*sings*) "The soldier tired of war's alarms," &c.

MR. W. (*interrupting her*) Thank you ! that's quite enough !

Oh dear ! Oh dear !

BUR. That old style don't agree with the new y(ear) !

MRS. W. It was a *stile* I hoped she had got over !

OP. Of English Opera you wished a "Prova" ;

And that's about the best in English still.

MR. W. Except "the Beggar's."

OP. That's a vaudeville !

MR. W. Have you no new and great airs on your shelves ?

OP. The greatest airs the singers give themselves !

FAN. And while they do so there is little chance

Of seeing English Opera advance ;

The only compositions her proveditors

Have lately gained by have been with their creditors.

MR. W. Then Bishop, Balfie, and Barnett, where are they ?

MRS. W. Wallace ! Macfarren !

TRA. (*wildly*) "Rivers! Vaughan! Grey!"

OP. Madam!

FAN. Poor soul! Her wits are going fast,
She has not seemed quite right for some time past
And now Burlesque completely has upset her.

TRA. I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better!

MRS. W. Suppose you take a nap?

COM. Aye, sister, do;
Your audience sleep sometimes, why shouldn't you?

MR. W. (*to COMEDY*) You're too severe upon your sister
muse.

(*to OPERA*) This interruption, madam, pray excuse.

OP. Sir, I'm accustomed to a few bars' rest.

MR. W. You spoke of airs by which you were oppressed.

OP. Oh, e'en my foreign rivals on that score

Suffer as much as I do, if not more;

One has already given up the ghost.

FAN. See where it walks!

*Ghost music from "Don Giovanni"—The GHOST of
Her Majesty's Theatre appears, having a great
bodily resemblance to Signor Lablache.*

Once in itself a host!

The last, but not the least by any means,
Of the great stars that lighted up her scenes.

MR. W. What, old acquaintance! could not all that flesh
Keep in a little life? Mine ears refresh
With choice Italian. Speak, "Ore retundo!"
Enormous artist! Great basso profundo!

ENSEMBLE—*from "Don Pasquale."*

Solo—GHOST OF OLD ITALIAN OPERA.

Pacing yon colonnade
Most melancholy,
Humming the serenade—
From "Don Pasquale";
Nightly I wander—sighing and sulky,
No more in Figaro, brilliant as bulky!

Dull is thy valet now,
 Gay Don Giovanni ! .
 What trump shall rally now
 "I Puritani" ?
 My Impresario
 Plays "Belisario"
 Grisi and Mario
 Partiti son !

Trio—MR. WIGAN, FANCY, ENGLISH OPERA.

Bravo, bravo ! Don Pasquale !
 Can no magic flute recall ye,
 Whose superb recitativo
 Could this great basso relieve O ?
 Caro mio, let this trio—
 So enchanting, so bewitching,
 Bring a moment back to Fancy,
 The great rôle you were so rich in !

GHOST. Bene, si !
 Now fortissimo !
 Now pianissimo !
 Bravo, bravissimo—
 Bene, si.

TRIO. But while we strive
 Once more alive
 To fancy Don Pasquale,
 We find, alas,
 The shadow pass,
 And so as a finale,
 Regretting one so great should e'er
 Be forced to sing so smally,
 Addio, addio, unhappy Buffo say !

GHOST. To the shades I must away,
 There a deeper part to play !

(GHOST *retires*)

BUR. Poor Buffer !

MRS. W.

Buffo.

MR. W.

In his situation

"Buffer's" the more expressive appellation.

(to FANCY) "Our cause, my friend, is in a damn'd
 condition,"

The Drama's perishing of inanition,
 In all its branches, foreign and domestic.
 Tragedy halting in her march majestic ;
 Poor Comedy with nothing left to spout ;
 Farce only fit to play the people out ;
 The English Opera completely prostrate,
 And the Italian taken up to Bow Street.

Air—MR. WIGAN—" *Oft in the stilly night.*"

When I remember all
 The talent brought together,
 I've seen in "Don Pasqual"—
 —E, and in such high feather—
 I grieve, I own, that he alone
 Should haunt that stage deserted,
 Whose lights are fled, and garlands dead,
 And all but he—departed ;
 Still on an opera night,
 When other voices wound me—
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of all those stars around me !

MRS. W. And whither has the once gay Ballet hopped ?

FAN. Like the poor sylphide when her wings were cropped,
 Behold her shorn of all her magic power,
 Denied to dance upon a single flower.

Enter BALLET "*à la Sylphide,*" with her CORYPHÉES—*She expresses her altered state in action to* MR. WIGAN.

MR. W. What does she mean ? I'm stupid, I've no doubt,
 But I could never make a ballet out.
 With diplomatic notes take rank they should,
 The most successful when least understood.

BAL. Oh I could tell you, sir, in words as well,
 But if the Ballet talk'd it mightn't *tell*.

FAN. She tells you, fallen from her high estate
 On her last legs she's taken now to skate
 Like a bold wench, resolved at any price
 To cut a figure, though it's but on ice.

*Music—Scene at back opens and shews the skating scene from
“Le Prophète,” as at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden.*

Air—BALLET—Skating Music in “Le Prophète.”

We slide and glide and slip and trip,
And wheel and reel through snow and sleet,
These are bad days when Coryphées
Are puzzled to keep their feet !
We colds have caught and chilblains brought,
To spite our light fantastic toes !
And vile Jack Frost perhaps may cost
Poor Ballet her lovely nose !

(scene closes)

MR. W. Cold comfort this for a new speculator !

MRS. W. For a house warming—a refrigerator !

MR. W. A drama must be found, or we are undone,
With spirit in it to stir up all London !

FAN. Oh, if you want a piece with spirit in it,
I'll call up Melo-drama in a minute.
His efforts supernatural have told,
When all things else have failed. Appear !

*A chord—MELO-DRAMA comes through his tent as “the
Monster,” in “Frankenstein.”*

Behold !

MR. W. What monster's this ?

FAN. The one from “Frankenstein.”

He reads a lesson to folks in your line.

How many a manager I've seen a stew in,
Making a monster that has been his ruin !

MRS. W. He looks of blue ruin the incarnation !
I've no great hopes from his resuscitation !

FAN. There is a spirit of another blue ;
He sometimes personates the fine old “true !”

*Chord—Enter WILLIAM in the melo-drama of “Black-eyed
Susan.”*

FAN. Of “Black-eyed Susan” there the hero stands,
Into the pit he oft has piped all hands,

And brought the drama up with a wet sail.

BUR. He goes a-head—but thereby hangs—a tail.

COM. All in the Downs the British fleet lay moored,
When "Black-eyed Susan" came the stage on board;
The scene is changed—the fleet is at Spithead,
And our poor stage "All in the Downs" instead.

FAN. Well, there's another sprite at Christmas time
That oft does wonders—Comic Pantomime!
Spite of blows, tumbles, changes, kicks, and slaps,
She makes her annual trips and sets her traps.

Music—PANTOMIME enters as "Mother Goose," HARLEQUIN,
COLUMBINE, PANTALON, and CLOWN rise up trap, dance,
rally, group.

BUR. Shade of Grimaldi! who thy loss can know,
That never saw Inimitable Joe!

Quintette—BURLESQUE, FANCY, OPERA, and MR. and MRS
WIGAN,—"*There's some one in the house with Dinah.*"

Solo—BURLESQUE. (*Bone accompaniment.*)

Old Joe he was an artist great,
There's been nobody like him seen of late;
To Pantomime 'twas a knock down blow
When the curtain fell upon poor old Joe!
Poor dear Joe—was *the* Joe—yes, *the* Joe!

ALL.

Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
The Columbine a kicking up behind old Joe;
There's no one in this house so fine, ah,
Nor any other house I know,
There's no one in that funny line, ah,
Can play the fool like dear old Joe!

MRS. W. But though such kickshaws may succeed perchance,
We must have some "*morceau de résistance*";
And from such fare we're as far off as ever.

MR. W. Do help us, Fancy!

FAN. Well, don't I endeavour?
Shall I invoke the genius of the ring?

MRS. W. What ! from Aladdin ?

FAN. Quite another thing ;
One who knows how the public in to whip,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Music—Enter HIPPO-DRAME as a lady attired for the ring,
RIDING MASTER, &c.*

FAN. Hither he brought amusement for the million,
When here old Astley first pitched his pavilion.

Air—FANCY—“ I'm the Genius of the Ring.”

He's the Genius of the Ring,
To this house by no means new,
Horses here could money bring,
Ere the stage they were put to ;
And when fast the stage has stuck,
As all stages sometimes do,
Horses oft have had the luck
The poor Drama to pull through.

On Parnassus' highest ground
Still a wingèd horse one views,
And a horse is to be found
Wheresoever there's a *Mews* ;
And if Thespis in a cart
Made the Drama first the rage,
Horses must have played their part
In that very early *stage*.

To the Genius of the Ring
Then be ev'ry honour due,
If the Drama's not the thing
Try what Hippo-drame can do !

MR. W. Soft sawdust ! I am proof against soft sawder ;
I've great respect for the equestrian order,
And hope its members oft my stalls will pay to ;
But horses on the stage I must say *nay* to.
To cavalry I own its obligations,
But there's no field here for its operations ;
The genius of the ring it would but cramp,
And might put out the genius of the lamp.

FAN. You're very hard to please.

MR. W. The town is harder !
And sadly empty the dramatic larder.
While army-raising Fancy plays the fairy at,
I fear she quite forgets the Commissariat !
The bravest troops that ever took the field,
If they've no food to fight upon, must yield.

Music—SPECTACLE appears in splendid fancy dress.

SPEC. You're right ; and then the food should be well drest,
Or quite uneatable may be the best.

MR. W. Who's this that talks and looks so mighty fine ?

FAN. Spectacle ! a great friend of mine.

BUR.

OP.

PAN.

MELO.

and

HIPPO. }

And mine ! ✓

FAN. You've heard of him, of course !

MR. W. And seen him, too,
Till I am almost sick of him ! arn't you ?

SPEC. Is this your gratitude for all the splash
I've made upon the stage, and all the cash
I've brought into the treasury ?

MR. W. I doubt
If you bring in as much as you take out. ✓

SPEC. Well, try a piece without me now-a-days ;
See if your triumph will be called a blaze !

MR. W. The blaze is often only in the bill——

MRS. W. Or one that burns the fingers through the till.

COM. Why should a drama that deserves success
Burn blue lights, like a vessel in distress ?

TRA. Has not immortal Shakespeare said 'tis silly,
"To gild refinèd gold—to paint the lily?"

SPEC. Immortal Shakespeare ! come, the less you say
The better on that head. There's not a play
Of his for many a year the town has taken,
If I've not buttered precious his bacon.

TRA. More shame, then, for the town !

- SPEC. (*to* COMEDY) And you, Miss Prue ;
 Pray, has Spectacle nothing done for you?
 Have I not given you correct costumes,
 And furnished splendidly your drawing-rooms !
 Ungrateful minx ! till my Augustan age
 You never saw a carpet on your stage.
 Dragging your train through dust of other days,
 You envied Tragedy her old green baize ;
 And all the sticks to muster you were able
 Consisted but of two chairs and a table !
- COM. You have improved my room, I don't deny,
 But you preferred it to my company ;
 And Lady Townley now, or Lady Teazle,
 May starve unless she'll dance, "Pop goes the weasel !"
- FAN. What's to be done when the immortal names
 Of Shakespeare and of Byron urge their claims,
 In vain to popularity, without
 Spectacle march all his contingent out ?
 Not mere Dutch metal, spangles, foil, and paste,
 But gems culled from authority by Taste ;
 Until, reflecting every bygone age,
 A picture-gallery becomes the stage ;
 And modern Babylon may there behold
 The pomp and pageantry that wrecked the old !

*Music—The pavilion of SPECTACLE opens and discovers
 Tableau from "Sardanapalus."*

- MRS. W. It seems, then, that the new way to success
 Is when the Drama *halts*, to make it *dress*.
- FAN. "The tailor makes the man," we used to say—
 The tailor makes the manager, to-day.
- COM. Oh, if he'd really be our benefactor,
 Let him take one stitch more and make the actor !
- FAN. Well, Fancy has done all she can to aid you,
 And seems more fanciful but to have made you.
 You must make up your mind—if you have got one—
 Out of all these fair offers is there not one
 That you can count on ?
- TRA. (*to* MR. WIGAN) Tragedy restore
 To the proud station that she held of yore !
- COM. (*to* MR. WIGAN) Give Comedy again a chance to play
 Where folks may hear what she has got to say.

MR. W. Thus Tragedy and Comedy between,
 I stand like Garrick—in the print, I mean,
 The only way like him that I could stand—
 A musing, with a Muse on either hand !
 Now swayed by Mirth—now mov'd by Melancholy,
 Or, like Macheath, 'twixt Lucy and poor Polly !

Air—MR. WIGAN—“*How happy could I be with either.*”

How happy could I be with either,
 If either were certain to pay,
 But really I much question whether
 To both I had not better say—
 Tol de rol de rol lol de rol loddy, &c.

TRAGEDY *knocks his hat out of his hand.* COMEDY *picks it up, brushes, and restores it to him.*

OP. Let native music here, then, weave her spell—
 You really sing yourself, sir, pretty well ;
 Italian Opera can't object to *roam* (Rome),
 For English Opera “there's no place like home.”

MELO. Try me ! I keep all spirits under my lock !

BUR. Try me, my boy, remember Mr. Shylock ! *

PAN. Before you leap, just look at one of mine !

SPEC. Without me you can never cut a shine !

BAL. You'll catch no mice without an “*entre chat.*”

HIPPO. What can you find like horses, pray, to draw ?

MR. W. I am completely bothered, that's a fact,
 And, like some actors, don't know how to act !

TRA. But screw your courage to the sticking place !

MR. W. I have—and stuck quite fast—that's just my case.

MRS. W. I'll tell you what to do.

MR. W. I wish you would.

MRS. W. In each of them there's something that is good.

Without committing ourselves here to fix 'em,

Let's take the best and mix 'em.

MR. W. Mix 'em !

MRS. W. Mix 'em.

MR. W. Like pickles ? or like physic ? what a notion !

D'ye think the town will swallow such a potion ?

Why, Tragedy's a black dose of itself !

* Mr. Robson had previously made a great hit as Shylock, in F. Talfour's burlesque of “Shylock ; or, the Merchant of Venice Preserved.”

MRS. W. Who talks of taking *all*, you silly elf?
 I mean an extract of each spirit—Tragic,
 Comic, Satiric, Operatic, Magic,
 Romantic, Pantomimic, Choreographic,
 Spectacular, Hip——

MR. W. Spare that tongue seraphic
 Such vain exertion—for they would but call
 Your mixture melo-drama, after all.

MRS. W. With all my heart, I say, I don't care what
 It's called, provided always it is not
 Of "the stage stagey"—whatsoe'er we do,
 Let there be nature in't——

FAN. And fancy, too.

MRS. W. By all means, for with you I quite agree,
 Without some Fancy, dull e'en sense would be.
 Besides, you know, to vary our diversions,
 We must make *supernatural* exertions.

MR. W. "It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well."
 On second thoughts I think the plan will tell.
 Elegant extracts shall be, as you say,
 In this, our Camp, the order of the day.
 And so—attention! eyes right! dress up there!
 I fear it's hopeless to say "as you *were*;"
 But as you *are*—on you I will depend,
 So "stand at ease!"

TRA. And you will stand my friend?

MR. W. One of the best you ever had on earth;
 I wouldn't murder you for all you're worth!

TRA. Then I may take myself off, I suppose?

BUR. "Do it, nor leave the task to me!"

TRA. Here goes!

MR. W. Stay! though I leave Burlesque to cure your
 bathos,

We'll keep of Tragedy the gentler pathos.

(to COMEDY) From you I would extract—you look so
 arch,

Upon me, I'm afraid, you'll steal a march—

Gay as a lark, and so good-humoured too,

I feel I can't extract too much from you!

(to MELO-DRAMA) Some spirits from your vasty deep
 I'll call;

Ballet shall help me to keep up the ball,

Opera lend a ballad or romanza,
 And Fancy make burlesque, extravaganza.
 Pantomime teach me how to do the trick ;
 E'en Hippo-drame may furnish a last kick.

SPEC. Well, try what trick you please to get the tin with,
 Spectacle's, after all, the card to win with.

MR. W. Yes, *after all* ; yet in one sense, my friend,
 Spectacle should not be the Drama's *end*.

Where that's the case the satirists may say

It is indeed *all over* with the play !

But my play's over now, thanks to your stars!

(to FANCY)

(to Audience) And now I fain would call up your *huzzahs*,

To keep the ground for us and our review.

I have not told you all I mean to do ;

For on that head—as promises may fetter—

The lessee thinks the less he says the better !

But to our Chobham if you will but tramp,

And smile on our experimental Camp.

A gallant corps in time I hope to form,

Which may, some fine night, take the town by storm !

Oh ! let me hope that hope's not a forlorn one,

I'm a bold man, if ever there was born one !

Pardon that boldness in my utmost need,

And by your *coups de main* make mine succeed ;

Confirming me in this proud situation,

By the command of general approbation.

SPEC. From me to borrow nothing do you mean ?

MR. W. Perhaps you'll favour me with a last scene,

On this occasion, by your own desire.

SPEC. Then give the word——

MR. W. Make ready !—present !

(*scene changes to a splendid Fairy Temple*)

Fire ! (*coloured fires are lighted*)

CHORUS—FINALE—“ *The Sturm Marsch.*”

March to support the Drama's small division here ;

Into the ranks before us nightly volunteer ;

Over “the roughs” at Chobham you your pleasure took !

Over “the roughs” you meet with here be pleased to look !

Solo—MR. WIGAN.

Critics, don't our ardour damp,
Nor compel us to decamp ;
Kindly, just as something new,
Pray review our "Grand Review."

Solo—FANCY.

Only fancy what on earth will Fancy do,
If her fancy sketch you take no fancy to !
In this mighty wise utilitarian age
Leave to Fancy still a little, tiny stage !

CHORUS. March to support, &c.

CHORUS. (*Grand Salute*)

Thus presenting arms before we march away,
End we our review !
Off with beating drums and flying colours pray,
Let the piece go too ;
Command us by a parting cheer,
Nightly to salute you here !

CURTAIN.

ONCE UPON A
TIME THERE WERE
TWO KINGS

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First Performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, on Monday,
December 26th, 1853.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE TWO KINGS.

This was the last Extravaganza I wrote for the Lyceum, and the only one I never saw acted. It is founded on Madame D'Aulnoy's story "La Princesse Carpillon," and it was my intention to adhere to the title, but the re-engagement of "the King of Extravaganza," James Bland, who had been too long away from us, combined with the fact that two Kings were important personages in the piece, induced Charles Mathews to suggest the above title, and it was ultimately adopted. Besides the return of Bland, a considerable attraction was expected from the engagement of Mr. Wright, who as a low comedian had obtained great popularity at the St. James's and Adelphi Theatres, enjoying with the audience of the latter particularly equal favour with that which they had accorded to the elder John Reeve. I did my best to provide him with a part which he might make effective, and wrote a parody on one of his most popular songs. He was, of course, received on his entrance with acclamations ; but, alas ! the result was a melancholy failure, and it subsequently became

necessary to take him out of the piece and give the part to Mr. Robert Roxby. Fortunately, the substitution being an improvement, the absence of Mr. Wright had no serious consequences, and the excellent acting of Bland, Frank Matthews, and Madame Vestris carried the piece triumphantly through the season (eighty-seven nights). Of Madame Vestris it was unhappily the final effort in a line which she may be truly said to have originated. During the run of the piece she was sometimes too unwell to appear, her part being sustained on such occasions by Mrs. Frank Matthews, and the following season her health, for some time precarious, utterly failed her. She retired quietly from the stage, and died on the 8th of August, 1856, since which period no one has ever appeared possessing that peculiar combination of personal attractions, professional ability, and refined taste, which for so many years made her the most popular actress and manager of her day.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERIWIGULUS, THE PROUD (King of Rumantica)	MR. J. BLAND	
BRUTUS, THE CROOKED (Prince Royal and Generalissimo of the Forces)	MR. WRIGHT	
PERFIDIUS (Private Secretary to, and Confidant of, the Prince)	MR. B. BAKER	
CORIN (a Foundling)	MR. F. ROBINSON	
PLACID, THE EASY (Ex-King of the Peaceful Islands, dethroned by a distant relation, whose name has not transpired, and living <i>incog.</i> and in clover, in the Verdant Valley, under the name of Sublimus) ..	MR. FRANK MATTHEWS	
QUEEN DOMINANTA (his Wife, a pattern of domesticity, sharing her husband's fortunes, under the name of Pastora)	MADAME VESTRIS (Her First Appearance this Season)	
CHLOE	} their Daughters }	MISS MASON*
PHILLIS		MISS FOOTE
THE PRINCESS CARPILLONA (their Eldest Daughter, supposed by them to be drowned)	MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE	
DANDELINA (the Nurse and Foster-mother of Carpillona)	MRS. FOOTE	
AMAZONA (a Fairy)	MISS MARTINDALE	
AQUA MARINA (a Sea Nymph)	MISS WADHAM	
CORALINA (a Dancing Wave)	MISS ROSINA WRIGHT	

N.B.—The Costumes (by Mr. Brown and Miss Burt) have on this occasion been servilely copied from authorities of the period in which the original story was written, viz., the close (it may be said the “old clo’s”) of the 17th century, exhibiting the “comical-tragical” and “pastoral-comical” habits invented and exhibited by the artists and actors of the Augustan age of Louis Quatorze.

* *Née* Anderson, niece of Madame Vestris, and now Mrs. Charles Watkins.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

THE PORT OF RANTIPOLIS,

The Capital City of the Island of Rumantica.

Interior of a Royal Pavilion in the Palace Gardens.

THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

The Verdant Valley and Cottage Ornée of Sublimus.

WILLOW GLEN IN THE VERDANT VALLEY.

SEA WEED HALL,

The Ocean Home of Aqua Marina.

ACT II.

THE RIVER SIDE, in the VERDANT VALLEY.

A FOREST ON THE BORDER OF THE VALLEY.

COUNCIL CHAMBER OF KING PERIWIGULUS.

Public Place before the Palace,

With Preparations for the Execution of Corin and Carpillona.

Dénouement of the Piece and the Prisoners.

Apropos Arrival of the Protecting Powers, and Dazzling Prospect of a

TRIUMPHANT TERMINATION

To the Trials of the Two Kings.

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WERE
TWO KINGS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Port of Rantipolis, the Capital City of the Kingdom of Rumantica*—PERIWIGULUS, King of Rumantica, COURTIERS, GUARDS, and POPULACE discovered.

Enter PERFIDIUS, *who advances and kneels to the KING.*

PER. Hail, Periwigulus! Brave news I bring!

Prince Brutus greets Rumantica's great King.

KING. Thou comest from the Isles of Peace, which are,
In these disjointed times, the seat of war.

PER. The war is ended; up the tyrant blown;
His crown is crack'd; his throne is overthrown.
Prince Brutus fell on him without more fuss,
And, to conclude, the victory fell on us.

KING. Great news! for bringing which this chain receive;
Upon the quay we're all on the *qui vive*.
When may we hope to see our son?

PER. Before
The sun you see goes down he'll be ashore.

(gun fires at a distance)

KING. That signal!

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. Sire, the royal fleet's in sight!

KING. Run to the ramparts—bid as quick as light
The cannonier to fire the cannon there;
And let the cannon bid the trumpet blare;

And let the trumpet to the kettle shout,
 The kettle to the ophicleide without ;
 The ophicleide inform the fifes and drums
 That they should play "the conquering hero comes."

*Music—The Fleet is seen approaching the port—cannon, shouts.
 The barge of PRINCE BRUTUS appears, steps are placed, and
 the PRINCE lands with his Suite.*

KING. Welcome ! thrice welcome ! our victorious son,
 Who for his father a new crown hath won.

PRINCE. Father, you go much farther than is fair ;
 The crown I've won I mean myself to wear.

KING. How ?

PRINCE. On my head ! how else d'ye think I'd wear it ?

KING. Ha ! have a care ! don't joke, for I can't bear it !
 I am a King who stands no nonsense ! none !
 So don't attempt upon my words to pun,
 Or you will find you're one of those rash fools
 Who cut their fingers jesting with edged tools.

PRINCE. (*aside*) So sharp with me ! I'll soon be blunt with
 you,
 And make you cut, and in a hurry, too.

*Music—PRINCESS CARPILLONA and DANDELINA are conducted
 as prisoners from the galley.*

KING. Who's yon fair foreigner ?

PRINCE. A captive maid,
 Whom I made captive, and am much afraid
 That she's returned the compliment—for oh,
 I feel all over—somehow—I don't know !

KING. A prisoner possessed of such great charms
 Is very dangerous to take—in arms.

PRINCE. Soon, as my wife, I'll take her, sir, in mine.

KING. Thy wife ! then comes she of a royal line ?

PRINCE. She is a princess, distantly related
 To the usurper I have spifficated ;
 And who deposed her father years ago,
 King Placid, called the Easy.

KING. Say you so ?

Humph ! then, if she consent, we do approve.

PRINCE. If she consent ! She'd better, or, by Jove——

KING. Swear'st thou? Irreverent boy! Peace! thou hadst best.

The licence of thy tongue must be suppressed.

I shall consult the lady's pleasure first.

PRINCE. (*aside*) If I don't soon boil over I shall burst!

KING. Approach, fair Princess, and dismiss your fear;

Say, can you love our son, Prince Brutus, here?

PRINCESS. Love Brutus!

KING. Well enough to wed him?

PRINCESS. I?

KING. Many would jump to do so.

PRINCESS. Jump! oh, my!

Rather than marry Brutus bid me jump

From off yon tower, into the ocean plump;

Or walk through Smithfield on a market morn,

And take the air upon a bullock's horn;

Or print a kiss on the unmuzzled mug

Of the black bear, that ate the lady's pug;

Or the big boa constrictor's cage inhabit,

Who took a blanket for a large Welsh rabbit;*

Or in a bone-yard with some knacker dwell,

And madly play upon the bones, like Pell! †

Things that to hear them told have made me freeze—

And I'll much sooner do it, if you please.

KING. As far as maiden delicacy may

Permit a timid maid her mind to say,

I think, from what she hints, we can discern

Your passion does not meet with much return.

PRINCE. My passion!—oh, my passion she shall feel!

Slave! on your marrow-bones for mercy kneel!

KING. She shall not kneel to thee!—thy slave!—how thine?

The army thou hast conquered with is mine!

Thou art my officer—my servant—son;

And all is mine that's in my service won.

Therefore my slave this beauteous maid must be,

And I at once make free to make her free!

You're your own mistress, and need fear no master!

PRINCESS. O, sire! to you I feel I'm bound but faster.

* A fact which many may still remember. It occurred at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

† The first popular "Bones" of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

PRINCE. (*aside*) My prisoner, too ! With fury how I frizzle !
 Out of his prey the tiger who would chizzle,
 The tiger up may chop !

KING. What's that you mutter ?
 Mind how you quarrel with your bread and butter.
 My will is law !—to cross it have a care,
 Or, in my rage, I may cut off my heir
 With less e'en than the fifth part of a crown ;
 So gulp your luckless passion quickly down,
 And henceforth love this maid but as a brother.

PRINCE. (*aside*) Wouldn't this make a Quaker kick his
 mother ?

KING. (*to PRINCESS*) We have not yet heard what thy name
 is, dear one.

PRINCESS. My name is Carpillona.

KING. What a queer one !

PRINCESS. What's in a name ? Yours, sir, is Periwigulus,
 But can that make you any more ridiculous ?

KING. Certainly not ! (*aside*) As wise as she is fair !

If I were not turned eighty, I declare
 I'd offer her my hand ; but at my age,
 To offer her my arm will be more sage.

(*aloud*) Come, Princess, to our palace ; you shall be
 Our guest—your most obedient servant we.

PRINCESS. I have a most obedient servant here—
 My faithful nurse and foster-mother dear.
 To follow me will you give her the freedom ?

KING. Bring fifty nurses with you if you need 'em !
 Son Brutus, bear what we have said in mind,
 Or at our death we'll leave thee but—behind.

March—Exeunt KING, PRINCESS, DANDELINA, and
 ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE. I'll make all right before I'm left behind !
 The time is apt this business up to wind,
 And set up for myself against my father.
 Perfidius !

PER. Prince, you appear ruffled !

PRINCE. Rather !
 Harkye, the King, my governor, must lay down
 This very night the burden of his crown.

PER. He always does, sir, when he goes to bed,
And puts a nightcap on his royal head.

PRINCE. Don't to misunderstand my words pretend.
Perfidius, I consider you my friend ;
You must give me a hand that crown to gain.

PER. His Majesty has, with this golden chain,
Attached me to him, before all beholders !
It would lay double guilt upon my shoulders,
And dye me of the deepest black ingratitude,
If I assumed to him a hostile attitude.

PRINCE. Serve me, and I will pay thee for thy pains,
When I am king, by loading thee with chains ;
About our person thou shalt have the head post,
Choose which thou wilt—the lamp-post, door-post,
bed-post !
First favourite, we'll upon thee put the pot,
And make thee our Great Grand High Lord—knows
what.

PER. Upon your honour ?

PRINCE. Bright as pewter platter !

PER. That puts a different colour on the matter.

The black ingratitude it softens down ;
I only do one benefactor brown
To give the royal purple to a greater ;
To pause, were to myself to be a traitor.
I'm yours, sir ! body, soul, and—pantaloons.

PRINCE. Go, sound the troops, then—horse, foot, and
dragoons ;
Offer them double pay and treble rations !
Placard the town with flaming proclamations !
Spare not for promises, by bushels make 'em,
When we are king, 'tis time enough to break 'em.

Duet—BRUTUS and PERFIDIUS—“ Pop goes the Weasel.”

PER. Promise I'll on promise heap,
Easy 'tis to make 'em—

PRINCE. When the time arrives to keep,
Easier still to break 'em.

PER. “ First catch your hare ”—for that your tools
Amuse with hopes of fees well ;

PRINCE. But, having caught it, let the fools
Asleep catch a weasel!

PRINCE. Father's reigned quite long enough,
Mizzle now I'll make him—

PER. He's a king who us will huff,
If we do not take him.

PRINCE. He fancies he's uncommonly keen,
A bargain he would me sell;
But when he thinks it's "all serene,"
Pop goes the weasel!

(*Exeunt PRINCE and PERFIDIUS*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of a Pavilion in the Royal Gardens*—PAGES enter and place a regal chair at back.

Enter KING and PRINCESS CARPILLONA, attended.

KING. Sweet Carpillona—while our Court you grace,
This poor pavilion we are proud to place
At your disposal; call for what you please,
My pages shall all serve you on their knees.
To you I turn them over.

PRINCESS. Can it be?
Turn over all your pages, sir, to me!
I couldn't have a title to for ages,
The dedication of so many pages.

KING. I've told the cook to serve up a collation,
Would make the Lord Mayor lick the Corporation.

PRINCESS. A dinner far surpassing my desert.

KING. If you don't take it, I shall feel quite hurt.

PRINCESS. How have I merited so much affection?

KING. Your features bring back to my recollection
A spouse I loved—a child I lost.

PRINCESS. Ah me!
A daughter?

KING. No, a son.

PRINCESS. Then I'm not he!
No matter—pray proceed as you've begun,
Tell me the story of your wife and son.

KING. I will, although my sorrow it revives.

I was the husband of two lovely wives.

PRINCESS. Two at a time !

KING. No, one after the other.

My first Queen of Prince Brutus was the mother.

My second bore me a most beautiful boy.

But short——

PRINCESS. The child ?

KING. No ; short the mother's joy.

Stolen, while she slumbered, from her fond embrace,

Some demon put a cat in the child's place !

She bit the Queen, and on that fatal night

She died——

PRINCESS. The cat ?

KING. The Queen, of the cat's bite !

PRINCESS. Was e'er catastrophe to equal that ?

KING. We hunted for the child——

PRINCESS. And hanged the cat ?

KING. Of course ! but never found it to this day !

PRINCESS. The cat you hanged ?

KING. The child they stole away.

PRINCESS. Take comfort, then, perhaps 'tis living still.

KING. In that fond hope, though faint, I've made my will.

Should he turn up——

PRINCESS. He's safe to be a trump !

And out of joint put his half brother's—hump.

KING. Half-brothers ! they must halve my kingdom too !

PRINCESS. Will two half sovereigns be full change for *you* ?

KING. If both be good.

PRINCESS. But should one be a bad one ?

KING. If't comes to pass, the pass will be a sad one——

Shouts, crash, uproar, without.

PRINCESS. Hark ! what is passing now ! By all that crashing,
I fear already there's a case of smashing !

Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER. My liege, they cry "to arms !" and some queer
blades

Are blocking up the streets with barricades !

We shall not know the city in a minute,

They're making such a revolution in it !

KING. A revolution ! Oh, the fact's too plain !
 The son is breaking out before the reign
 Is over of his father—though so near up,
 He couldn't wait with decency to clear up ;
 But I will prove myself a brave old fellow,
 And brave this tempest—without an umbrella !

Enter PRINCE BRUTUS and others, armed with blunderbusses, &c.

KING. Unnatural son ! for natural thou wert ne'er !
 Dost thou so hunger for our empty chair
 That thou would turn us out when, turned fourscore,
 Time has so nearly wheeled it to death's door ?

PRINCE. Why should you look upon with such alarms
 A son who comes to you with open arms ?

KING. O, stab me with thy weapons, not thy puns.
 These arms of thine befit but sons of guns !
 Why do they threaten here a parent's life ?

PRINCE. Because you've seized your heir apparent's wife.
 Give up my slave, and the new crown I've won,
 And you may keep your old one.

KING. May I ? done !

PRINCESS. Done ! Did you say done ? Oh, then, I'm done
 too !

KING. I couldn't help it ! How could I ? could you ?

PRINCESS. And will you give me up to that great brute ?

KING. (*corrects her*) Brut-us.

PRINCESS. Without "us !"

KING. With us don't dispute !

The bargain's struck ; be a good child, don't fret ;
 As the bard says, "We may be happy yet."

PRINCE. Well ! Is that foolish girl still contumacious ?

KING. Quite the contrary.

PRINCESS. (*aside*) Oh, my goodness gracious !

PRINCE. Oho ! she's to her senses come at last !

Then we'll be generous and forgive the past.

Let her prepare forthwith to be our bride,

To-morrow shall the nuptial knot be tied !

PRINCESS. (*aside*) The nuptial knot be tied ! O Fate, than
 what

Worse can betide me if the nuptial's not ?

March—Exeunt KING, PRINCE, and all but PRINCESS.

Enter DANDELINA.

PRINCESS. My faithful nurse ! my dear old foster-mother,
Now we're at last alone with one another.
Take thou that easy chair, while I sit here
And pour my sorrows in thy friendly ear.

DAN. Alack, my child, while those sad tears I see
No chair can be an easy one to me.

Music—She seats herself—The chair turns round, DANDELINA disappears, and in her place is seen the FAIRY AMAZONA, dressed precisely like DANDELINA.

FAIRY. (*aside*) I'll take your place, then—turn about's fair
play ;

I grieve to turn so good a nurse away !

But I've turned nurse ; for, a good turn to do,
There's nothing a good fairy won't turn to.

(*aloud and imitating DANDELINA'S voice*) Speak, child,
I'm listening.

PRINCESS. (*sitting*) I can't for crying !

FAIRY. Things look a little black, there's no denying,
But when they're at the worst perhaps they'll mend.

PRINCESS. But what, alas, will be the worst, dear friend ?
Before I'll be the wife of Brutus made,
I'll to my bosom take this truer blade !

(*drawing dagger*)

FAIRY. That point is one I trust you'll never press.

PRINCESS. Then shew me some way out of this sad mess.

FAIRY. I will. There's one !

Music—The scene opens and shews

SCENE THIRD.—*The Brink of a Precipice—Moonlight—The entrance to a Pine Forest—A large bank.*

PRINCESS. (*as the scene opens*) The parting walls recede !

“Where there's your will there is a way” indeed.

What may this mean ? are you a fairy, nurse ?

Or, mercy on me ! are you something worse ?

FAIRY. (*appearing in a brilliant Amazonian costume*)

Fear not ! I'm not your nurse, fair Carpillona,

But a true friend—the Fairy Amazona.

Take this enchanted bunch of gilliflowers ;
 On hostile eyes it has such magic powers,
 The Prince you fear would not know you from Adam,
 Or, more correctly, Eve.

PRINCESS. But oh, dear madam,
 You will not leave me here? for still I think
 I stand upon a precipice's brink !

FAIRY. You do, I own ; but hold fast that bouquet ;
 'Twill guard and guide you safely on your way
 Through yonder forest to the verdant meads,
 In which his flocks the sage Sublimus feeds.
 Go, look him up ! and tell the dear old codger
 You've come to be a boarder and a lodger ;
 Mention my name and he'll at once believe you,
 And with his wife, like their own child receive you.

Air—AMAZONA—" *Cheer, boys, cheer.*"

Cheer, child, cheer ! those magic flowers retaining,
 Fearless the dark and tangled forest roam ;
 Cheer, child, cheer ! the verdant valley gaining !
 There you'll find friends out as well as at home.
 Should hostile eyes behold you on your journey,
 Press that bouquet, culled by a cunning elf,
 Its power will, like a power of attorney,
 Save you the trouble of appearing yourself.

Cheer, child, cheer, &c.

(*Exit FAIRY*)

PRINCESS. So strange does everything around me seem,
 I can't help fancying I'm in a dream.
 But if my way lie through yon forest deep,
 I'd best be walking through it in my sleep.
 If fays speak truth I needn't care a rush
 For any beast that may be in the bush.
 I bear a charm that parry an attack would
 Of the most savage article in Blackwood.

Air—CARPILLONA—" *The Heather Bell.*"

I'm free to wander o'er the hill,
 To pass the forest through I'm free ;
 To go, in short, just where I will,
 I feel myself at liberty.

A cottage home I go to share,
 And through the wood my way I'll wind ;
 I needn't fear a boar or bear,
 Or any creature of that kind !
 So with a merry mountain lay,
 I'll to the verdant valley go ;
 Like Cockney out for holiday—
 Beyond the sound of bells of Bow !

Happy go lucky ! I'll take wing,
 E'en while no pinions me can stay ;
 Nor anxious watch, lest some one spring
 On me in some uncivil way.
 These flowers were plucked by fairy stream,
 And will so change my face and form,
 That greater pluck from them I seem
 To pluck to face the coming storm !

So with a merry, &c.

PRINCE. (*without*) This way ; I spied a petticoat, I
 swear !

PRINCESS. O mercy ! worse than any boar or bear,
 Fierce Brutus comes ! Oh, now or never, gilliflowers,
 Save me, and prove you're not a bunch of silly flowers.

*Music—Her dress changes to that of a peasant—Part of the
 bank changes to a Cow—a milking pail and stool rise near
 her.*

Enter PRINCE BRUTUS, PERFIDIUS, and SOLDIERS.

PRINCE. Here she is !—no, she isn't ! Naught, I vow,
 But an old country woman and her cow.

PRINCESS. (*aside*) Old ! My kind nosegay, then, has worked
 a wonder—
 I'll take the hint.

PRINCE. What a confounded blunder !
 Harkye ! old Bess of Bedlam ! Have you seen
 A Princess pass this way ? (*she curtsies to him several
 times but doesn't answer*)
 Speak ! what d'ye mean
 By all that bobbing ? Find your tongue and wag
 That, or I'll find and tear it out, vile hag !

PRINCESS. Good, noble gentleman, your pardon, pray!
But I can't hear a single word you say.
I am stone deaf.

PRINCE. Deaf! hang the stupid dunny!
PER. Yes, let us—on this tree.

PRINCE. It would be funny;
But I've no time to stop and see her sprawl.

PER. Suppose we send her rolling like a ball
Down yonder precipice?

PRINCE. Still more amusing,
But in the meantime I should risk the losing
All chance of catching this ungrateful rover.

PER. 'Twon't take a minute, sir, to lift her over
That bit of rock.

PRINCE. Then lift her, and be swift.

PRINCESS. Colly, my cow, just give that calf a lift.

Music—As PERFIDIUS attempts to seize PRINCESS the Cow tosses him over the rock—Thunder and lightning—PRINCE BRUTUS and party fly in terror—PRINCESS runs into the wood, Cow sinks, and scene changes to

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Verdant Valley—On one side the cottage ornée of SUBLIMUS—A brook runs along the centre, in which CHLOE and PHILLIS are fishing.*

CHLOE. I think we've well performed our morning task, it
Has furnished us of fish a pretty basket.
If I'd not managed so many to settle,
There might have been, of fish, a pretty kettle.

Air—CHLOE—"La Donna è mobile."

Here to the melody
Of Signor Verdi,
So often heard I—
Fish under hedges,
And sometimes all the day
Without a nibble,
Hear dribble, dribble,
The brook through the sedges;
And see the little

Perch, dace, and tittle-
 —Bats come and twittle
 About their trails there.
 Pleasures so innocent,
 Who would be changing
 For the bush-ranging,
 Washing and dishing?
 Of those, love of Tin has sent
 Rambling creation
 On speculation,
 In nugget gold-fishing,
 Where dirty diggers
 Toiling like niggers,
 Who fail to cut figures,
 Cut throats in despair.

Enter SUBLIMUS.

SUB. Girls, where's your mother?

PASTORA *sings without* " *Under the Greenwood Tree.*"

CHLOE. Coming at a wish.
 SUB. She is—and all alive O! like your fish.

Enter PASTORA *from cottage.*

SUB. Now, my co-partners, in this blest retreat,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than t'other? Don't it beat, for sport and use,
 The royal game, as it is called, of goose?
 PAS. I wouldn't change it. Happy is your grace.
 Can snap your royal fingers in the face
 Of fickle Fortune in so sweet a style.
 SUB. See! I have nearly made this basket while
 Our daughters here are catching fish for dinner.
 PAS. And I have been a most industrious spinner;
 So hand me over all the fish you can,
 And I'll go fry 'em in the frying pan.
 SUB. Ennobling sight! upon a Queen to look
 Who from her throne can thus come down to cook!
 PAS. Example bright! to see a King forsaking
 The craft of Courts for that of basket-making.

CHLOE. Not to say anything of two Princesses
Catching the fish their royal mother dresses !

SUB. What has become of Corin, by-the-bye ?

PAS. He's found, perhaps, some other fish to fry.

SUB. He has been absent longer than he ought.

PAS. He's absent, probably, from want of thought.

SUB. I don't know what's come to the boy of late.

PAS. What he'll come to it's hard to calculate.

SUB. He won't be quiet in the verdant valley,
But out of bounds the silly youth will sally
Into the wild woods, against brutes much wilder
Drawing his bow.

PAS. I wish he'd draw it milder.

SUB. Well, thank the stars ! he never draws the long one !
He's truth itself ! and that praise is a strong one.

PHIL. He comes !

CHLOE. No ! some young woman, I declare !

SUB. What a fair stranger !

PAS. What a strange affair.

Enter PRINCESS, as a peasant girl.

PRINCESS. Pray pardon this intrusion, but I'm told
This is "the Verdant Valley."

PAS. To behold
This scene and doubt it, child, would prove that you
Are what the vulgar would call verdant too.

PRINCESS. Another question, then, to ask I'm bound—
Where is an ancient shepherd to be found
They call Sublimus ?

SUB. That's what they call me—
My wife, my daughters, and my house you see.

PRINCESS. You, sir, a shepherd ! and those ladies fair
Your wife and daughters—all so rich and rare !
I should have thought you gentlefolks !

PAS. My dear,
All things and folks are gentle you see here.
Lo, here the gentle lark, with gentle lay,
Gently salutes the gentle dawn of day ;
The gentle shepherd with his gentle fair
Here tend their gentle flocks with gentle care,
Or gently stray among the gentle trees,
'Mid gentle flowers that woo the gentle breeze.

We even fish with gentles—and we feel
To be ungentle would be ungenteel.

PRINCESS. “Com’ è gentil !”—such exquisite gentility
Induces me to say, with all humility,
That, if you please, I’m come to board and lodge
here.

SUB. The deuce you are ! (*aside*) She comes some artful
dodge here.

PAS. And pray by whom, miss, are you recommended ?

PRINCESS. A dame by whom I have been much befriended,
The Fairy Amazona.

SUB. Amazona !

As our friend, also, we are proud to own her,
And place full confidence in her discretion.

PAS. What is your name, young woman, and profession ?

PRINCESS. My name is Carpillona. I profess
Nothing at all.

PAS. Then you’ll perform no less.

I’m not displeas’d to light upon one such—
Young people now-a-days profess so much.

CHLOE. Then you can’t brew or bake ?

PHIL. Or spin or churn ?

PRINCESS. No ; but I shall be very glad to learn.

SUB. She can’t speak fairer—nor more fair appear,
And so, fair maid, you’re fairly welcome here.

We’ll teach you to tend sheep——

CHLOE. For fish to angle——

PHIL. Milk cows, feed chickens——

PAS. Cook, and wash, and mangle.

And not to sell your mangle, mind, to pay
For a piano you’re not born to play.

Oh, there be misses, I have here and there heard,
Play in a style that quite out Erard’s Erard.

Pray you avoid it——

CHLOE. Corin comes.

SUB. At last !

PHIL. How fast he runs !

PAS. I fear he’ll get too fast !

Music—Enter CORIN, with a young roe on his shoulders.

SUB. Why, Corin ! What a heat the boy is in !

Sirrah, where have you all the morning been ?

COR. Hunting.

PAS. (*crosses*) What's that you've on your shoulder got?

COR. A roe, that with an arrow I have shot—

I know my father is so fond of venison.

SUB. Such pious care demands a father's benison!

CHLOE. Here's a young person come with us to live.

(*introducing PRINCESS*)

COR. (*starting*) Oh, murder!

ALL. (*but PRINCESS*) What's the matter?

COR.

Pray forgive

The sudden transport—something went right through
My heart—

PRINCESS. (*aside*) And something went right through mine,
too.

PAS. You've got the rheumatism, I've no doubt,
Rambling those nasty cold damp rocks about.

I've known a pic-nic in such horrid chasms

Give the whole party an attack of spasms;

Of course they laid it to the lobster salad,

But I am certain when, in book or ballad,

You authors praise such spots in words ecstatic,

That for romantic we should read rheumatic.

PRINCESS. (*aside*) If mine of rheumatism was a touch,
I don't think I should mind it very much.

COR. (*aside*) Whate'er the pain, I caught it from that face,
And feel 'tis like to be a chronic case.

PRINCESS. (*aside*) Though of young noblemen I've seen so
many,

This noble young man's handsomer than any.

COR. (*aside*) Take all the black and blue eyed beauties
round,

She'd beat 'em black and blue, I'd bet a pound!

PAS. But, bless me, I've been talking, and forgot

I'd never put the dumplings in the pot!

And here's the fish to fry, the cloth to lay.

Come, help me, girls, or we shan't dine to-day.

And, Corin, mind, now, if you feel that pain

About the region of your heart again,

I've got some opodeldoc, and desire

You'll rub your side with it before the fire;

If that will not at once the mischief master,

I shall insist upon a mustard plaster.

Sestette—PASTORA, PRINCESS, CHLOE, PHILLIS,
SUBLIMUS, CORIN—"Kitty Katty Kino."

PAS. If once it gets into your bones,
With a rubdum rum rheumatic kino,
It grinds 'em worse than grinding stones,
With a rubdum rum rheumatic kino.

PRIN. }
COR. } Sad disaster! Mustard plaster!
SUB. } Won't do much good, I know!

ALL. The cloth { go } and lay,
 { come }
Or we shan't dine to-day.
With a rubdum Kitty Katty Kino,
Kitty Katty, Kitty Katty Kino!

Exeunt PASTORA, CHLOE, PHILLIS, and PRINCESS,
into cottage.

COR. (*aside*) A mustard plaster! Oh my heart! I vow
Something much hotter's drawing it just now
Towards that rustic beauty! Sir, pray who
Is our new lodger?

SUB. Sir, what's that to you?

COR. I beg your pardon, sir, if I'm to blame,
I simply wished to know the lady's name!

SUB. 'Tis Carpillona—so upon that score
Pray don't be simply wishing any more,

COR. (*aside*) Oh, Carpillona! I am a gone 'coon!
You are the medicine, I am but the spoon!

(*Exit*)

SUB. Humph! If my Latin I've not quite lived out,
I think old Ovid something says about
A pain that very difficult to curb is,
And "*Nullis medicabilis est herbis.*"
That's his disease, and one that 'twould be curst hard
To cure with opodeldoc or with mustard.
Rubbing his side won't touch the peccant part;
'Tis a confirmed affection of the heart.
And young miss seems as poorly as young mister;
"Aye, there's the rub," and a perpetual blister

For me—for what on earth is to be done ?
 The boy is only my adopted son ;
 And if I suffered him this girl to wed,
 I might bring—heaven knows what upon my head.
 Well, as they both were sent by the same fairy,
 She's bound to get us out of this quandary ;
 So I'll write to her by next magic post.

Re-enter PASTORA from house.

Well, is the dinner ready, wife ?

PAS. Almost—
 But I've to shew you such a curious thing ;
 That strange young woman's given me a ring
 To buy her better clothes—such as we wear.
 And I suspect her habits need repair ;
 For I'm afraid, and so I think will you be,
 She couldn't honestly come by this ruby.
(*shews a ring*)

SUB. This ruby ! Bless my stars ! can such things be ?

PAS. Can you cast any light on what you see ?

SUB. You make me stare, to think, by any light,
 That you can on this ruby cast your sight,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 While mine are blanched like almonds !

PAS. What wild freaks
 Are these, sir ? Blanched like almonds ! For what
 reasons ?

Here we are out of reach of plots and treasons ;
 When all is done, you look but on a ring.

SUB. Look *in* it, madam ! when I touch this spring,
 Up, you perceive, the jewel flies, and shews—

PAS. A miniature !—ah ! sure one knows that nose.

SUB. 'Tis mine—so were those curls ere sorrow brought
 My gray hairs to a wig !—too dearly bought
 At such a price ! And oh, my precious eyes !
 In them again I feel the waters rise.

PAS. I too !—for oh, if mine believe I may,
 This ring you gave me on our wedding day !
 And round the neck 'twas fastened of our daughter,
 When the poor infant perished in the water !

SUB. How came that strange young woman by a jewel
Which conjures up such recollections cruel ?

PAS. She says she found it.

SUB. She must all declare——

Enter PRINCESS from cottage.

PAS. She comes ; we'll make her tell us when and
where.

*Duet—PASTORA and SUBLIMUS—“ Oh, tell me when, and
tell me where.”*

Oh, tell me when, and tell me where
You found this ruby ring so rare,
Or into trouble this affair
Is likely you to bring ;
For it has given us both a shock,
To think a girl, in such a frock,
Not only at our door should knock,
But come with such a ring !

PRINCESS. Madam, my story in few words is told ;
When quite a baby—only six months old—
I had the great misfortune to be washed——

SUB. Misfortune ! to be washed ?

PAS. You would say squashed.

PRINCESS. No, washed, ma'am, overboard and drown'd.

PAS. And drown'd !

SUB. Where ?

PRINCESS. In the water.

PAS. How, then, above ground,
Have we the pleasure of your conversation ?

PRINCESS. I was indebted for resuscitation
To fishermen for carp, who threw a net in ;
But thought all fish whatever they could get in.
They took me for a carp at first—but that
As they had saved me—one must not carp at ;
And, as they couldn't either sell or cook me,
Back to the palace, I am told, they took me.

SUB. How came you on the water ?

PRINCESS. O'er a lake
My parents their escape were forced to make.

The night was dark, the lake was like a sea,
And a big billow roll'd o'er little me.

PAS. Who were your parents? speak!

PRINCESS. The King and Queen
Of the Pacific Isles they once had been;
But too pacific, of their throne were tricked out,
By a usurper—now in his turn kicked out.

PAS. It is! it is! with joy I shall go wild!

SUB. Away disguise! behold us here, my child!

PRINCESS. Us, madam! Sir! Oh, you don't mean—
you can't—ah!

SUB. I am King Placid!

PAS. I, Queen Dominanta!

PRINCESS. (*embracing them*) Ma! Pa!

SUB. O, nature!—wondrous is thy power!

I feel—it must be past the usual hour
At which we dine; and this sweet child, my
dear,

Has not had bit or sup since she's been here.

Enter PHILLIS and CHLOE from cottage.

PHIL. and CHLOE. Dinner's on table.

PAS. They, too, must be told.
Daughters, your eldest sister here behold!

CHLOE. Our eldest sister!

PHIL. Who was food for fishes!

PAS. Now to return the compliment she wishes,
And feed on some of them.

CHLOE. Oh, this is prime!

Sister, you have just come in pudding time.

PRINCESS. (*kissing them*) I have supped full of happiness
so sweet,

I only feel that all you I could eat,
Nor have for pudding left the smallest corner.
Where is my brother?

ALL. Brother!

SUB. (*to PASTORA*) We must warn her.

PRINCESS. Yes! Brother! Oh, I long to kiss him too!

PAS. Kiss him! ahem! No, darling, that won't do.
He's not your brother, save by our adoption,
Therefore, to kiss him you have not the option.

SUB. Nor does he know our real names or quality,
So don't imprudently upset our polity.

PAS. You've only to remember just at present
You're a Princess, and he is but a peasant.

PRINCESS. (*aside*) Not my own brother! Well, it's curious,
though

I almost think I like him better so.

Quintette—PRINCESS, PASTORA, SUBLIMUS, CHLOE,
PHILLIS—“*Summer Flowers.*”

PRINCESS. With joy the hours too fast will fly!

PAS. Our darling cast up high and dry!

ALL. O, such a happy family
Who wouldn't pay to view?

PRINCESS. Would I four pairs of arms had got,
To hug at once the whole dear lot!
But, as it happens I have not,
My best with these I'll do.

Papa! mamma!

With joy the hours, &c.

(*Excunt into cottage*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Willow Glen.*

Enter CORIN, with paper in his hand.

COR. There runs a rustic rhyme, that “*Exercis*
Is the best thing as is for rheumatis,”
And, therefore, I have run like wild to-day,
To try if I could make mine run away;
But I'm not better—nay, I'm rather worse,
For I have had a fit of writing verse.
And that's a symptom there is no mistaking—
'Tis love alone has set my heart an aching.

Song—CORIN—“*O give me the girl.*”

O give me the girl with the blue dress on
Papa calls *Carpillona*;

She's stole my heart—away it's gone,
 Or of no use to the owner !
 Ye rocks and trees, I'll sing to you
 About sweet Carpillona.
 The Bona Roba's stole my heart—
 A downright robber !—boner !
 A gem she is without a flaw,
 As beautiful as Venus,
 The fairest flower I ever saw
 Of the Bella-Dona genus.
 O give me the girl, &c.

Her voice to me is sweeter far
 Than the finest-toned Cremona,
 Her eyes are each a large loadstar,
 And draw like a loadstone—Ah !
 I love her more than Romeo
 Did Juliet of Verona,
 Who'd look as black as any crow
 Beside fair Carpillona !
 O give me the girl, &c.

(sticks paper on tree)

Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love !
 Oh, Carpillona, throughout every grove,
 With tender compositions, such as these,
 I'll paper all the trunks of all the trees,
 And on their barks I'll carve thy dear initial,
 And register my vows with care official,
 Deep as my love, to make 'em last the longer—
 As bark is strengthening, it may make 'em stronger.
 Cut, Corin, cut ! and carve on ev'ry tree
 A large, a capital, expressive C.

*Music—He carves the letter C on the bark of a tree—The
 FAIRY AMAZONA appears—She waves her lance over CORIN'S
 head, and he falls asleep on a bank.*

FAIRY. Sleep, thou fond shepherd, by this haunted
 stream,
 And of thy lovely Carpillona dream ;

While here, to counsel on your fate, I wave
Aqua Marina from her ocean cave !

(waves her lance—Music—AQUA MARINA appears)

AQUA. 'Gainst wind and tide, all up the stream, and in it,
I've floated in the third part of a minute.

FAIRY. Thanks for your speed. This youth, of course, you
know ?

AQUA. Corin, the younger son of King——

FAIRY. Just so.

He's fallen deep in love, as I intended,
With a young Princess, whom you once befriended.

AQUA. Ah ! I remember, in my arms I caught her
When I went to the Lakes for change of—water !

FAIRY. An angry planet threatens them to part—
Aid me to baffle it.

AQUA. With all my heart !

If to pay me a visit you consent,
For here I feel out of my element.

FAIRY. Agreed !

AQUA. We'll gently down the river fall
To my marine pavilion—Seaweed Hall.

Music—She waves her wand—WATER NYMPHS appear, and encircle CORIN, who sinks, and the scene changes to Seaweed Hall, the marine abode of AQUA MARINA.

GRAND BALLET by CORALINA and SEA NYMPHS.

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The River Side.*

Enter PRINCESS with a paper in her hand, and in the attire of a shepherdess.

Song—PRINCESS—“*The deep deep Sea.*”

O, somebody in love
 With me must surely be,
 For the trees where'er I rove
 Are all carved with C,
 With a deep, deep C,
 And it must mean me.
 For with verses in my praise
 He the trunks has papered too,
 And in rhymes all sorts of ways,
 My poor name contrived to screw.
 The unhappy man I fear,
 Is quite himself beside,
 A shepherd off would shear,
 With a princess for his bride !
 O, yes ! he must in love
 Undoubtedly with me
 Very deep, deep be,
 Very deep, deep be.

I believe, to speak the truth,
 I'm in love, too, over ears,
 With that very same fond youth
 Who so struck with me appears ;
 But, alas ! I'm doomed to prove—
 Truth must not be always told,
 And his ardent flame above
 I'm forced to throw water cold.
 Forced to throw water cold ;
 But, oh ! he must in love
 Undoubtedly with me
 Very deep, deep be, &c.

PRINCESS. Of these strange sights that must the meaning
 be,
 On every tree I see—I see a C ;
 And one had got this paper stuck upon it,
 On which some swain has written a love sonnet ;
 Cupid must surely have bereft of reason
 The youth who my poor name made rhymes like
 these on.
 (*reads paper*) “ Ne’er did Indian nabob own a
 Jewel like to Carpillona ;
 But as hard as any stone, ah !
 Is the heart of Carpillona.
 Either let my heart alone, ah !
 If you can, fair Carpillona ;
 Or if you can’t, give me your own, ah !
 Which will be fairer, Carpillona.”
 This is young Corin’s lay, I have no doubt,
 And all these C’s of his own cutting out.
 I’d no idea he was a man of letters ;
 He’d really cut out many of his betters.
 He knows not of my rank, so this temerity
 I mustn’t censure with too much asperity.
 Oh ! why was I a princess born, or he
 Not of a line to form a tie with me ?
 He comes ! I really think I’ll tell him, then.

Enter CORIN.

Pray, shepherd, are these verses from your pen ?

COR. Would you were not averse from him who penned
 ’em !

PRINCESS. By such a post how could you think to send
 ’em ?

COR. A poor unhappy shepherd you behold,
 By love made sheepish, who was once so bold ;
 To her he loves he posts his *billet doux*,
 And by a cypher says—I sigh for you !

PRINCESS. Shepherd, in love with me you mustn’t fall ;
 I’m very sorry for you, and that’s all !
 My heart already has enough to trouble it !

COR. Mine would that trouble share !

PRINCESS. More likely double it !

COR. Double it!—then a rival I have got!

PRINCESS. You have a rival, shepherd, and you've not—

COR. Oh, speak not in conundrums; I detest 'em!

PRINCESS. I've given 'em up—because I never guessed 'em.

It is a simple fact—I soon can prove
You have no rival, for no man I love;
But you've a rival who loves me—the fear
Of whom occasioned my arrival here.

COR. Sweet shepherdess, then, why to hope deny me?

PRINCESS. Say—can you keep a secret?

COR. Just you try me!

PRINCESS. Well, if you'll promise—

COR. By those eyes I swear!

PRINCESS. I'll tell you something, then, shall make yours stare!

I'm a Princess!—my father was a King!

COR. Oh, mercy!—pray don't tell me such a thing!

PRINCESS. It's true—and in Sublimus here, *sub rosa*,
I've found him out—and, in his *cara sposa*,
My royal mother—who, compelled to jog
From their own kingdom, settled here *incog*.

COR. Oh, then, indeed, it is all up with Corin!—

Born to a crown, you wouldn't give a florin
To be the sweetheart of a poor clodhopper!

PRINCESS. You must admit it would be quite improper,
For one who boasts of a descent so regal.

COR. Alack, I'm but descended from an eagle!

PRINCESS. An eagle!

COR. Yes—found in an eagle's nest,
To bring me up there who had done her best;
Until, brought down by some intrepid rover,
I was brought here to live with cows—in clover.

PRINCESS. Then you may be of royal line as well!
For if you do not know, how can you tell?

COR. There's much philosophy in that remark—
But oh! of Hope I haven't got a spark.

PRINCESS. I haven't got a spark myself, but you,
Whom my poor heart must not be *tinder* to.
The old quotation now reversed I find,
For not so much as kin, you're more than kind.

COR. Can you, then, see my heart thus rent and racked ?

PRINCESS. Well, no, then, I just can't—and that's the fact !

COR. What do I hear !—roast not a poor lost mutton !—
Is't possible for me you care a button ?

PRINCESS. I have a soul all buttons far above !
Murder will out, they say—and so will love ;
Therefore I own my own, whate'er the onus,
And sink pa's policy to save your bonus !

COR. Such an assurance to my heart secures
The principal and interest of yours ;
And on a premium I so highly rate,
No duty I can pay will be too great !

PRINCESS. In witness whereof to Love's bond this day
We each do set our hand——

COR. And our bouquet. (*presenting
her with his*)

Duet—CORIN and PRINCESS—“*La ci darem la mano.*”

COR. Mind you don't let your ma know,
Or she'll fly out at me,
And make your pa say “ah, no !”
Which would unpleasant be.

PRINCESS. Should chance our love betray, I
Tremble ! for on that score,
What pa and ma will say, I
Should really have thought before.

COR. If they object, why, let 'em !

PRINCESS. I fear 'twould sadly fret 'em.

COR. They shouldn't be so haughty !

PRINCESS. We shouldn't be so naughty !

COR. Away, away !

BOTH. Away with thoughts alarming ;
The present is so charming !
We'll care for nothing more !

Enter PASTORA.

PRINCESS. (*quickly, and aside to CORIN*) My mother !
(*Exit CORIN*)

Mercy on me !—if she heard——

PAS. A vastly pretty duo, 'pon my word !
 To sing at sight have you been taught the art ?
 Or was that something you have learned by heart ?

PRINCESS. It's an old air.

PAS. And not worth repetition.
 I don't approve, child, of the composition.
 'Twixt you and Corin well it cannot go,—
 You are too high, and he by far too low.

Air—PASTORA—“ Far, far upon the sea.”

As far as I can see,
 Master Corin makes too free,
 He's from all that I can gather been so bold
 As to tell you the same tale
 Which, throughout the Verdant Vale,
 I'll be bound to every girl in turn he's told !
 I watch'd the slyboots glide
 Through the willows to your side.
 When a wild young man thus follows you, beware!
 He'll soft nonsense to you sing,
 And you, like a silly thing,
 Believe the words are true to that tender air.
 Far, far too low is he
 A maid of your degree
 To flirt with, as I found him doing here ;
 And if to you he bring
 Any more duets to sing
 O.P.H., he shall skip with a flea in his ear.
 Your cipher here I see
 He has carved on every tree,
 And rosy posies all about 'em strung,
 And posies, too, in rhyme,
 Which, no doubt, you think sublime,
 He by their leaves, and yours, I fear, has hung.
 It will cut me to the core ;
 But, I vow, if any more
 Of this writing and this cyphering I hear,
 His letters I shall stop ;
 And in my account you'll drop
 To a cypher, which, you know, goes for nought, my dear,
 For, far too low is he
 A maid of your degree, &c., &c.

PRINCESS. Oh, madam, you've discovered all, I find,
And so I will confess.

PAS. You're very kind—

Folks, when discovered, generally do.
Oh, Carpillona, I'm ashamed of you!—
A girl who in a Court has made a stir
To let a shepherd come a courting her!—
A Princess who might some day marry some king,
To let her heart go bumping for a bumpkin!

PRINCESS. Indeed I did my best to choke him quite
off,

Gave him our true position here a sight of,
Explained the distance between him and me,
And begged he'd keep his distance—civilly.

PAS. What! trusted our state secret to that lad!
Despite my warning! this is far too bad!
Here comes your father! Oh! what will he say
When he hears how you've flung yourself away?

Enter SUBLIMUS.

*Air—*PASTORA—“*Our Polly is a sad slut.*”

Our policy is upset
Completely by our daughter;
I almost wish the fishermen
Had left her in the water!
For she has told about us all
We told her not to say—
And on a bumpkin all but gone
And flung herself away.

O, husband, how can this sad blow be parried?
Here's Carpillona all but gone and married!

SUB. To whom?

PAS. To Corin she's herself contracted,
And as if bent to drive us quite distracted,
After of caution she had such a dose
To keep the tale of our misfortunes close,
To him, whose bump of caution is so small,
She's gone and let the cat out—tale and all!

SUB. How!—let the cat out of the bag!—I wonder,
So shrewd a girl should make so great a blunder;

- Not to perceive you should—to 'scape scanmag—
Have kept the cat and given *him* the bag !
- PRINCESS. Alas ! while hearing him his passion plead
I quite forgot myself.
- PAS. You did indeed !—
Go tell him we forbid the banns—refuse
A licence——
- SUB. Yes, because——
- PAS. Because we choose !
Kings give no reasons—subjects must submit.
“*Sic volo sic*”—what ? (*to* SUBLIMUS)
“*Jubeo.*”
- SUB. That's it !
- PAS. That's it !
- PRINCESS. 'Twill break his heart and mine !
- PAS. Romantic stuff !
- SUB. Suppose it should—time mends 'em fast enough ;
And, as your common sense with age increases,
Of both your hearts you'll find you've saved the
peaces !
- PAS. Begone !
- PRINCESS. It is my duty to obey.
(*Exit* PRINCESS)
- SUB. Another moment I had given way !
I can't resist a pretty woman's tears !
- PAS. Fie ! for shame, sir—a person of your years !
But thus it ever was, when on your throne,
To resist anything you ne'er were known.
King of the Peaceful Isles—you hoped to stay so,
And thought to keep the peace you'd but to say
so !
No army—we were quite out of harm's way,
No navy—if it wasn't spelt with K. *
So when from off the throne your cousin shook us,
Our own peace officers to prison took us !
- SUB. How could I dream——
- PAS. Because you went to sleep,
And not one eye would even open keep.
There is no terror in a monarch's nod,
Who isn't wide awake ; and now the rod

* Let me honestly own this joke was the late Baron Alderson's.

You'd spare and spoil the child—I know you would !

You'd patch this matter up as best you could,
And let our daughter marry this young foundling,
Rather than stand your ground against this
groundling !

(she turns away)

SUB. Hear me ! one word ! my love—indeed, you'll find

In this affair I have not been so blind.
I saw the boy was struck with Carpillona,
And posted off a note to Amazona,
Her own opinion on the case to learn.

The FAIRY AMAZONA appears from tree.

FAIRY. And Amazona answers by return.

Is't thus you would repay the obligation
You're under for your daughter's restoration,
By forcing her with tears her love to wipe out,
And putting thus her faithful shepherd's pipe out ?

PAS. You wouldn't have us, sure, the piper pay
For our dear daughter in so dear a way ?

Bestow the pet lamb of our royal flock
On a mere rustic found upon a rock !
A girl who can a king her father call,
On the poor son of nobody at all !
I'll tell him to his head, if he provoke it,
To put that in his shepherd's pipe, and smoke it !

FAIRY. Ha !

SUB. Madam ! Great Fairy—I am sure—the
Queen—

Your Fairyship must feel—she didn't mean—

PAS. I did— —

SUB. Not ! no—of course ! just so ! I knew—

(aside) There'll be a scrimmage now, between the
two.

(aloud to FAIRY) A mother's anxious feelings got the
better,

They ran away with her—and so—upset her—
That she—that is—that I—I mean, that you—
You understand—at least, I hope you do !

FAIRY. Short-sighted mortal, with your poor weak eye-
 glass,
 Peering through mists which mock the longest spy-
 glass!
 What if the noble-minded youth you scorn
 Should be as nobly as your daughter born?

PAS. Ah! then, indeed——

FAIRY. I don't assert the fact,
 But I command you instantly retract
 Your cruel mandate! Corin is my care
 As much as Carpillona—they're a pair
 Not to be matched again, if one be lost,
 And sure as fate you'd have to pay the cost.

PAS. Madam, with due submission——

SUB. Yes; submission,
 We bow, most potent Fay, to your decision.
 It shall be done, I say——

(aside and looking at PASTORA)

She don't object!

(aloud) I say it shall be done as you direct.

FAIRY. Enough! one planet still appears malignant;
 But that escaped, the rest are all benignant;
 So quickly as 'twas made this rent repair,
 For I perceive you've not much time to spare.

(music—FAIRY AMAZONA disappears in tree)

SUB. You—*we've* been in the wrong—a little bit.

PAS. *(aside)* I may have been, but catch me owning it!
(aloud) "The King can do no wrong." If true
 that be,

How can his better half do worse than he?
 Besides, if Corin be of high condition,
 There's no occasion for our prohibition.
 Why didn't she drop such a hint before,
 When he was dropped an infant at our door;
 Found in an eagle's nest amongst the rocks,
 Without as much on as a pair of—socks.
 I think I see him now!

SUB. And so do I!

And I remember seeing, by-the-bye,
 Upon his arm a mark, of crimson red.

PAS. There was—the semblance of an arrow-head.

SUB. Upon which head I said, by way of lark,
He certainly was somebody of mark !
And you replied you hoped we shouldn't find
An arrow-head mark of a narrow mind !

PAS. I perpetrate so vile a pun, sir ? Never !

SUB. You did indeed ! We all thought it so clever,
And laughed excessively.

PAS. I don't dispute
I said I'd bring him up on arrow-root ;
But not in joke, nor did the child so take it,
But seriously as fast as I could make it.

SUB. However, with that arrow now our aim
Must be to hit the mark ; an archer game
We have to play than that of yore we played,
When for Fate's arrows we the butts were made,
And should have been like rubbish shot full soon,
If we had not that fine night shot the moon.

Enter PHILLIS and CHLOE.

Phillis and Chloe, you come *apropos*,
To find your sister and young Corin go.

PAS. Say we would speak with them.

SUB. I say, suppose
Corin should be a king !

CHLOE. A king !

SUB. Who knows ?

And then suppose——

PAS. Suppose you cease supposing !
It's like the song the niggers in a row sing.

Quartette—PASTORA, SUBLIMUS, CHLOE, PHILLIS—
“ Commence you darkies all.”

I'm such a puzzle in
Supposing so and so ;
I almost to doubt begin
Whether I'm myself or no.
To know ourselves, they say,
It's very hard to do,
So suppose we only may
Have supposed ourselves we knew !
So much in the dark we're all,
It really out may fall

Ourselves, ourselves we have no right to call.
 Suppose that I was you,
 Suppose that you was me,
 Suppose we all were somebody else,
 I wonder who we should be !

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Wood.*

Enter PRINCE BRUTUS *and* SOLDIERS *bearing a dead bear.*

PRINCE. "Another fine bear slaughtered," as they say
 At all the barbers' shops from day to day.
 I've had great sport, and yet I don't feel sportful ;
 In vain with riot I have filled the Court full.
 In vain throughout the realm I rule the roast,
 And mind my father no more than a post.
 I can't get rid of a sensation queer—
 Of something always whispering in my ear.
 "What did you with your baby brother do?"
 It's no use answering, "What's that to you?"
 I am so bored with the eternal query,
 That I'm not jolly even when I'm beery.

Song—PRINCE—"I'm a Gent, I'm a Gent."*

I'm a prince, I'm a prince, though I'm not so well
 made
 As some I have seen in full puff on parade.
 If I'm not quite a swell from the top to the toe,
 I've a bend in my back that should make me a
beau !
 And although I've a sort of a cast in my eye,
 Wherever I cast it, in terror folks fly !
 Then thus to be bullied by conscience 'tis hard ;
 I might just as well be a common blackguard !
 I'm a prince, I'm a prince and vice regal my
 style !
 Yet bored with the blues like a villain so vile.

* The original words were sung by Mr. Wright in a piece by Stirling Coyne.

If like vulgar rogues I at conscience must wince,
What the deuce is the use of one's being a
prince !

I of my stepmother got cleverly rid,
I kidnapped my brother when quite a young kid !
By a pal I could trust he was artfully bagged ;
And I've reason to hope he was decently—
scragged !

I now of my father have bothered the gig,
And left him with scarcely a crown to his wig !
And after all this, ain't it rather too bad
I should ever feel even approaching to sad ?
I'm a prince, I'm a prince, and vice regal my
style !

Yet bored with the blues like a villain most vile.
If like vulgar rogues I at conscience must wince,
What the deuce is the use of one's being a prince !

Enter PERFIDIUS cautiously.

PER. Your—Highness !

PRINCE. Well, what fresh game have you started ?

PER. Fair game—the dear——

PRINCE. What deer ?

PER. Your dear departed.

PRINCE. What do you mean by this mysterious mumbling ?

PER. The Princess Carpillona——

PRINCE. I feel—tumbling !

Art sure ?

PER. Cock sure !

PRINCE. And not made sure of her ?

PER. I was alone—she with a lover, sir.

PRINCE. A lover ! and you've left her with him living !

PER. That you might have the pleasure, sir, of giving
The *coup de grace* ; they follow close at hand,
So please your Highness here to take your stand,
And seize the deer—on the young fox we'll rush
Behind, and so be ready for a brush.

Music—PRINCE and two of the HUNTSMEN retire behind trees—PERFIDIUS steals off with the rest, as PRINCESS enters, followed by CORIN.

PRINCESS. Follow me not—I've told you my relations
 Forbid our following our inclinations.

COR. You lead this heart, and I must follow suit.

PRINCESS. My father's will you'd not have me
 dispute?

COR. Yes, for he couldn't have been *compos mentis*
 When such a will he made!

PRINCESS. That argument is
 Opposed to every sense of filial duty!
 Urge me no more.

COR. (*passionately*) Thus, then, too cruel beauty,
 I cast from out my breast the flow'ry token
 Of promise made, like pie-crust, to be broken!

(*taking nosegay of gilliflowers from his vest and flinging it
 from him*)

PRINCESS. Rash Corin! Do not fling those flowers
 away,
 There is a charm in them.

(*as she runs to pick them up the PRINCE picks them up,
 intercepts, and seizes her*)

PRINCE. My charmer! stay.

PRINCESS. Brutus! Oh, Corin! I am lost!

COR. (*fiercely*) Unhand her!

PRINCE. (*to his Men*) Seize him! the sauce for goose is
 sauce for gander:

PRINCESS. Fly! Corin, save yourself!

COR. Yes, with a hook! (*branaishing his sheep-hook*)
 As I will you.

PRINCE. (*to the Men, who fall back*) Shrink from a shepherd's
 crook?

Look to the girl! This rascal's skull I'll crack.

(*advancing on CORIN*)

COR. A crook in hand is worth two in the back.

(*knocks down the PRINCE and belabours him*)

PRINCE. Oh! I'm an ass—assassinated man!

COR. One syllable of that believe I can.

Release her (*to the HUNTERS who have seized PRINCESS*),
 or I'll serve you both the same.

Enter PERFIDIUS and his party behind CORIN—They seize and disarm him.

PER. Will you ?

COR. Ah, knaves !

PER. The last trick wins the game.

(*to PRINCE, while raising him*) How fares your Highness ?

PRINCE. In a shocking state.

Head-broken and back beaten almost straight ;

But joint from joint I'll have the traitor torn,

Or burnt alive, as sure as he is born.

And feast my ears in turn upon his groans—

(*two ATTENDANTS support PRINCE*)

Oh ! gently, gently, pray ! over the stones.

Music—They carry out PRINCE, followed by PERFIDIUS with CORIN and PRINCESS, prisoners.

Enter SUBLIMUS and PASTORA.

SUB. For help I heard a cry.

PAS. Ah ! woe on woe !

Our daughter carried off by Corin !

SUB. No !

PAS. I tell you yes ; there they both go together.

SUB. They do ; but 'pon my life I can't tell whether

He's carried her off, or she's carried him,

For he is bound, and led by ruffians grim.

PAS. And she's bound too ; but whither she's bound to,

Who knows ? and you stand there——

SUB. What can I do ?

PAS. What can you do ? Run after them, and stop 'em.

SUB. It's easy to say run—(*calling*) Ho ! you, sirs, drop 'em.

PAS. They mock our agony.

SUB. They laugh outright at us.

PAS. And see, one low-bred fellow takes a sight at us.

Oh ! that I were a man !

SUB. I wish you were,

For his sake only—not for mine.

PAS. Despair

Inspire me now with forty-lion power !

And railroad speed of forty miles an hour !

I'll follow them in spite of all resistance !

SUB. I'll follow you—at a respectful distance ! (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Room in the Palace of KING PERIWIGULUS.*
—GUARDS enter and place chairs, then exeunt.

Enter KING.

KING. So shaken as we are—so wan with care,
We're but the shadow of the King we were ;
Though still a crown upon our wig is worn,
Though still a sceptre in our hand is borne,
We're but the satellite of our own son—
A sort of Twelfth Night King—without the fun.
A monarch on his subjects forced to wait ;
A ruler ruled himself by far too straight ;
A sovereign clipped so close, he scarce can ring ;
A poor old gentleman, whose name is King,
And might as well be Brown, or Jones or Smith,
For all the reverence he's treated with.
Oh, had my second son to me been spared,
My first to treat me so had never dared !
My second then had been my first, and sole
Proprietor, my crown had been my whole.
It's quite a riddle ! Time must be the solver,
Who's riddled my poor heart with his revolver !

Flourish without—Enter OFFICER.

What means that flourish, sir ?

OFFICER. Prince Brutus comes !

KING. That trumpet of my ears offends the drums !
Nothing now flourishes, alas ! for me !

Enter PRINCE leaning on PERFIDIUS.

KING. Brutus !

PRINCE. O dear !

KING. What can the matter be ?

PRINCE. A matter of high treason !—I've been struck,
Received a topper, which was not for luck,
From a vile villager—a shepherd slave !

KING. How came the man so badly to behave ?

PRINCE. He dared to step between me and my prey.

KING. What, pray ?

PRINCE. The false, ungrateful runaway !

KING. The Princess Carpillona !

- PRINCE. Yes, I've caught her ;
 And catch me giving her the slightest quarter !
 If she my fingers can again slip through,
 It won't be in her skin, I promise you ;
 For I will strip it off her back !
- KING. You wouldn't
 Be so indelicate ! I'm sure you couldn't !
- PRINCE. Bring in the prisoners, sir ! (*to KING*) You'll please
 to try
 And find 'em guilty—death !
- KING. I please? not I !
- PRINCE. You're King, and must on traitors justice do.
- KING. But you are viceroy over me.
- PRINCE. That's true ;
 And, therefore, I command you, in your name,
 To play the king, or to give up the game ;
 And I will take your hand, and vengeance deal
 On the whole pack of you !
- KING. Then I must steel
 My heart to pity—up to aid me summon
 All the stern virtue of an ancient Rum-'un !
- PRINCE. In both the cases I am prosecutor—
 But of the judge I'm also coadjutor ;
 So on the bench I sit to see the sport. (*they sit*)
- KING. Here come the prisoners !

Music—Enter PRINCESS and CORIN, guarded.

- PRINCE. Silence in the court !
- KING. Which case stands first ?
- PRINCE. As one's a lady's case,
 Of course the other must to hers give place.
- KING (*to PRINCESS*) What is your name ?
- PRINCESS. Oh, sire ! you know me well.
- KING. Justice is blind !—I can't see—so can't tell.
- PRINCESS. 'Tis Carpillona ! Hear me, sire, I pray !
- PRINCE. Justice is deaf to all that you can say.
- KING. With what offence do you charge this young woman ?
- PRINCE. Being found out.
- KING. One not at all uncommon !
 But very serious ; for, as she's found out,
 That she is guilty there can't be a doubt ;

And so we sentence her at once to go
Where she can't be found out again!

PRINCE. No, no!

That sentence may not pass—no more shall she.
Convict! but leave her punishment to me!

KING. Arrest of judgment in this cause is prayed;
The judge has no discretion, I'm afraid.

PRINCESS. 'Tis not, alas, the only Quarter Session
In which I've found the judge had no discretion!

KING. Call on the next case.

PRINCE. The King *versus* Corin!

COR. He, *versus*! What on earth's the King brought for in?

KING. A legal form, of which I'd waive the flattery.

PRINCE. This case, my lord's, one of assault and battery.

The indictment sets forth said defendant Corin
Did wilfully and malice thought afore in
With a stick in his hand value one bob
Strike, beat and damage seriously the nob
Of plaintiff, and said stick around him swing
Against the peace of our said Lord the King!

KING. How say you, pris'ner at the bar—are you
Guilty or not guilty?

COR. It's all quite true—

Just loose this hand, and give me a stick in it,
I'll shew you how I did it in a minute!

PRINCE. No need of such a proof—he owns his crime,
And of the Court we'll not take up the time.
His doom is death!

KING. The deed can't be defended—(*rising*)
But he's to mercy strongly recommended.

PRINCE. Leave him to mine! that's all the law I crave.

PRINCESS. O, spare him, sir, and I will be your slave!

PRINCE. You are my slave! and as my slave shall share
His punishment! (*Enter* PERFIDIUS) Perfidius, in the
square,

Before the palace—quick; a pile and stake.

A bonfire of both spark and flame I'll make.

(*Exit* PERFIDIUS)

KING. What, Carpillona! sure you won't have roasted,
A beauty whom so lately you'd have toasted?

PRINCE. I will.

PRINCESS. And you, sir, (*to* KING) will stand by and view it?

KING. Oh no ! I'll go to supper while they do it.

PRINCE. You shan't ! I order you to see it done.

KING. No, burn me if I do !

PRINCE. That may be one
Of those true words, spoken sometimes in jest,
Therefore obey, without one more—you'd best !

KING. (*aside*) Of horrors was there ever such a tissue ?

PRINCE. A writ of *fiery facias* I issue,
So take their bodies, officer, and bring
Them after—with our Sovereign Lord the King.

Quartette—PRINCESS, KING PERIWIGULUS, CORIN, and
PRINCE—

“ *On yonder rock reclining* ”—“ *Fra Diavolo.* ”

PRINCESS. To interfere declining,
(*to KING*) Can you our frizzling forms behold,
And their hands not bid them hold,
You, my best friend of old ?

To pity, sir, inclining,
Cold water on this project throw.
And your petitioner, you know,
Ever shall pray—just so !

PRINCE. Tremble !
E'en now the logs they're piling,
On which you'll soon be *briling*.

KING and COR. The devil, O ! the devil, O ! the devil, O.

COR. (*to PRINCE*) Your ill-got power abusing,
Although on me you spit your spite,
Towards this royal fair you might
Be rather more polite.

It may be most amusing
To roast a man who basted you ;
But sure to fry this sweet soul, too,
Is not the thing to do.

PRINCE. Tremble !
Well pepper'd for her sake,
In turn of her broil'd bones I'll make
A devil, O ! a devil, O ! a devil, O !

KING, CORIN, and PRINCESS. The devil, O ! the devil, O
the devil, O !

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Square before the Palace, a terrace of which commands a view of the place—Night—In the centre a pile of faggots and a stake—GUARDS, commanded by PERFIDIUS, are discovered completing the preparations for the execution by torchlight.*

Enter PASTORA and SUBLIMUS.

PAS. Thus far, beneath the blanket of the dark,
We've crept into the town without remark;
But on the hope our daughter back to get,
The blanket fortune throws is very wet.
What's going forward in this public square?

SUB. To ask that officer d'ye think we dare?

PAS. I think I dare. (*to PERFIDIUS*) Sir, will you be so civil
As to say what you're at?

PER. Go to the devil!

PAS. Thank you! I feel assured, from all I see,
No one knows more about your work than he.

PER. Ha! ha! the woman thinks herself a wit.
Well, if you want to know, just wait a bit.
These faggots soon will throw sufficient light
Upon the subject of our work to-night.

SUB. (*aside to PASTORA*) What is to-day? I really don't
remember;
Perhaps the fifth, it may be, of November,
And they're about to burn a guy.

PAS. If true,
My dearest husband, don't let them see you!

SUB. Don't be alarmed! for look, they've two guys greater.

Enter KING PERIWIGULUS, PRINCE, and GUARDS.

PRINCE. Is all prepared?

PER. All, sir.

PRINCE. Drag forth the traitor!
He shall fry first, before the false one's eyes!

Enter CORIN, guarded.

SUB. 'Tis Corin!

PAS. Oh! then—horrible surmise!
The other victim is our daughter!

Enter PRINCESS, guarded.

- Oh ! but they don't suppose that I'll stand this !
(advancing) Hold!
- PRINCE. Who says, Hold ?
- PAS. I do!
- PRINCE. Take hold of her !
- PRINCESS. My mother !
- PRINCE. How ! Queen Dominanta !
- PAS. Sir !
- I am that injured individual ;
 And with my royal husband here now call
 Upon the Sovereign of this mighty State
 For his protection.
- KING. You have called too late !
 I'm not at home—I say it to my sorrow—
 In my own palace !
- PRINCE. Call again to-morrow !
 Quick to the stake with him !
- SUB. All right he spurns !
- PAS. Is there no justice in this land ?
- PRINCE. Yes, " Burns !"
- COR. *(as they bind him to the stake, raising his bare arm
 towards PRINCE)* Base tyrant, mark me !
- KING. Ha ! stand so ! keep steady !—
 Mark thee !—some one has marked thee, boy, already !
 What mark is that upon thine arm I see ?
- COR. An arrow-head.
- KING. Oh, Fortune ! can it be ?
- PAS. It can ! though what it can be I've no notion.
- KING. One question—I can't ask it for emotion—
 Young man !—thy father !—who and what was he ?
- COR. I never had one !
- KING. Then it must be me !
- PRINCE. What stuff is this ?
- KING. A fact no stuff can smother !
 Release my son ! Brutus, behold thy brother !
- PRINCE. 'Tis false ! the brat was strangled when a baby.
- KING. How do you know ?
- PAS. Because he did it, may be !
- SUB. Or tried to do it !

KING. Ha! he's conscious smitten!
Who dress'd up in long clothes a nasty kitten,
And stole his little brother?

ALL. (*groaning*) Oh, oh, fie!

PRINCE. Well, if you come to that, then—know 'twas I!
And of my birthright ere I moult one feather,
I'll see you all—burned in a lump together!
Perfidius! while the iron's hot let's strike it!

(*music—GUARDS and PERFIDIUS seize KING and all the party—FAIRY AMAZONA appears*)

FAIRY. Burn first yourself, and just see how you like it.

PRINCE and PERFIDIUS *sink in flames, together with the pile, &c.*

KING. (*to FAIRY*) For this relief, much thanks. Upon our knees—

PAS. That's what I call "Burns' Justice," if you please!

FAIRY. Great King, receive your son—from ruffian hands
Snatched by an eagle—and, by my commands,
Brought up in in safety by this royal pair!—
To whom I now restore their kingdom fair—
The Peaceful Isles.

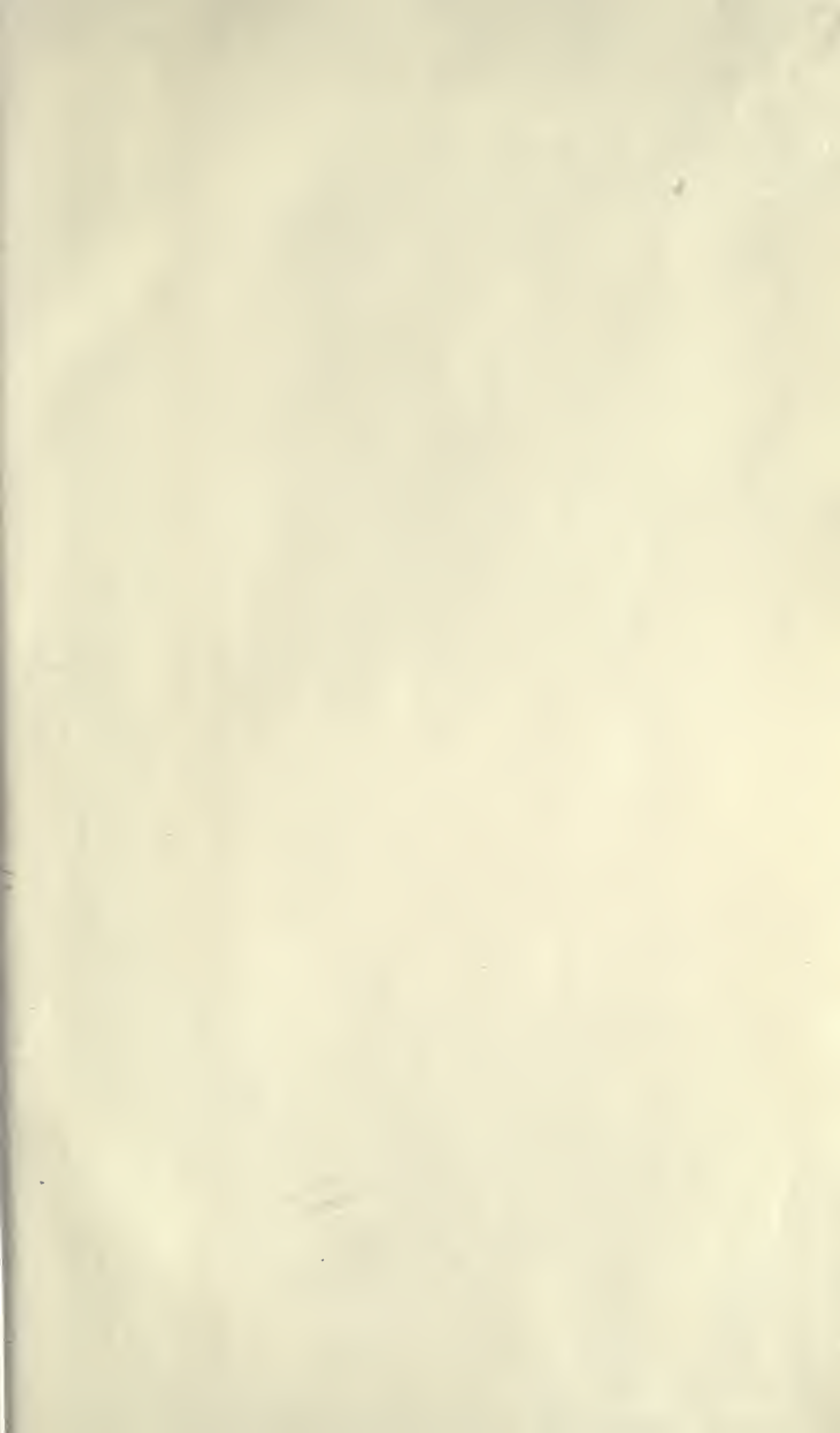
PAS. Our reign will never cease
So long as your kind hands preserve *this* piece!

(*music—Change to last scene*)

FINALE—"Summer Flowers."

'Mid all the bright and pleasant things
That merry Christmas round you brings,
"Once on a Time there were Two Kings,"
We trust a place may gain.
If they in aught to your delight,
Have ministered this trial-night,
Oh, give the royal pair a right
In triumph long to reign.

CURTAIN.



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